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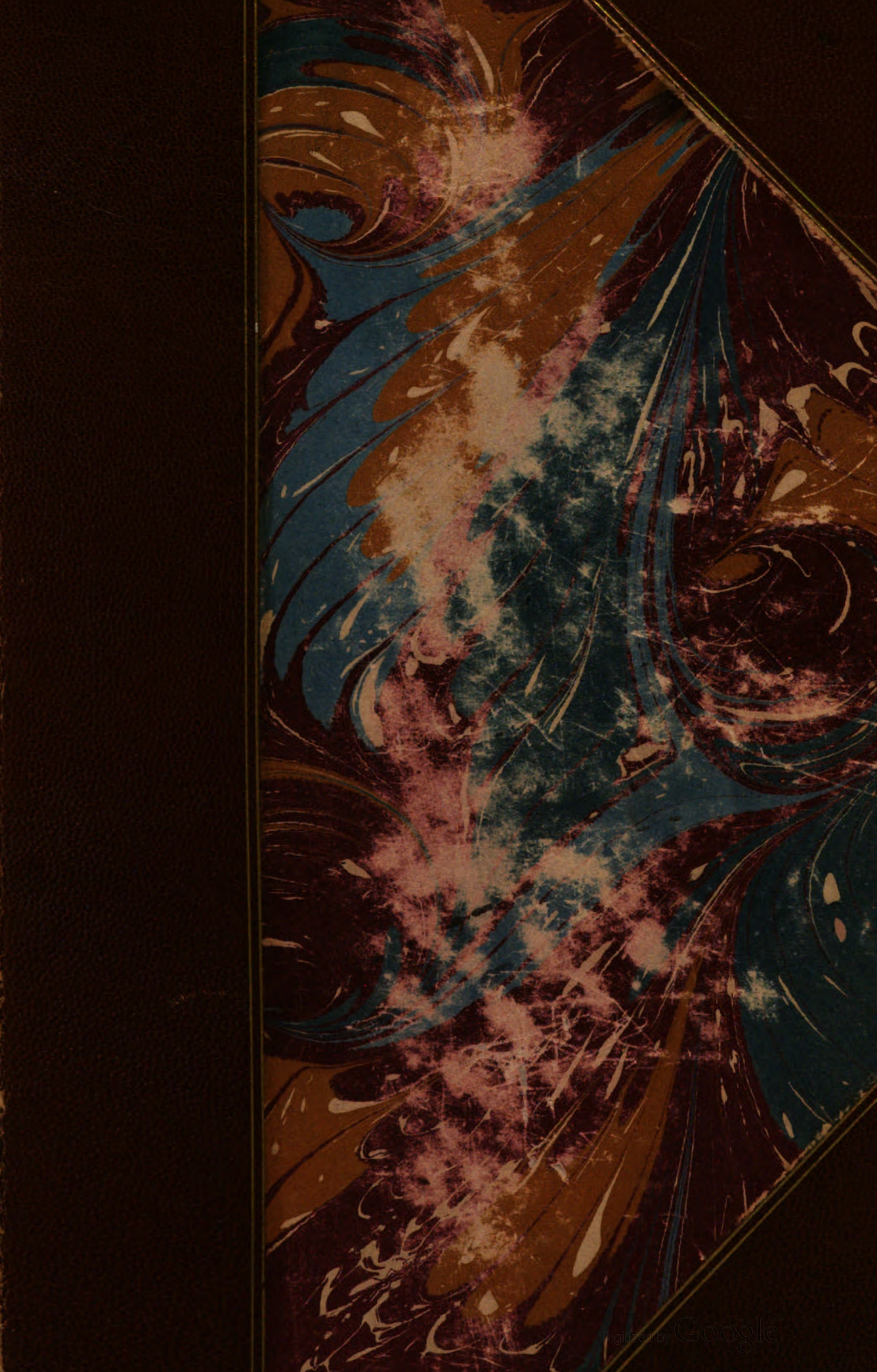
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DISCOVERIES IN THE LEVANT.

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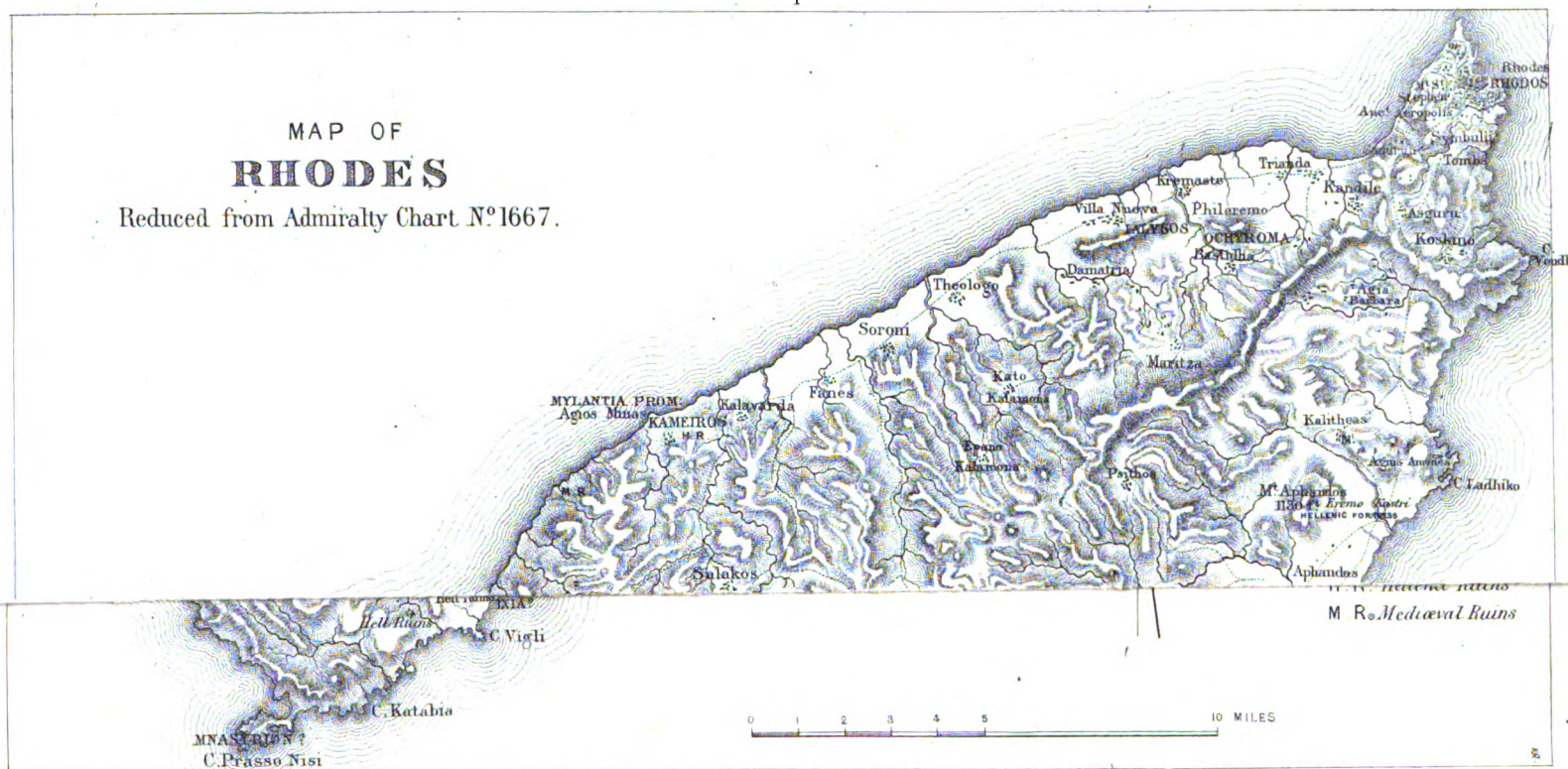

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TRAVELS & DISCOVERIES

IN THE LEVANT.

BY

C. T. NEWTON, M.A.

KEEPER OF THE GREEK AND ROMAN ANTIQUITIES, BRITISH MUSEUM.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

DAY & SON, LIMITED,
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PREFACE.

IN the second volume of the present work will be found a popular account of my discoveries in Asia Minor, abridged from the larger work, entitled "A History of Discoveries at Halicarnassus, Cnidus, and Branchidæ." London, 1862.

The plans and architectural plates which accompany this abridgment have, in like manner, been reduced from the plates in Vol. I. of the larger work.

The sculptures from the Mausoleum are illustrated by three engraved plates repeated from Vol. II. of the former work, and by eleven photographs from drawings now for the first time published. The plate of the Map of Caria, engraved for my former work under the supervision of the late Admiral Washington, has been used in the present work by the kind permission of Captain Richards, R.N., Hydrographer to the Admiralty.

The position of Lagina, as noted by Lieut. Smith, R.E., has been added to this Map.

C. T. NEWTON.

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ERRATA.

Page	25,	line 17,	*for* "Eileithya"	*read* "Eileithyia."
„	29,	„ 31,	*for* "Amphiaraia"	*read* "Amphiaraïa."
„	73,	„ 1,	*for* "Therapia"	*read* "Therapon."
„	91,	„ 24,	*for* "προαστειὸν"	*read* "προάστειον."
„	99,	„ 13,	*for* "Ereso"	*read* "Eresos."
„	123,	„ 27,	*for* "Oς"	*read* "Oς."
„	„	„ 28,	*for* "μισ[ε]ῖ"	*read* "μισῇ."
„	127,	„ 7,	*for* "Bournarbashi"	*read* "Bounarbashi."
„	221,	„ 16,	*for* "in his favour"	*read* "in favour."
„	244,	„ 26,	*for* "of"	*read* "on."
„	248,	„ 13,	*for* "Phatanista"	*read* "Platanista."
„	257,	„ 25,	*for* "Rhoda Vecchia"	*read* "Rodi Vecchio."

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TRAVELS

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DISCOVERIES IN THE LEVANT.

INTRODUCTION.

IN February, 1852, having been recently appointed by Lord Granville to the Vice-Consulship of Mytilene, I visited the Levant for the first time. In receiving this appointment from the Foreign Office, I was, at the same time, instructed to use such opportunities as presented themselves for the acquisition of antiquities for the British Museum, and with this object I was authorized to extend my researches beyond the limits of my Vice-Consulship; a small annual allowance being granted me for travelling expenses.

In the volume now offered to the public I have recorded the researches and observations during a residence in the Levant of seven years, from 1852 to 1859.

The series of letters in which the work is arranged, were for the most part written in the Levant, at the date which they bear. Much new matter has, however, been inserted in various parts of the text, and these additions have been thrown, for the sake of uniformity, into the form of letters. Perhaps a

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more united and harmonious composition could have been produced by recasting the whole of the original letters into one continuous narrative, than by such an amalgamation as I have attempted; but the record of a traveller's first impressions, in their original freshness, will, in most cases, interest the public more than any subsequent composition which may be distilled, in the laboratory of his memory, out of confused and faded images.

In the series of Letters I have inserted several from my friend Mr. Dominic Ellis Colnaghi, now H.M. Consul at Bastia, who left England with me in 1852, and of whose companionship and assistance I had the advantage during the greater part of my sojourn in the Levant.

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LETTER I.

ATHENS, *March* 20, 1852.

WE left Southampton on the 17th February, 1852, in the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer "Montrose," from which we were transferred at Gibraltar to the "Ripon," then on her way to Alexandria with the Indian and Australian mails. As I passed through the Straits for the first time and saw the blue expanse of the Mediterranean stretching far away before me, I felt that the true interest of my voyage had there and then commenced. I had made my first step on that ancient highway of navigation of which the Pillars of Hercules were so long the extreme western boundary. My destination was that Ionian coast whence, in the 7th century before the Christian era, issued forth those enterprising mariners who first among the Greeks traversed the length of the Mediterranean and boldly competed with Phœnician traders in the ports of Spain. As, sailing on the track of these early adventurers, I thought over their Odyssean voyages, the recollection seemed to inspire me with fresh hope and energy. I compared myself to one of the old Phocæan mariners seeking for a Tartessus in unknown Western waters, and long cherished visions of discoveries in the Levant seemed to ripen into a positive presentiment of

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success as I advanced on my way towards that land of promise.

We arrived at Malta after a very prosperous voyage, and were most kindly welcomed by my old friends Captains Graves and Spratt, who took a warm interest in my projects, and gave me much valuable information respecting that Levantine world in which I was about to establish myself, and to which I was as yet an utter stranger.

As we had to wait several days at Malta for a steamer to Patras, I took the opportunity of visiting the curious ruins at Krendi, which are generally considered to be of Phœnician origin. These ruins are situated on the south coast of Malta, opposite to a small island called Filfile. They consist of two groups of enclosures formed by masses of stones ranged upright like a paling, over which others are placed horizontally. Some of these stones are from 15 to 20 feet high. The whole have been quarried out of the tertiary calcareous rock on which the enclosures are built. The principal group consists of three large elliptical enclosures, set obliquely to which are three smaller enclosures, also elliptical; this is situated on higher ground than the other group, which is nearer the sea.

Within the outer enclosures are inner walls, in which there is an approximation to regular masonry. The lower part of these inner walls is composed of uprights about six feet in height, above which large blocks are built into regular horizontal courses. In the principal temple are two doorways, through which the central enclosure is approached from the

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east. These have jambs, ornamented with small holes, evidently drilled with a screw, the marks of the worm being visible in each hole. The angles of the jambs are cut away so as to form a kind of pilaster, a slight projection in the upper part of which serves to indicate a capital. The jambs of the doorways, the lintels, and the threshold-stones, are pierced with holes, showing the position of the hinges and bolts of the doors. The irregular ellipses formed by these walls terminate at either end in a kind of apse; in several of these apses the inner wall remains to a considerable height, and bends inwards as it rises, as if it had converged to a conical roof, formed by approaching horizontal courses of masonry. Within the apses are no remains at present of fallen vaulting, as might have been expected if these recesses had been covered over; but the disappearance of all such evidence *in situ* may be accounted for by the fact that these ruins have been cleared out within a recent period.

The inner walls of these ellipses are pierced with a number of square apertures cut out of the large blocks, some of which seem intended to admit light or sound, like the openings in Gothic churches to which ecclesiologists have given the name hagioscope. Others communicate with small chambers like cupboards, cut in the rock.

Within the enclosures are several altars, formed by large slabs of stone set upon short pillars. One very tall piece of rock towers above these enclosures. Steps cut in the rock lead up to the top, in which is a hollow, as if for a man to stand in. Perhaps this

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isolated rock served as a watch-tower or place for signals.

The lower group is of smaller extent than the upper one, but has its inner walls, doorways, and apertures better preserved. In both groups the space enclosed within the walls is floored over with a rude concrete, composed of gravel and small pieces of stone.

In the upper group I found a block of stone in form like a square Roman altar, on each face of which, within an oblong panel, is a rude relief representing a tree in a basket. Close by this stone is another, on which is carved a rude spiral or volute. In the upper group were also found seven small female figures, cut out of Maltese stone, a skull, a number of human bones, and some stones, shaped like women's breasts. The figures, which are now preserved in the Museum at Malta, range from 1 ft. 8 in. to 1 ft. 2 in. in height.[1] Four are entirely nude, the others draped. Two are seated. The heads are broken away. The proportions and execution of these figures are alike barbarous. The enormous hips and breasts, and bulging outlines, suggest the notion that they are of African origin. At any rate the type represented is unlike that of any of the races of the ancient world, so far as we know them through art.

In both groups of enclosures great quantities of broken pottery have been found. Having obtained authority from the Governor, Sir William Reid, to remove this pottery to the Museum at Malta, where it might be properly cleaned and examined, I transported two cartloads of it, and removed at the same

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time the curious altar with a tree on it, which the sacrilegious hand of the British sightseer had already begun to chip and deface.

The pottery I found to be of several kinds; black ware of a heavy, brittle kind, made of black earth, and ornamented with rude rows of notches or indented triangular marks; finer black ware, less brittle and more polished; coarse red ware, and coarse and fine drab ware. Some of the finer black and drab ware had incised patterns of the rudest kind. All the varieties seem to have been baked in the fire, and have a polished surface. I sent some specimens to the British Museum. Pottery somewhat similar in character has been found in the island of Jersey.

Dr. Henry Barth, the well-known African explorer, has given a detailed description and a plan of these remains in Gerhard's "Archäologische Zeitung" for 1848.[2] He supposes that both groups of enclosures were hypæthral temples, enclosed within a common *peribolus* wall, of which he found some traces.

According to his plan, the entry into the upper temple is from the east; a doorway opposite to this entry leads into the middle chamber. In the eastern chamber he found an aperture in the wall, communicating with a small outer chamber; through this hole he supposes that oracles were delivered by the priests. In the museum at Malta is a conical stone, three feet high, resembling in form the well-known symbol of Aphrodite, placed in her temples at Paphos and elsewhere.[3] This stone, Dr. Barth states to have been found in the most eastern chamber of the upper temple.

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The enclosures at Krendi are very similar to the remains at Gozo, known by the name, Torre dei Giganti; but these latter present certain differences in plan, which have been carefully noted by Dr. Barth. Two heads from female figures discovered within the enclosures at Gozo, have been published by Della Marmora, and seem to be no less barbarous than those at Krendi.[4] On the whole, it may, I think, be inferred that the remains in both islands are the work of some race much lower in the scale of civilization than the Phœnicians as we know them in ancient history. I am disposed to regard these temples as the work of some indigenous people, who having been brought into contact with Phœnician settlers at some time or other, imbibed from this source some scanty tradition of the arts of civilization; whether, however, these remains should be assigned to a remote or to a late period of pagan antiquity, can only be determined by further evidence.

The day before I left Malta, Mr. Lushington, the chief Secretary of the Government, invited me to be present at the opening of some tombs, at a place called Santi, near Bengemma. These are all cut in the solid rock, on the slope of a hill facing the north, and commanding a beautiful view of the sea. Our party was accompanied by a Maltese gentleman, Dr. Onofrio, who found a tomb when required, with as much sagacity as a pointer finds a partridge.

Each tomb is entered by an oblong aperture cut in the rock, about six feet deep and twice as broad as an English grave, in the side of which is a flight

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of steps. At the bottom of these is a square opening large enough to admit easily a man's body, which leads to a small chamber with a curved ceiling. Each chamber contained one or more skeletons laid on a ledge, and several vases. In one of the graves the heads lay to the N.E., in another to the N.W. The pottery was coarse and unvarnished, of a drab colour, and is probably of the late Roman period. Roman coins are found in these tombs, and as I was informed, Greek coins and vases; but I could not verify this assertion, for everything at Malta is dispersed as soon as found, from the want of a well-organized museum.

It is to be regretted that these tombs are not explored in a more systematic manner than at present, when gay parties meet to hold their picnics over the open grave; the pale ale and champagne corks contrasting strangely with the broken vases, relics probably of a funeral feast held on this spot fifteen hundred years ago.

We left Malta in the English mail steamer "Medina," and arrived at Patras after a very stormy passage. Here I first saw a Greek town. The strange half-savage look of the inhabitants, with their shaggy capotes and white kilts, seemed quite in harmony with the wild desolate character of the landscape, shut in by high mountains, which at the time of our visit were covered with snow.

We were most kindly received by the British Vice-Consul, Mr. William Wood, who has been engaged in the currant trade at Patras for some years.

He took us to see a fine marble sarcophagus in

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the garden of a M. Kritikos. On the front is a relief of eight naked boys, with the type of Cupid, but wingless. At one end of the sarcophagus are Bellerophon, Pegasus, and the Chimæra; at the opposite end a female sphinx seated. These sculptures are executed in a better style than is generally found on sarcophagi.

The bottom inside is perforated with round holes, five inches above which is a thin slab. The body, probably, was placed on this, the perforations below being intended to drain off all that was dissolved in the process of natural decay.

Having to wait for an Austrian steamer to take us to Corinth, we rode to see a castle at Rhion, the Gibraltar which commands the narrowest point in the gulf.

In this fortress were a number of prisoners, the most determined cut-throats and bandits in all Greece. They were kept in cells, through the bars of which we could see them. Their eyes had a ferocious glare, like those of wild beasts in a cage. Two sentinels were pacing up and down with their muskets loaded, ready to fire in case there was any attempt to escape, and a cannon was placed so as to command the whole line of windows. One of these brigands managed to escape two or three years ago, and afterwards committed fourteen murders, and when he was again tried and condemned, threatened the judge and jury with death. When he was taken to execution, he managed to conceal a small knife, with which he cut his cords, and then defied the executioner. It happened, however, that among the

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guard present were two soldiers whose brother he had killed, and they rushed in and stabbed him with their swords till he was disabled, when the executioner finished the work of the law with a long knife. I was assured that such scenes are by no means uncommon at executions at Patras.

As the Austrian steamer did not come in, we proceeded to Vostitza in a small English steamer, which having to tack against a head-wind, took twelve hours for this little voyage. On landing at Vostitza we were very kindly received by a Greek agent of Mr. Wood, to whom I had a letter of introduction. At this port a large portion of the currants are shipped for exportation, and we saw on our arrival the materials of many a future plum-pudding rolling down to the beach in casks. The currant merchants here complain at present that the supply of currants is too abundant for the demand. It appears that the growers of currants have adopted the plan of cutting rings in the bark of the tree, just below the bunches, by which process a greater quantity, but an inferior quality of fruit, is produced.

The scenery here was very grand; snow-capped mountains hemmed us in on every side; both here and at Patras the ground near the shore has been rent and convulsed by earthquakes into strange fantastic forms. The market-place presented a strange appearance to our civilized eyes, and we gazed with wonder on the wild-looking shepherds' dogs; the men in their shaggy dresses, seated on a pile of baggage on the top of small mountain

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ponies; the women standing bare-legged under a gigantic plane tree, trampling on and bleaching the linen in the fresh springs which burst forth from the shore close to the sea. This primitive mode of washing seems unchanged from the time of Nausicaa. The plane-tree measures more than 40 feet in girth.

Vostitza is the site of the ancient Ægium, which, when Pausanias visited Greece, contained a number of temples and statues, nearly all trace of which has disappeared. It is probable, as Leake supposes, that much of the architecture was of brick, as the fields near the town are strewn with fragments of brick and painted tile. In the house of one of Mr. Wood's agents, called Aristides Georgios, I saw two fine statues of white marble, and some fragments of a third, found in the garden attached to the house. One of these statues appeared to be a Mercury, very similar to the celebrated one in the Vatican; the other a female figure, with a head-dress like that of the younger Faustina, probably an empress in the character of some goddess. These statues are well preserved and are good specimens of art of the Roman period. Of the third figure there remain only the head and the right hand, which has held a small vase.

Some years ago a tessellated pavement was found in the town, but is now nearly destroyed. A little to the east of Vostitza, in a field overlooking the sea, I noticed part of a fluted column and some remains of buildings which had just been dug up; near them was a piece of massive wall. The column was of travertine covered with stucco.

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After waiting at Vostitza till the Austrian steamer was due, finding that it did not arrive, we took a Greek guide and horses, and rode along the coast to Corinth: this occupied two days. The scenery was extremely wild and beautiful. Along the coast there is a high mountain-range, sometimes overhanging the sea, sometimes leaving a narrow strip of alluvial shore, covered with arbutus and other shrubs. The road is not what would be called a road in England; it is either a sheep-track or a goat-track, according to the nature of the country it traverses; sometimes winding along the precipitous edge of the high cliffs, sometimes disappearing in the brushwood and shingle below. Bridges there are none, and rivers can only be crossed when in a fordable state: fortunately they are not very deep. Along these wild tracks the little Greek horses clatter in a long file, always following one behind another; they are very sure-footed, rather mulish in temper, but sometimes indulge in a wonderful gallop, *ventre à terre*. Being shod with shoes which cover nearly the entire foot, they bear being rattled along rough ground better than English horses.

After the first day's journey we made our first acquaintance with a Greek khan. This primitive hostel may be described as a large bare apartment occupying the whole interior of the house, which has no second story. The roof is supported by an arch of masonry, thrown across the house from wall to wall. In one corner is the fire; the smoke finds its way through a hole in the roof,

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or into the eyes of the inhabitants, according to the direction of the wind or the character of the fuel. At this fire all the cooking takes place; the inmates of the khan and the guests all sit round and warm themselves till their beds are ready, when everybody turns in. The brass lamp lit with oil is extinguished, and the weary traveller looking upwards from his pillow through the tiles, sees a star twinkle here and there, or feels the dripping of the shower, according to the weather. The bed is a kind of wooden settle or dresser, with a quilting generally well peopled with aborigines.

After the dirt and discomfort of such a night's lodging, for which our host demanded an exorbitant sum, we rejoiced to find ourselves in our saddles in the fresh morning air. To me, who had been so long pent up in the close and murky atmosphere of London, the silence and solitude of the route, occasionally interrupted by meeting a string of mules, or a party of shepherds driving their herds with fierce wolf-like dogs; the space of the sky around, and the combination of the wildest mountain scenery with the richest and most delicate colouring, had an ineffable charm. To my unagricultural eye, it was a relief to look at a country still very much as nature made it, and which tillage had not yet cut up into those plats and patches which so disturb the breadth and repose of the landscape. On approaching the isthmus, we saw in the distance the steep rock of the Acro-Corinthus, which towers above the plain in majestic isolation, and from the summit of which a large part of Greece is seen

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stretched out like a model map. As we drew near Corinth, we found ourselves again within the precincts of civilization: first came the phenomenon of ruts and roads; then here and there a wheeled vehicle, such as we had not seen during two days' journey; then cultivated fields and gardens; at last, when we got into the miserable village, we found a regular inn, full of English tourists, whose presence rather disturbed the impression of the scene. We took a sailing-boat at Kalamaki, and got to Athens after a night's becalming in an open boat, crowded with ladies. Fortunately the weather was very fine. As we entered Athens in the early morning, I saw the colonnade of the Parthenon lit up into sudden splendour with the rays of the god Helios.

II.

ATHENS, *March* 15, 1852.

THE principal monuments of Athens have been so frequently delineated and described, that a traveller, on first arriving, recognizes on every side long-familiar forms, and his first impressions lose perhaps something of their vividness in proportion to this previous familiarity. But nothing that I had ever read or seen at all prepared me for the beauty of the Athenian landscape; nor can any one, without visiting Athens, understand how exquisitely the ancient edifices are designed in relation to this landscape, and how much the subtle charm of their proportions is enhanced by this combination.

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The key-note of this harmony is the rock of the Acropolis.

When this great natural landmark became the impregnable citadel and hallowed sanctuary of the Athenian people, their genius converted it at the same time into the noblest base which has ever been employed in architecture. When our eye glances from the precipitous weather-stained sides of this rocky base to the marble columns standing in relief against the sky above, there is a sudden transition from the picturesque confusion of nature to the symmetry of art, from irregular to geometrical forms, from rugged surfaces to surfaces wrought to a polish like that of ivory, and jointed with the precision of the finest inlaid-work.

The suddenness of this transition does not shock, but, on the contrary, delights the eye; there is harmony in the apparent discord. But if we take away one of the two elements out of which this harmony is composed, the charm is dissolved.

If, for instance, such an edifice as the Parthenon were planted on a dead level, and mewed up in the hot bricky streets of a crowded city, much of the original effect of the design would be destroyed. So again, if the Acropolis were dismantled of all with which art has invested it, and despoiled of its crown of temples, it would remain a naked barren rock, unredeemed by human sympathies, just as it must have appeared to the first settlers who pitched their tents in the plain of Attica.

The attempt in modern Europe to transplant architecture from its natural soil, and to imitate it

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mechanically by line and rule, must necessarily fail, inasmuch as we cannot transplant with the architecture the climate and scenery which first inspired the genius of Greek architects, nor the peculiar habits of thought which blended the fortress and the sanctuary into one, and made the same spot the centre and rallying-point of religious and patriotic feelings.

One of the objects which interested me most on the Acropolis was an archaic figure of Pallas Athene, in Parian marble, placed near the lodge of the *custode*. The goddess is seated in a rude chair; her costume is a tunic reaching to the feet, over which a large ægis falls like a tippet to the waist. In the centre of this ægis is a smooth boss, on which, doubtless, has been painted a Gorgon's head; all round the edge of the ægis are holes, in which metallic ornaments, probably serpents, have been inserted; the studs by which the sleeves have been looped up on the arms have also been of metal, the holes for the insertion being left. The head and both arms from the elbows are wanting. The posture is formal and angular; the knees are close together, but the left foot a little advanced: the drapery is wrought in parallel channels. This statue is about 4 ft. 6 in. high. It is said to have been found at the grotto called Aglaurium, situated at the foot of the Acropolis, immediately below the temple of Athene Polias. It has been thought, therefore, that in this figure we have a reproduction of the original wooden idol, ξόανον, of Athene Polias, which was worshipped in her temple on the Acropolis, and

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which the sacrilegious hand of Xerxes destroyed, with the other tutelary deities of Athens.[5]

The smaller fragments of sculpture and architecture found in the course of the excavations on the Acropolis have been carefully collected by M. Pittakys, and temporarily built up with mortar into low walls, of which they form the facing. This primitive way of arrangement has the great advantage of preventing the abstraction of portable objects, which is unfortunately an inveterate habit among travellers.

In the cisterns on the Acropolis are a number of fragments of the statues of the Parthenon, for a knowledge of the existence of which I was indebted to Comte De Laborde's beautiful work on the Parthenon.[6]

Among these remains are portions of the horses from the chariot of Athene in the western pediment, which was still intact when Morosini took Athens in 1687. After the siege he attempted to lower this matchless group, but unfortunately the tackle he employed gave way, and the sculptures were broken to pieces.

There are also a number of arms and legs from the pedimental figures, and many fragments of the frieze.

Is is much to be regretted that the Greek Government does not provide a suitable place of shelter for the many precious sculptures which are lying about the Acropolis, exposed, not only to the weather, but to what is worse, the brutal violence of travellers, who would mutilate a fine work of art, merely for the sake of possessing an unmeaning relic. I saw

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with much concern the injury which had been inflicted on one of the finest slabs of the frieze,—one representing seated figures of deities, which has been discovered since Lord Elgin's visit, and of which a cast exists in the British Museum. The hand of one of the seated figures in this relief overhung the chair in a most easy and natural position; it was the more precious, because we have very few examples of hands from the finest period of Greek art. One day a foreign visitor, watching an opportunity when the *custode's* back was turned, broke off this hand. I regret that I cannot record the name of this miscreant; but I heard that he was a midshipman in the Austrian service, and that his Government punished this exploit with a heavy fine.

The inside of the Temple of Theseus has been converted into a temporary Museum, in which have been deposited a number of most interesting sculptures from various sites, so huddled together that none of them can be properly seen.

Here may be seen the celebrated figure in relief, of a warrior, found near Brauron, with the name of the sculptor, Aristokles, inscribed on the base. This name occurs on another base of a statue found at Athens, and it is supposed that the sculptor to whom it refers is one mentioned by Pausanias, as the father of Kleœtas. It has been thought, from the evidence of these two inscriptions, that his date might be between Olymp. 75 and 85, B.C. 480—440.

The name of the artist of this relief being known, and the date thus approximately fixed, the relief is consequently of the highest interest, as a specimen

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of archaic art, which may be assigned with probability to the Athenian school.[7]

In this figure, as in the pictures on archaic vases, the artist has attempted too literal a rendering of nature, and has thus crowded his work with details, rather to the detriment of the general effect. This over-minuteness is characteristic of Assyrian, as contrasted with Egyptian art. The details of the armour are very carefully given. The cuirass has been painted. On the shoulder-strap is a star; on the breast a lion's face, on a red ground; below this is a mæander band across the body, which is traversed obliquely by a crimson band, apparently a lace or string, knotted on the breast, and terminating at the side in an ornament like a thunderbolt. Below these ornaments and about the waist of the figure is another band, ornamented with zigzags. The ground on which the figure is relieved is red. The left hand holds a spear. On the head appears to be a skull-cap, only covering the crown: the hair falls in parallel rows of ringlets. The beard is channelled in zigzags.

It is interesting to compare this figure with another work of the archaic period in the Theseium, executed in a different school, and probably at an earlier epoch. This is a naked male figure broken off at the knees. The face has the rigid smile and peculiar type of countenance which characterize the head of Pallas on the early coins of Athens; the corners of the eyes being turned up towards the ears. The hair, arranged in regular curls on the forehead, falls down the back in long

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tresses; the arms hang down at the sides in the Egyptian manner. The shoulders are broad, the waist pinched in, as if by stays; the line of the upper arm more varied and flowing than is at first sight reconcilable with the general archaic character of the face.

Thus the whole statue seems to exhibit a struggle between two schools—the Canonical, which worked according to prescribed types, and the Natural, which trusted more to individual observation than to rules. This statue probably represents an Apollo. It much resembles in style one transported from Athens to Vienna by M. Prokesch von Osten.[8]

In the Theseium I also saw a colossal female head of which a cast may be seen in the 1st Elgin Room of the British Museum (No. 106*). This is in a very grand style, and one of the few extant colossal heads which can be referred with probability to the school of Phidias. It has been fitted on in the clumsiest manner to a torso which does not belong to it, and which mars its beauty by ill-matched proportions. It is uncertain where this head was found. I have heard it stated that it was brought from Ægina, when the Museum there was broken up.

In the Theseium is a very numerous and interesting collection of sepulchral *stelæ* and reliefs, which have been carefully described by Professor Gerhard, in a valuable report on the remains of art at Athens.[9]

These sepulchral monuments consist of three classes: *stelæ*, marble vases, and reliefs on slabs. Many specimens of the first kind may be seen in the Elgin collection in the British Museum. The usual

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form of a *stelé* is a narrow flat slab of marble, with a height varying from one to twelve feet, and in shape somewhat resembling a modern Turkish tombstone, of which it probably suggested the form. The top generally terminates either in a floral ornament sculptured in relief, often very rich and flowing in its lines, or in a small pediment. Below this the name of the deceased person is inscribed, with or without a composition in relief. These designs are usually in very low relief set in a sunk square. In the *stelæ* which only bear an inscription, it is probable that a similar design was painted on the plain surface. The composition in these reliefs is usually very simple; not more than two or three figures are introduced, and all in the same plane. In this simplicity of treatment, these compositions remind us at once of the vase-pictures of the best period. In both cases, the limitation of space restricted the artist to few figures and to a single plane.

The scenes in these sepulchral reliefs seem to be for the most part domestic; and the mystic and symbolical import which some archæologists have discovered in them seems for the most part far-fetched. It is probable that the figures represent the family of the person whom the *stelé* commemorates; but no attempt seems to have been made to reproduce their individual likeness, as in the Roman sarcophagi. The most frequent scenes represent a seated female figure, surrounded by others, who are usually standing up, and who are evidently the surviving members of her family. In many of these compositions, one of these bystanders presents to the

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deceased a small casket containing funeral offerings. The ages and rank of the different members of the family are discriminated by inequality of height. In some cases the seated female figure is surrounded by others, who attend on her toilette. In the majority of these scenes, the *dramatis personæ* are female. The male figures are frequently youthful athletes, distinguished by the strigil, the small vase (*lekythos*) containing oil, and other attributes of the *palæstra*.

Old men are rarely represented. The evidence afforded by these designs leads to the conclusion that, while all the subjects have a funereal import, some represent the worship paid by the living to the dead, while in others the scene commemorates some incident in the life of the deceased, such as the memory would love to dwell on.

Hence in some of these designs the figures and symbols recall to us the associations of active life or of festive and joyous occasions, the idea of death being kept out of sight. In the same manner we find on the sarcophagi of the Roman period scenes representing the marriage of the deceased pair, or the military exploits of the husband.

Sometimes the sepulchral monument, instead of being fashioned as a *stelé*, takes the form of a *lekythos*, which vases were, as is well known, constantly deposited in and about the tombs at Athens. On the marble *lekythi*, the subject is usually a group or figure in very low relief, treated in the same simple manner as has been already noticed in the sculptures of the *stelé*.

Sometimes the vase itself, instead of being sculp-

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tured in the round, is itself represented in relief on the surface of a *stelé*. The handles of the vases are sometimes rich in ornament, as if the design had been copied from a work in bronze.

Among these vases I noticed one, remarkable for its great size, the beauty of the design, and the fact that it had been painted.

The scene represented on it is in very low relief. On one side is a youthful figure on horseback, very similar in type and attitude to many on the frieze of the Parthenon.

Behind him are two females, one seated, the other leaning in an affectionate attitude on her companion's shoulder, pointing with her right hand to a group of two youthful warriors in front. This pair are joining hands, as if taking leave of each other.

This design is very slightly and sketchily treated, but exceedingly graceful as a composition. The figures are loosely and freely drawn: the style, if we make due allowance for the essential difference between painting and sculpture, presents many analogies with that of the finest Athenian vase-pictures. The female figures are evidently meant to be in a more distant plane than the rest. The relief, therefore, of these figures sinks below the plane, instead of rising out of it, approximating to *intaglio rilevato*. To atone for the want of projection of the outline of the body, a channel is made all round them to strengthen their effect. The left hand of the seated female figure rests on the rail of a seat which is very slightly indicated. In front of this rail projects part of the hind-quarter of a horse, the tail

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dying away into the ground of the relief rather abruptly. It was probably finished with colour, and the rail must have been also coloured, as it is at present hardly distinguishable. So with the shield of the warrior on the left. This is represented in a side-view, the outline not being completed on the side most distant from the eye. The third class of sepulchral reliefs in the Theseium are small slabs, the subject of which is generally the well-known funeral feast, or leave-taking. Of these there are but few in the Theseium, and they seem of a later period than the rest. One of these reliefs probably commemorates some Athenian matron who had died in childbirth. The principal figure is seated in a chair, and holds a *pyxis* on her knees; her attitude is that of a person fainting from exhaustion. Before her stands a veiled female figure, perhaps the goddess Eileithya, who advances her right hand, as if in token of sympathy. Between these two, and in the back-ground, is a third female figure, holding in her arms a new-born babe, wrapped up in linen, on which the seated figure places her hand.

These sepulchral reliefs have a peculiar interest for us, because in the scenes which they represent, and in the sorrow which they so tenderly commemorate, we have a genuine expression of the feelings of the individual, which in Athenian art and literature are seldom permitted to have free utterance. Though their appreciation of domestic life was probably inferior to our own, it is not to be supposed that the Athenians were incapable of the affections and emotions natural to the human heart, because in

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the outward expression of these feelings they appear to us so reserved. It must be remembered that Athenian art and literature were essentially forensic, addressed to the whole body of male citizens, gathered together in the temple, the theatre, the *Agora*, the tribunals, or the *Palæstra;* while our art and literature, though addressed, in the first instance, to the public at large, finds its way into the homes and hearts of men in a way unknown in ancient life, and so appeals rather to the feelings of the individual as the member of a household, than to those which belong to him as a citizen.

It is in the tombs of the ancients, where so many objects consecrated by domestic affection are still stored, that we may best acquaint ourselves with traits of their private life.

With reference to the age when these sepulchral bas-reliefs were produced, I am inclined to think that the finest of them belong to the period when Athens was still an independent state, though M. Gerhard thinks that the practice of placing sculptured *stelæ* on graves did not become general till the time of the Roman empire.

In the library of the University I examined an interesting collection of silver coins of Alexander the Great, which had been recently discovered near Patras.[10] The greater part of these coins seem to have been struck at Sicyon: they were all tetradrachms, and quite fresh, as if just issued from the mint: with them were found two tetradrachms of Philip Arrhidæus, one of Seleucus, and twelve Athenian tetradrachms; two tetradrachms of Ætolia;

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two silver tetradrachms of Sicyon; and also, it is said, some gold coins of Alexander the Great; but these last were not secured by the Government.

The Athenian tetradrachms in this hoard were of that well-known class which may be called Pseudo-Archaic, having been evidently imitated from the original thick coins of Athens, so celebrated in ancient commerce for the purity of their standard. This original currency was probably as much esteemed in the ancient Mediterranean as the Spanish dollar has been in more recent times, and the imitation of the archaic type and fabric may have arisen from an unwillingness to disturb the old commercial associations connected with these coins.

The twelve Athenian tetradrachms found in this hoard were much worn; on the other hand, the coins of Alexander were fresh as when they left the die. It is evident, therefore, that the Athenian money had been some time in circulation. Again, from the finding of coins of Seleucus Nicator, of Philip Arrhidæus, and of Ætolia, in the same company, it may be inferred that the time of the deposit of this treasure was some time in the third century B.C., and that the Pseudo-Archaic Athenian tetradrachms were circulating down to this late period. They were succeeded, as is well known, by a broad tetradrachm, slightly dished, which is evidently an imitation of the coinage of Alexander and his successors. This hoard was discovered by a peasant at Patras, in a vase. The coins are, I regret to say, still kept in *bags*, like the tribute of a Turkish Pasha.

In the hands of a jeweller at Athens I saw a

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very fine silver decadrachm of Athens. This is a coin of extreme rarity. I never saw but two; that in the British Museum, from Mr. Burgon's collection, and one belonging to the Duc de Luynes. The one I examined at Athens had the appearance of being perfectly genuine.

It is to be regretted that the Greek Government does not build a museum capable of containing not only sculptures, but those more portable antiquities, such as vases, which are now dispersed, by being sold to strangers, all note of their discovery being carefully suppressed in the course of this contraband trade.

It is equally to be regretted that excavations are not carried on at Athens more vigorously. The Government seems to want either the power or the will to direct such researches; while, at the same time, it is unwilling that they should be undertaken by private enterprise. Still there exists at Athens, at present, as much interest in archæological studies as could perhaps be expected, considering that Greek civilization itself is of so recent a date; and this interest has been very much sustained by the residence of so accomplished a scholar as our present Minister at Athens, Sir T. Wyse.

The Archæological Society here, of which Messrs. Finlay and Hill, among the English, and MM. Rhangabé and Pittakys, among the Greeks, are members, has also done much useful work, by the publication of new discoveries in the *Ephemeris Archæologike*, a monthly periodical, written in modern Greek.

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In the course of my stay, hearing that at Mavrodhilissi, near Kalamo, there were some Greek inscriptions which would repay examination, I visited this place, accompanied by Colnaghi. It is situated on the sea-coast very near Oropo, the ancient Oropos, a town on the Bœotian frontier, which was sometimes held by the Athenians, and sometimes by the Bœotians. Mavrodhilissi itself is a deep ravine near the sea-shore, situated between the villages of Markopulo, on the N.W., and Kalamo on the S. With the assistance of a guide from the neighbouring village of Kalamo, we had no difficulty in discovering the spot.

It is a picturesque and secluded glen, through which a brook flows to the sea. On the left bank of this stream I found ancient foundations, evidently those of a *temenos* or sacred precinct; within this enclosure were a number of large cubical blocks of marble, strewn about as if recently thrown down from some wall or edifice. On inquiry, I found that these had been till lately built up and united by leaden clamps, but that the masonry had been broken up to build a new church at Kalamo.

On examining the blocks, I found a number of interesting inscriptions containing decrees of *proxenia* granted by the city of Oropos to various persons. The magistrates whose names were set forth in the preambles to these decrees were the Archon of the Bœotian Congress of Confederate cities, the Priest of Amphiaraos, and the Archon of Oropos. I also found a list of Victors in the Amphiaraia, an Agonistic festival, which, as we are informed

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by ancient writers, was celebrated at Oropos. This inscription tells us that prizes were given in this festival for Epic, Dramatic, Lyrical, and Musical contests, also for a variety of athletic exercises and chariot-races. It should be observed that the introduction of the regular drama into festivals of this kind was an innovation which probably took place in the time of Alexander the Great, and such embellishments were thought by the ancient critics to have impaired the simplicity of the public festivals.

The date of the inscriptions probably ranged from Olymp. 116 to Olymp. 145.

There can be no doubt, from the evidence of the inscriptions, that the *temenos* at Mavrodhilissi was that of Amphiaraos, which is noticed by Pausanias. The cubes on which the inscriptions were placed must have originally formed part of the walls of this cella. It may be seen by the well-known example of the Parthenon that the Greeks were in the habit of covering the inner walls of their temples with inscriptions.

The Amphiaraïon, or Temple of Amphiaraos, of which I thus discovered the site, was of considerable celebrity in antiquity as an oracle which sick persons consulted for the treatment of their maladies. Here, as elsewhere in the temples of deities to whom the gift of healing was attributed, the mode of consultation was by the process called ἐγκοίμησις or incubation. The consultant, after undergoing lustration in honour of Amphiaraos and the other deities associated with him, sacrificed a ram, and,

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lying down on its skin, awaited the revelations made to him in the dreams.

The cure, however, of the patient did not wholly depend on these miraculous communications, for there were medical baths in the *temenos*, which was agreeably situated in the midst of fountains and brooks.

In the British Museum is an inscription from the Amphiaraïon which was brought from Kalamo some years ago. It contains a decree ordering that some of the silver vessels belonging to the Amphiaraïon be repaired, and other vessels made by melting down old votive offerings, consisting of plate and coined money. A curious inventory of the objects melted down is annexed to the decree.

Among those metallic offerings are enumerated hands, breasts, and other parts of the human body, dedicated by those who had been cured of diseases by means of the oracle; just such offerings as may be seen executed in marble in the Sculpture-gallery of the British Museum.

The inventory also mentions a number of tetradrachms and other coins which appear to have been fastened to the *anathemata*.

Pausanias mentions that near the temple was a spring called the Fountain of Amphiaraos, into which persons relieved from disease by consulting the oracle threw gold and silver coins by way of a thank-offering or fee to Amphiaraos.

These pieces of money were doubtless collected by the priests and placed in the treasury of the temple as *anathemata*.

Following the course of the brook, I found near

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the *temenos* a fountain, which is probably the one mentioned by Pausanias. Close to this fountain is a statue in white marble lying across the bed of the stream. It represents a male figure draped to the feet in a tunic, over which is a mantle, which he is throwing over the left shoulder, with an action very usual in representations of Muses; on the feet are sandals. The statue is fairly executed, and its surface is well preserved; but the head and both arms are gone. Under the base is a square socket, in which an iron clamp has been inserted to fasten the statue to its pedestal. This may be the statue of Amphiaraos himself which Pausanias saw.

The name of this hero is one very celebrated in the mythic history of Bœotia. He was distinguished both as a warrior and a soothsayer, and was one of the seven chiefs who fought against Thebes. On the defeat of this expedition, he fled, pursued by Periklymenos, and before his enemy could overtake him, the earth opened and swallowed him up, together with his chariot; after which he was worshipped with divine honours.

Traditions differed as to the precise spot where he disappeared in the earth, and several places in Bœotia and Attica claimed this distinction. But of all these sites none was so celebrated as the Amphiaraïon near Oropos.

The picturesque ravine in which the *temenos* at Mavrodhilissi is situated, narrows as it approaches the sea, presenting the appearance of a chasm in the earth; and these strongly-marked physical features probably influenced the ancients in their

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choice of this spot for the site of the Temple of Amphiaraos, suggesting the belief that it was here that he disappeared,

Αἰτοῖσιν ὅπλοις καὶ τετραορίστῳ δίφρῳ.

The secluded character of this glen, and the beauty of the scenery, would present many attractions to the invalid; and, doubtless, like the temples of Æsculapius and other healing divinities, this *temenos* must have served in antiquity as a kind of hospital and watering-place.

The picturesque character of the spot and the abundance of fresh water probably led the ancients to associate with the worship of Amphiaraos in this site that of Pan and the Nymphs. It may be presumed that this *temenos* was once very rich in inscriptions, for many fragments have been used in the construction of houses at Kalamo and Mavrodhilissi.

The peasants spoke of the speedy destruction of those still remaining as a probable event, and, therefore, on my return to Athens, I made a report on the subject to Sir T. Wyse, and also to M. Rhangabé, in the hope that through their representations the Greek Government might be induced to take steps for the preservation of these interesting monuments.

As it rained during most of the time of our visit to Mavrodhilissi, I had great difficulty in copying the inscriptions, and found it impossible to explore the site properly. Excavation here would probably lead to interesting discoveries.

In the 3rd century before the Christian era, the

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geographer Dicæarchus in his account of Greece describes the Amphiaraïon as situated at a distance of a day's journey for an active walker from Athens. The fatigue of the journey, he says, was agreeably relieved by the number of inns and halting-places by the wayside.[11]

In the second half of the 19th century the traveller on his way from Athens to Mavrodhilissi passes over a desolate and half-cultivated country, not always free from robbers, and at the end of his journey he finds in the sinister and unwilling hospitality of the Albanian peasant of Kalamo a sorry substitute for the inns of Dicæarchus.

We had just time, before leaving Athens, to pay a hurried visit to Mycenæ, where I had the satisfaction of gazing on those famous lions which still guard the gateway of the city of the Atridæ, and which Pausanias saw over this gateway seventeen centuries ago. All that he tells us about them is the tradition, current in his time, that they, together with the walls of Mycenæ, were the work of the same Cyclopes who made the walls of Tiryns for Prœtus. Such a legend has, of course, no historical value, except as evidence that the ancients believed this gateway to be a work of the heroic ages, and one of the most ancient monuments in Greece, a belief in accordance not only with all that we know of the history of Mycenæ, but also with the character of the lions themselves as works of art. The heads of these animals, which in the time of Pausanias were probably still entire, are now wanting, so that it is difficult to form an accurate judg-

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ment as to the style of the sculpture. Enough, however, of the original surface remains to show that these two lions are the work of a school already awakened to the observation of anatomical structure.

In the modelling of the shoulders and fore legs more knowledge and skill is shown than at first sight appears; the general proportions are well calculated to produce the effect of massive grandeur required for the decoration of such a gateway. It has indeed been objected that the hind legs of the lions are inordinately thick; but the artist, probably, fell into this exaggeration, not so much through ignorance of the natural proportions, as from the endeavour to produce an impression of colossal size in harmony with the Titanic scale of the masonry in which the lions are set as in a frame. And in this endeavour I think that he has succeeded; for in looking at these lions, the disproportionate thickness of the hind legs does not at all disturb the eye or mar the grand impression of the whole composition.

Dodwell thought that they had an Egyptian character, but to me they appeared more like the work of an Asiatic school; and if we ascribe this gateway to the Pelopid dynasty, the traditional descent of this dynasty from Tantalus may be taken *quantum valeat*, as ground for the conjecture that the art of Mycenæ may have been derived from Lydia.

The two lions stand on their hind legs, resting their fore paws on plinths in front of them. This position is peculiar, and suggests at once the idea that they are accessories, or, to speak heraldically, supporters in reference to the object between them,

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which appears to be a kind of term diminishing towards its base. Such an arrangement of a pair of animals reminds us of several of the primitive types of Asiatic Deities, and especially of the figure called by Pausanias, the Persian Artemis.

On the other hand, it is certain that the archaic type under which the Greeks represented their deities was that of a term or column, with or without a head. It is therefore probable that the object between the two lions is such a sacred symbol. It has been justly remarked, that the lions' heads, now broken away, must have looked outward, not at each other, as there would not otherwise be room for them within the angular recess in which they stand. Such an attitude at once suggests the idea that they are placed over the gate as sentinels to keep watch and ward; and it is through this motive that the ancients constantly placed lions at the entrance to tombs.

Hence it seems probable that the term placed between these two lions is the symbol of some tutelary deity, the guardian either of the city gate or of the city itself. Mure and several of the German archæologists suppose this term to represent Apollo Agyieus, "the guardian of ways." Göttling suggests that it may be Hermes Pyledokos, or "the door-keeper."[12]

In illustration of this question it may be observed that over a gateway of the Carian city Mylassa may still be seen, sculptured on the keystone, the battle-axe, *labrys*, which was the special symbol of Jupiter Labrandensis, the tutelary deity of the Carian race, and which was placed in the hand of his statue in the temple at Labranda.

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With regard to the vexed question whether the singular conical chamber at Mycenæ is to be considered as a treasury or a tomb, I think that the old traditional name "Treasury of Atreus," given to it by Pausanias, should be retained, if only for convenience, though there is much to be said in favour of the theory that it is a tomb. Perhaps, as Dodwell suggests, this building may have been at once a tomb and a treasury. From the few fragments of the sculptured decorations of the doorway, which have been found on the spot, and which are now in the British Museum, it may be inferred that it was inlaid with marbles of several colours, and that the ornaments were like those on the earliest Greek fictile vases. The style of decoration seems more like that of the doorways of the tombs at Doganlu, in Phrygia, than anything we know of in Greek architecture; and this is an additional ground for connecting the early art of Mycenæ with Asia Minor.[13]

III.

MYTILENE, *May* 10, 1852.

ON our return from Mycenæ we proceeded by steamer to Constantinople. After passing the Dardanelles we found ourselves in a climate almost as wintry as we had left behind us in England, and though the month was April, the shores on each side were covered with snow. It was a miserable sleety morning when we approached the Golden Horn, and I cannot say that the first aspect of

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Constantinople corresponded with that gorgeous picture which the celebrated description in Anastasius presents to the imagination. But when, after landing on the muddy wharf at Tophanah, we began to plod our way through the steep and narrow streets which lead from Galata to Pera, we realized at every step all the annoyances which the accounts of former travellers had prepared us to expect in this detestable thoroughfare. Juvenal, in his third satire, describes in a few terse lines the miseries and perils encountered by an unhappy pedestrian in the streets of ancient Rome; how he has to fight his way through the mud, forced forward by the throng behind, only to be driven back by the counter-stream, jostled and elbowed at every turn by porters carrying great beams or barrels, while ever and anon the nailed boot of some rough soldier stamps on his toes; the rich man, meanwhile, surveys from his luxurious litter the struggling crowd, as the dense mass yields to the momentum of his sturdy bearers. This description, written more than seventeen centuries ago, will serve for the streets of Galata at the present day, if we substitute the arabah and the sedan chair for Juvenal's litter, and for the swaggering Roman soldier the cavass who clears the way for some Pasha, prancing through the mud on a gaily caparisoned steed.

Immediately after our arrival I presented my credentials to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, who received me with a most cordial welcome, and entered into the project of my future researches with a lively interest, promising that whenever it should be neces-

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sary to apply to the Porte for a Firman to enable me to make excavations, his influence should be exerted to the utmost in my behalf.

Among the letters of introduction which I took out from England, was one to Dr. Mordtmann, the Chargé d'Affaires of the Hanseatic towns, and one of the few learned men at present resident at Constantinople. He is well acquainted with Turkish and Greek, and has devoted much time to the study of coins of the Sassanid dynasty, of which he has a large collection. He is at present engaged in preparing a work on the ancient monuments of Constantinople, for the illustration of which so little has been done since the time of Banduri.

I rode with him round the walls of the city, which seem much in the state in which they were during the Byzantine empire. Built into the masonry are many Greek inscriptions, which Dr. Mordtmann copies with great care. Mounting on a high tower, we had a fine bird's-eye view of Stamboul, and I was surprised to see how large a portion of the space enclosed within the ancient walls is devoted to gardens. During the earlier period of the Byzantine empire, the population was far more densely crowded than at present, as appears from a passage in the historian Zosimus,[14] who flourished in the latter part of the 5th century. We learn from an edict of the Emperor Zeno, that about this time it was customary to build very lofty houses, with projecting loggie, or balconies, and terraces on the roofs; while in the public porticos and squares the spaces between the columns were everywhere encroached upon by shops

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and stalls. The effect of these must have been very unsightly, for it is enacted that in those parts of the city which lead from the Milliarium to the Capitol, any stalls placed in the colonnades must be faced with marble and must not exceed six feet in width and seven in height, so as to afford free access to the street in parts of the colonnades.[15] This practice of placing stalls under public porticos in the ancient Byzantine cities may have suggested to the Turks the plan of their covered bazaars, and in this arrangement the uncivilized conqueror seems certainly to have improved on his predecessors.

We must not, however, take for granted, that because the city was so crowded during the earlier period of the Byzantine empire, the number of inhabitants was necessarily much larger than at present; for till the Latin conquest, much of the space of the ancient city was occupied by churches, monasteries, palaces, and other public buildings. Many of these edifices must have been destroyed long before the Turkish occupation, either by the barbarous Latin invaders, or by conflagrations, as may be inferred from the description of the city given by Bertrandon de la Broquière, a Burgundian knight, who visited Constantinople in 1433, and who remarks that the open spaces within the walls equalled in extent the portion still covered with buildings.[16] It is probable that the Turks in many cases built their wooden houses on the solid vaulted substructions which they must have found everywhere under the ruins; and excavations in their gardens would probably bring to light many architectural remains.

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After reading the pompous descriptions of ancient Constantinople in Byzantine writers, it is certainly surprising to find so few extant monuments of its former magnificence. I was much interested in seeing the building which the *laquais de place* call the Palace of Belisarius, but which seems to be the palace which Byzantine writers call Hebdomon or Magnaura. This is one of the few extant specimens of Byzantine civil architecture. It is built of bricks of different colours, arranged so as to form rich bands of inlaid-work: in the interior are columns with highly ornamented capitals. This edifice, called by the Turks Tekir Serai, is built on a rentrant angle of the city wall. Near it is a Byzantine church, now converted into a mosque, called Kachreie, which I believe few travellers visit.[17]

The entrance, as is usually the case in Byzantine churches, is through a *narthex*, or vestibule, on the west, in which are some faded frescoes. A side aisle on the south is richly decorated with mosaics both on the walls and cupolas above: these cupolas are divided into segments, each of which contains the figure of one of the Prophets. In the space between the cupolas are represented the miracles of the New Testament and other incidents from sacred history. On the walls are colossal figures much defaced, and smaller compositions. The larger figures were detached against a gold background; in the smaller compositions landscapes were represented in the distance, very like those in early Italian pictures. The figures have very long proportions, and are simply and grandly composed. The colouring is

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very rich and harmonious throughout, and the general effect solemn and majestic, as in the early mosaics of the church of St. Paolo fuori le Mura, and that of St. Cosmas and St. Damian, at Rome.

The effect of the mosaics on the walls and vaulting must have been greatly heightened by the decorations of the pavement, which is still in many places inlaid with coloured marbles. The body of the church, now used as the mosque, was probably still more richly ornamented; but here the pious zeal of the Mussulman has long since effaced all traces of Christian art.

Of St. Sophia I had but a confused impression, for we could only see the interior by joining a large miscellaneous party gathered together from several hotels by the *laquais de place*, who undertook to obtain the necessary firman at a charge of a napoleon for each person, probably double what it really cost him.

Taking our places in this drove of nose-led tourists, we gave ourselves up with a feeling of abject dependence, to be dragged through the muddy streets of Stamboul from mosque to mosque, compelled to listen to the unmeaning jabbering of a Levantine cicerone, instead of being allowed to halt for a while and contemplate at leisure the mighty structure which, even in its present desecration, the Eastern Christian still venerates as the noblest monument of his faith, which in his eyes is a visible symbol, not less of the future destiny, than of the past history of the Oriental Church.

The day may come when the staring green and

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gold texts from the Koran, fixed like hatchments on the pilasters; the chandeliers suspended from the dome as if to plumb its vast abyss; the prayer-carpets strewn with the books of the Mollah, and the other outward signs and appurtenances of Mussulman worship will be banished from St. Sophia; when its internal perspective will no longer be disturbed by an arrangement which forces the eye of the reluctant Giaour to squint Mecca-ward; when its mosaics, now overlaid with whitewash, and faintly visible here and there like the text of a palimpsest, will shine forth in renewed glory, and in their original combination with the precious many-coloured columns and the exquisite lace-like carving of the capitals.

But what modern Anthemius could restore the exterior of the building, what amount of polychrome decoration could make this huge, clumsy, naked mass of brickwork pleasant to the eye? Admitting that the original design has been much mutilated and defaced, still I think the exterior of St. Sophia shows that Byzantine architecture depended for its external effect almost entirely on inlaid polychrome decoration, and very little on the harmony of chiaroscuro produced by the judicious opposition of plane and projecting surfaces.

Within the precinct of the Seraglio, the government has recently made a small museum in the ancient church of St. Irene. Here a few fragments of sculptures and inscriptions are flung together without any attempt at arrangement. Among these I noticed the upper part of an Amazon, in high relief: she is represented as rushing forward and

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about to deal a blow with her battle-axe. (Plate I.) To my surprise, I recognized this as a fragment from the frieze of the Mausoleum, twelve slabs of which were removed from the castle at Budrum by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in 1846, and are now in the British Museum. I could get no information as to how this fragment found its way into the Museum in Constantinople. The figure is, I think, finer than any on the slabs in the British Museum, and the surface less defaced than most of them.

I also noticed here the head of a serpent in bronze, said to have been broken off from the celebrated triple serpent of the Hippodrome. It is rather coarsely executed and deficient in style; the eyes, of which only the sockets remain, have been inlaid in silver or precious stones. There is also a curious plate, with silver figures raised in relief, representing Diana seated, holding in her left hand her bow, and wearing a mantle ornamented with stars: horns rise straight from the top of her head. Below are two grotesque figures, holding, one, a lion, the other a tiger in a leash: both these figures have horns. On each side of Diana is a dog, and above her, on the right, a turkey, and on the left a parrot. This is of the late Roman period.

The few fragments of sculpture which have been found in Constantinople itself of late years, seem to be all Byzantine, and of little interest as works of art, though they are curious for details of costume. A sepulchral relief of this class in white marble may be seen lying in the garden of the British Embassy, in digging the foundations of which it was discovered. I

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FRAGMENT OF FRIEZE OF

MAUSOLEUM.

IN THE MUSEUM OF THE SERAGLIO, CONSTANTINOPLE

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visited two interesting collections of Greek coins,—that of Ishmael Pasha, and M. Michanowitz, the Austrian Consul-General. Ishmael Pasha has no numismatic knowledge, but has a very clear idea of the value of ancient coins as articles of commerce. He keeps his collection in great sacks, which are brought in by a dozen attendants. He rolls them out on the table in great heaps, jingles them in his hands as if they were so many piastres, and then begins cross-examining the Frank numismatist as to their genuineness and value; their historical interest being utterly overlooked.

His collection is rich in coins of Macedonia and Thrace. The position of a Pasha gives him of course great opportunities of collecting coins at a cheap rate. On my taking leave, he presented me with a small dagger, mounted in silver, accompanying the gift with an intimation that he hoped I would send him a coin or two from Mytilene.

The collection of M. Michanowitz not being arranged in cabinets, I could only examine it in a cursory manner; but the coins I saw interested me very much. During a long residence at Salonica, M. Michanowitz collected almost exclusively the coins of Thrace and Macedon. His series from the two provinces was, therefore, a most rich and instructive one. He has a most beautiful gold coin of Chalcis, in Macedon, identical in type with the silver coins of the same place.

The time which had been allowed for my journey from England to Mytilene having drawn to a close, we proceeded to Smyrna, where we halted for a

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couple of days before going to Mytilene. We had brought letters of introduction to Her Majesty's Consul Mr. Brant, and also to Mr. Hanson, who both received us with that genial hospitality for which Smyrna has always been so justly celebrated.

Here I saw the fine collection of coins belonging to M. Ivanoff, the Russian Consul-General, which is particularly rich in specimens from the western and southern coasts of Asia Minor. He also possesses a very fine head of a Satyr in red marble, found at Aidin, the ancient Tralles. From the expression of anguish in the features, I should imagine that this represents the Satyr Marsyas when about to undergo his terrible doom at the hand of Apollo.

As Mytilene lies directly on the track of the French and Austrian mail packets which ply between Smyrna and Constantinople, it has the benefit of steam communication every two days, an advantage which few islands in the Archipelago enjoy.

One of these steamers conveyed us accordingly to our new home, where we landed at eleven o'clock p.m. The night was very dark, and the twenty-three packages which formed our luggage were picked out by the aid of one very inefficient lantern on deck, and pitched into a shore-boat, amid the vociferations of a swarm of Greek boatmen, mingled with an occasional deep sonorous growl from a Turkish custom-house officer. We should have felt very forlorn at being thrown out on a strange shore like a shipwrecked plank, had it not been for the kindness of two Mytileniote gentlemen, Dr. Bargigli and M. Amira, who had come on board to

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escort us on shore. On landing, we were received under the hospitable roof of my predecessor, Mr. Werry, who had been promoted, on my appointment, to Benghazi, and who was anxiously waiting my arrival in order to be relieved from his old post.

I got up very early the next morning to take a look at my new home, which the darkness had entirely hidden the night before. Before I had gone many yards I met a Greek funeral. On the bier was laid out a young girl about fourteen years old, the face exposed, the head encircled by a chaplet of fresh flowers, after the manner of the ancients.

If I had been in the mood to care about omens, here was one such as in antiquity might have detained a traveller ready girt for a journey, or a ship with a fair wind.

After breakfasting with our host, I arrayed myself in a magnificent new uniform, too much padded for the climate of the Levant, and proceeded with Mr. Werry to pay visits of ceremony to the Pasha, the Vice-Consuls, my future colleagues, and other magnates of the place.

The Pasha was a gentleman about fifty years of age, with an aristocratic aquiline nose, a restless wary eye, and a sinister mouth, weak, but cunning.

He is excessively rich, and has an advantage which Turkish officials can seldom boast of; he can trace his descent to a grandfather. His family name is Kulaksiz, or "the Earless;" some ancestor having, it is to be presumed, been deprived of those members by an angry Padischah. His father was Pasha of Mytilene during the Greek revolution, and

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having large landed possessions in the island, and the exclusive monopoly of the oil-trade, took very good care that it should not be sacked like Scio.

In those days the power of a Pasha in a Greek island was a despotism unchecked except by the occasional intervention of some greater despot like the Capudan Pasha. The life and property of the rich Rajahs were always in jeopardy, for the Pasha was only too happy to find a pretext for confiscation; and as the Greeks were disaffected, and informers plentiful, such pretexts were never wanting.

This arbitrary government has ceased since the Tanzimat, and the present Pasha reigns over his paternal dominions not, perhaps, according to strict constitutional forms, but with some check from public opinion and the fear of an appeal to Constantinople.

He received me with that suave urbanity and those gracious platitudes with which official Turks know so well to adorn their discourse in a first interview; but

> medio de fonte leporum
> Surgit amari aliquid.

The Pasha's manner inspired me with a secret distrust; there was something feline in his blandishments.

I must reserve my first impressions of Mytilene for my next letter.

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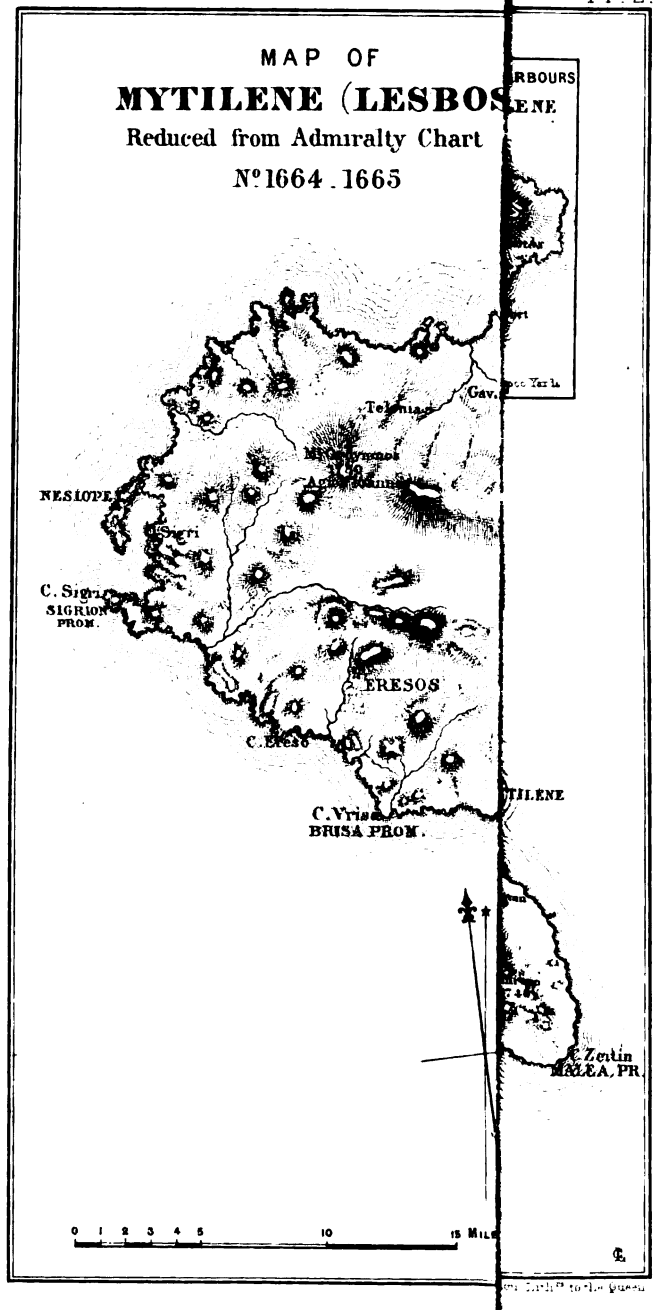

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IV.

MYTILENE, *May* 30, 1852.

I HAVE now been here long enough to be able to give you some account of this place, and of my mode of life in my new home.

Though the name of Lesbos is one so rich in historical associations, and though the island itself is so conspicuous an object to all who sail past it on their way to Smyrna or Constantinople, it has never been much explored, and the accounts given by the travellers who have visited it are exceedingly vague and meagre.[18] I shall therefore be minute in my description. The town of Mytilene, which the older travellers call Castro, but which has now resumed its original name, is situated on a peninsula on the E. side of the island (see the Map, Plate 2). This peninsula consists of a rocky promontory connected with the mainland by a low isthmus, on either side of which is a small harbour, one to the north, the other to the south. These ports were formerly connected by a canal, called by the ancients Euripus. The rocky promontory, now a peninsula, is therefore spoken of by Strabo and others as an island,[19] and from the strength of its position was originally chosen as the site of the city itself, and afterwards became its Acropolis. As the population increased, and the situation became more secure, the town spread from the island to the shores of the two harbours. A

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mediæval castle, once held by the Genoese family Gateluz, now occupies the site of the Acropolis, and most of the lower ground which formed the site of the ancient town is covered with the houses of the Greek and Turkish inhabitants. The Turks live principally in one quarter, near the north harbour. On the land side the town is nearly surrounded by lofty hills, which completely shut in the view to the west. At the foot of these hills runs a low wall, which surrounds the town from harbour to harbour, and served for its defence during the Greek Revolution. It was built by the father of the present Pasha at that time.

The site of Mytilene resembles that of many other Hellenic cities.[20] At a very early period, as Thucydides tells us, the Greeks selected such sites for their cities, cutting off the isthmuses. The advantage of such positions was obvious. The headlands were strong and sometimes inaccessible positions; the two ports connected by a canal enabled their vessels to put out to sea either with a north or south wind, and the narrow strip of rich land along the shore served for gardens for the supply of the city.

Of the two harbours, that to the south was anciently used for triremes, and therefore closed with a chain: it could contain fifty vessels. The remains of two moles are still visible at its entrance; two small lighthouses mark the width across which the chain must have been stretched. The depth varies at present from three to one fathom; but, as is constantly the case in Turkish ports, it has

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been much filled up from the accumulation of ballast discharged from ships.

The northern harbour was protected from the sea by a more massive mole, portions of which yet remain nearly in the centre of the port. It consists of two external walls composed of ashlar-work, within which is a core of rubble cemented with coarse mortar. This harbour is described as deep by Strabo, but it is now nearly filled up with rubble.[21]

We learn from Aristotle, that this harbour was called Maloeis. The Malea where the Athenians stationed their fleet and held a market in the siege of Mytilene, B.C. 428, must have been somewhere near this port on the north of the town.[22]

I could discover no trace of Hellenic walls on the site of the ancient Acropolis, but the Genoese castle is probably built on its foundations, as it occupies the whole of the summit of the rocky peninsula. Within its precincts are numbers of houses inhabited by poor Turks who do not form part of the garrison. The protection afforded by its guns must have been formerly of great value when visits of Greek pirates were more formidable. The family of Gateluz held it till the latter part of the 15th century, when it was taken by Mahomet II. This castle is still kept up as an imperial fortress by the Turks, and though a place of no strength, serves as a depot of arms and to overawe the town of Mytilene. It is not an interesting example of military architecture, and the cypresses planted about its naked white-washed walls give it a funereal look. At the foot of the Acropolis the fields are strewn with fragments of

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sculpture and painted pottery. To the south of the castle is a platform where stand the Turkish prison and the kiosk of the Pasha. Between this platform and the castle is a hollow, on the sloping sides of which are found many fragments of Greek painted vases of all periods. An ancient cemetery may, therefore, have stood here.

The part of the rocky peninsula nearest the castle has not been encroached upon by modern buildings, which would have interfered with the range of the guns. On the strip of land to the south, lying between a small fort and the harbour, is a little group of houses, the residences of the different Vice-Consuls. This constitutes the Frank quarter.

Though the natural features of the ground are so strongly marked, no traces remain of the ancient city, and the whole aspect of the site is so changed by modern occupation that it is difficult to imagine that here once stood one of the most beautiful cities of the Hellenic world, which Horace thought worthy to be named in the same stanza in which he celebrates Rhodes, Ephesus, and Corinth. From the few notices of Mytilene in ancient authors, we know that the canal called Euripus by the Greeks was crossed by bridges of white marble, and that here was a theatre the plan of which excited the admiration of Pompey, and which he wished to imitate at Rome.[23] Vitruvius, admitting the magnificence of the architecture, points out how badly the plan of the city was arranged in reference to the prevailing winds. It was so exposed, he says, to the north, and south that the sirocco made the inhabitants ill, the north-west wind

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gave them coughs, and the north, though a healthier wind, was so cold that no one could stand in the open streets.[24]

The modern town of Mytilene is a straggling, dirty village, the houses, like those of Constantinople, constructed of wood, either entirely, or on a lower story of stone. This is a frail mode of structure, but is thought to be the safest in case of earthquake. The timber is supplied from the opposite coast of Asia Minor. The roofs are of red tile, which gives the town a mean appearance. The street which forms the present Turkish Bazaar is supposed to mark the line of the ancient Euripus or canal between the two ports. The shops are of the poorest description; the market for all provisions brought in from the country is held in the main street. A few open drains supply the place of sewers, and the exhalation which an eastern sun extracts from them, if not poisonous enough to produce a constant epidemic, is at any rate very disagreeable to the European nose. All the traffic with the interior is carried on by mules, strings of which, laden with panniers or with skins full of oil, jostle the passenger at every turn in the street. It is hardly necessary to add that wheeled carriages are unknown. All goods, however heavy, are embarked or disembarked on the backs of porters. It is difficult in walking through these squalid, noisy, crowded streets, to feel inspired by the proper *admonitus loci*.

Mytilene is indifferently supplied with water, though it has an aqueduct. Many of the public fountains have had their supply of water intercepted for the

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use of private individuals. In the Turkish quarter, and along the shore of the southern harbour outside the town, are large gardens, which are all irrigated from a well by means of a water-wheel turned all day by a donkey. The sight of the donkey going his home circuit, and the creaking sound of the wheel, combined with the pleasant shade of the trees, seem always to invite a siesta. The soil of these town gardens is rich, friable, and black with the cultivation of many centuries. I often explore them in quest of inscriptions, and, sometimes finding a door open, walk into the garden of some rich Turk, and find his apples of the Hesperides guarded by a black eunuch, who warns me off with great indignation.

The country round Mytilene is still what Cicero described it nearly 2,000 years ago, pleasant and fertile.[25] Beyond the town to the south, the land bends in, forming a bay, bounded by a lofty mountain-ridge. Between this ridge and the sea the coast slopes gradually to the foot of the mountain, and is covered with luxuriant verdure, in which the foliage of the olive predominates, blending its silvery masses most happily with the tender green of the pomegranate, the myrtle, the fig-tree, and the bay. These slopes are studded with country houses and villages, as high up the mountain as cultivation is possible; above, on the steep rocky sides, flourish the cistus and other mountain plants and shrubs, scattering their aroma through the pure and delicate atmosphere.

In the deep ravines with which the face of the mountain is channelled, the course of the winter

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torrents is marked by a rich red fringe of oleanders, now in full bloom. A paved road winding along the course of the ravines, leads to a pass formed by a notch in the steep mountain-ridge.

On ascending to this pass a most striking view presents itself: on one side is seen the town of Mytilene, and the indented outline of the shore, for ever varied with headlands and bays, with a sea so calm and blue that the island looks as if it were inlaid in lapis lazuli; on the other side is Port Olivieri, a vast natural harbour, shut in by wooded hills all round, without a sail, and with hardly a breeze to disturb the even repose of its surface. It takes its name from the olives which stretch along its fertile shores and up the steep sides of the surrounding mountains far as the eye can reach, investing all the land in the silver mantle of its verdure, which would be monotonous were it not relieved by the contrast of the deep blue water below.

Turning from the scenery of Mytilene to its present inhabitants, I experienced a painful shock. Nothing can be less in harmony than Nature and man in this favoured island. A faint tradition of European civilization is preserved in the few Smyrniote families who have settled here for the sake of consular appointments or trade, and whose half-dozen houses form the Frank quarter; but even in this society the interest in subjects such as we talk of in Europe is but small. The most congenial companion whom I have met with here is a Dr. Perotti, an old Piedmontese refugee, who, though a man of considerable acquirements, has

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been content to dwell in obscurity for many years at Mytilene, amusing himself with collecting the coins and antiquities of the island. The fine series of silver coins of Lesbos now in the Bibliothèque at Paris was acquired through Dr. Perotti.

Among the Greeks are no very rich merchants, but a *bourgeois* class, most of whom are land proprietors, and trade in the oil produced by their olives. Not the least respectable among them, if report speak true, are several elderly gentlemen, who, in the troublous times of the Greek revolution, enriched themselves by the issue of forged money, or followed the profession of pirate—time-honoured in the Archipelago.

This native aristocracy, now dominant in the city where Pittacus once ruled, have that sleek, contented air which we associate with the idea of Flemish burgomasters, to whom their picturesque dress still further assimilates them. They generally possess, besides their house in Mytilene, a country house, with a pleasant garden where they smoke and doze life away in the summer heat.

They ride on sturdy mules, and as they wind along the mountain tracks remind me of the figures in the old pictures of the Flight into Egypt. Their accoutrements are of the rudest kind—a great clumsy pack-saddle, over which is thrown a rug, rope stirrups, and a chain attached to a headstall, for the mules are too strong and obstinate for any ordinary bridle. The men generally sit sideways on these pack-saddles, and the women astride. The first time that a lady was seen in Mytilene on a European side-saddle,

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all the people came to see what seemed to them so unfeminine a mode of riding.

The women in the town of Mytilene are handsome, but very few of them have good teeth. Like the Greek women of old, they wear rouge, and till lately dyed their teeth with henna. They have well-cut features, but there is something mean in the whole character of the face, and I found more to remind me of the old classical type in the massive grandeur of features of the Roman contadina. The ladies of Lesbos are jealously guarded by their husbands. Since I have been here, I have seldom seen one in the streets. Occasionally they come out of their cage to take a walk of a summer's evening, when they gather together on the sea-shore, and strut about in Smyrna finery, redolent of musk, vain as peacocks, and even shriller in their cackling.

It is to be feared the rigid incarceration of so many Danaes has an unfavourable effect on domestic life. It is said that the ladies find means to avenge themselves on their tyrants, and that the morals of this beautiful little island have not improved since Sappho's time as much as could be desired.

The Turks in Mytilene are a decaying and decreasing population. With the exception of the Pasha himself, who possesses very large landed property in the island, and his son, there are no very rich Turkish proprietors. They live, as usual, in the seclusion of their own quarter, and are not very friendly to Franks. No Jews have ever been able to exist at Mytilene. A sententious old Turk told us

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that some years ago some unhappy Hebrews came here to settle as merchants. The first morning after their arrival they took a walk in the bazaar, where they saw the Mytileniotes weighing the eggs they bought, to see if they were worth the *paras* they gave for them. "This is no place for us," said the Jews, "these Greeks would be too knowing for us;" and so away they went from Mytilene, where no Jew, said my old Turk, has ever attempted since to settle. The entire population of the town of Mytilene is reckoned at about 8,500, of whom from 200 to 300 are foreigners, protected by their several consulates. These are mostly Hellenic or Ionian subjects. The number of Mussulmans probably does not exceed 2,000.

I have been employing my time lately in exploring the country in the immediate vicinity of Mytilene itself. The first place which I visited was the Roman aqueduct at Morea, a village distant about an hour to the N.W. of Mytilene. The road to Morea, issuing from the north gate of Mytilene, passes through an Hellenic cemetery, where sarcophagi and tombs are occasionally found. The remains of the aqueduct at Morea extend across a small valley. It consists of three rows of arches, of which the uppermost is of brick. The lower part is built of squared massive blocks. It is beautifully proportioned, and, from the style, may be ascribed to the Augustan period (Plate 3). On a stone in one of the pillars I noticed the letters D M O, probably a mason's mark. Remains of this aqueduct are to be met with at St. Demetri, two hours and a half from Ayasso, on the road to

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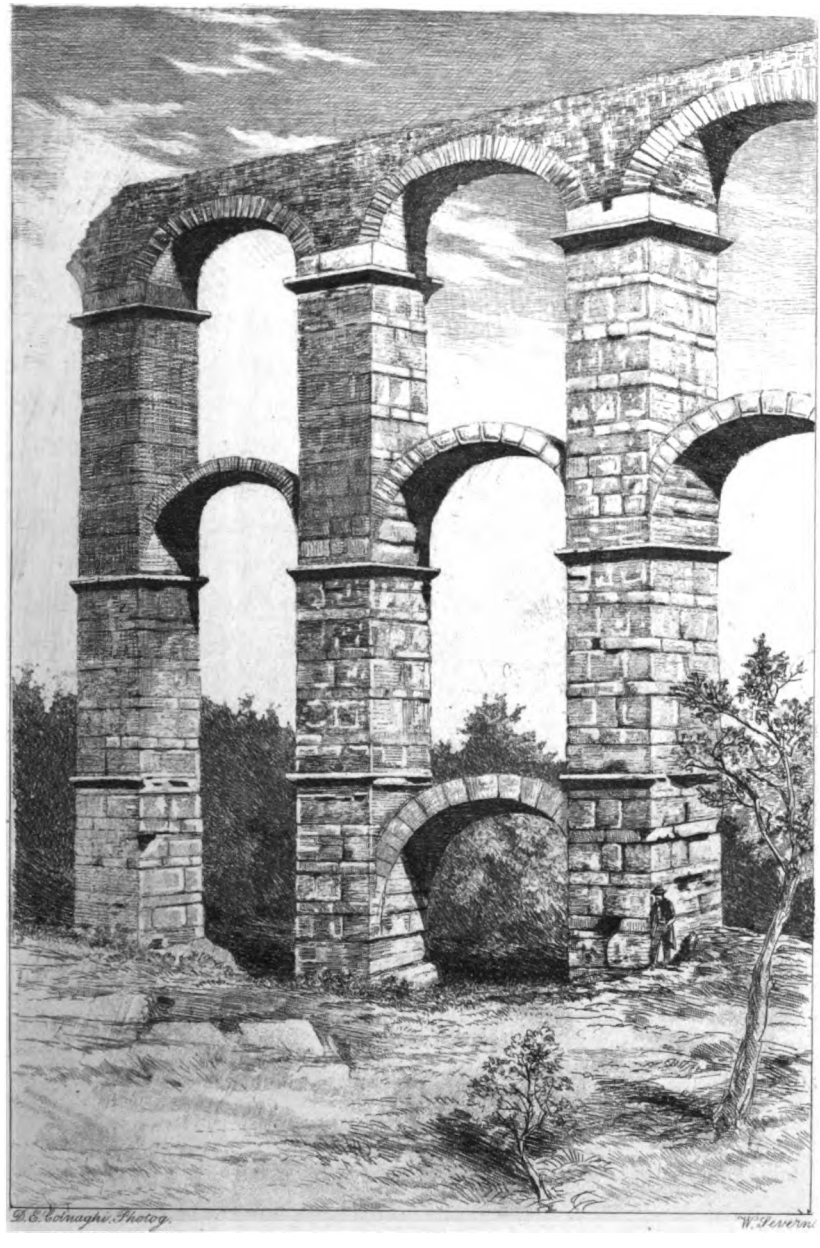

MYTILENE_ ROMAN AQUEDUCT.

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Vasilika; also at a place called Larisson Lamarousia, one hour distant from Morea.

The village of Morea is one of the most flourishing in the neighbourhood of Mytilene, and has a large school-house. The richer Greeks of Mytilene have country houses here, in which they pass their *villegiatura* in the summer. These country houses still retain the ancient name of *Pyrgi*, or towers. They are usually tall square houses, with a ground-floor which is only used for housing cattle and farming implements, and an upper story generally consisting of a single room. Above this again is sometimes a third story. The entrance to the upper part of the house is sometimes by means of a flight of stone steps outside, sometimes by a wooden ladder inside the ground-floor. Some of the older *pyrgi* along the coast of Mytilene are strongly built with squared blocks. This kind of dwelling-house must have been originally adopted for defence against sudden attacks of pirates.[26] The reception-room in the *pyrgos* of a rich Greek is a model of neatness and cleanliness. The floors are washed like the deck of a man-of-war, the napkins snow-white, with a little gold embroidery and a kind of lace at the edges; the divan or sofa covered with white dimity. The lady of the house is always very smart: her duty is to wait on her guests; but she never sits down or takes any part in the conversation; that is her husband's business and privilege. I have had to make a great many visits lately in the course of my rambles, and am nearly choked with quinces, marmalade, sugar-plums, cups of coffee, chibouks, narguillas, and various other

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offerings, which to accept is often painful to the guest, but to refuse is a certain affront to the host.

Continuing along the shore in a N.W. direction, at the distance of two hours from Mytilene is Thermæ, a place so called from the hot mineral baths which still exist there. Here is a small harbour marked in the Admiralty Chart as Ancient Mole. The village of Thermæ is at the distance of about half an hour inland. It is marked in the Chart by its Turkish name Sarelek, "yellow." This name is given from the colour of the water in the hot springs, which are ferruginous. The baths are small vaulted buildings of a recent period. In the walls are a number of interesting inscriptions originally copied by Pococke, from which we learn that there was at Thermæ a Panegyris Thermiaca, and that Artemis was worshipped here under the title of Artemis Thermia Euakoos, "the Propitious."[37] The connection between the worship of Artemis and these ferruginous baths is very obvious, as the use of such tonic waters would be prescribed in connection with the bracing exercise of the chase. The senate and people mentioned in these inscriptions are, it is to be presumed, those of the town of Thermæ. In the fields all round the baths, marbles used in buildings are found in the soil, but I could not hear of the discovery of any sculpture or architectural ornaments.

Pococke saw here great ruins of buildings, particularly of a colonnade leading to the baths from the south, the pedestals of which remained in his time. Along the shore a little to the east of Thermæ are the

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remains of a sea-wall built of rubble and concrete. The ashlar-work facing has been removed. About ten minutes' distance from Thermæ on the road to Mytilene, and about the same distance from the sea, is a ruined church called St. Eustratios, with some ancient fragments. At the back of the apse is a carved stone with part of two lines of an inscription, in which the word ΔΑΜΟ occurs.

Returning from Thermæ I visited a small church called St. Nicolas, at a place called Torre di Firme. Here in the wall on the left side of the doorway is an inscription to the emperor Hadrian as Saviour and Founder of Mytilene. The church is surrounded by a wall with a doorway, on the right side of which is a gladiator in relief, holding his sword in an attitude of defence: above are the remains of an inscription. On the opposite side of the doorway is a bas-relief in similar style, representing a gladiator kneeling and awaiting the attack of an Indian bull, who is rushing at him: above has been an inscription. These reliefs are in a very late style.

Between Thermæ and Morea is Paphila, which is incorrectly written Báftah in the Admiralty Chart. Near this place is a small eminence called Karadipi, with a farm-house or chiflik. In excavations here were found recently fragments of two statues of white marble. Of one, a male figure, the feet only remain. The other fragment consisted of the legs of a female draped figure. The style was not very good. At Paphila I saw a terminal pillar surmounted by a much-mutilated bust, perhaps of some philosopher.

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On the side of the road near Karadipi is a cippus inscribed "The great Artemis of Thermæ." This seems to have been the base of a statue. It is lying by the side of the road, partially overgrown with shrubs.

Returning to Mytilene by Morea, I noticed at the distance of about ten minutes from that village a place by the roadside called Achlea. Here is a warm spring with a bath vaulted over. On the opposite side of the road the face of the rock is scarped, and on it, in very large letters, now nearly effaced, may be read the words ΤΩΝ ΓΝΑΦΕΩΝ, *τῶν γναφέων*,—"of the fullers,"—which is evidently part of a dedication by a company of fullers, who made use of the water of this warm spring.[28] Immediately opposite to this inscription on the other side of the road, are the foundations of a small square building made with mortar, placed at the side of a pool of warm water. In the wall of a field between the road and the sea is a sepulchral *stelé* with three figures in relief, probably representing a wife taking a last farewell of her husband and son. In a vineyard between this spot and the sea are two large blocks, which appear to be *in situ*. It is probable that a small temple dedicated to the nymph of the fountain stood here.

To the S. of Mytilene the coast terminates in a promontory, called Zeitin, the ancient Malea. It was here that, immediately before the battle of Arginusæ, the Spartan fleet of 120 vessels, commanded by Kallikratidas, dined on the same day that the Athenian fleet dined on the island of Arginusæ

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opposite them.[29] This place must not be confounded with the Malea to the north of the town, where, as has been already stated, the Athenian fleet were stationed in their attack on Mytilene. It is uncertain where the temple of Apollo Maloeis was situated; we only know of it that it was outside the city. The fertile shore lying between Cape Malea and Mytilene would afford many places suitable for the holding of a Panegyris such as Thucydides describes[30] to have been held at this temple. On the other hand, if the North Harbour was called Maloeis, it seems probable that the temple was somewhere in its vicinity. I could discover at Cape Malea no traces of ancient remains except the capital of a richly-sculptured Ionic column in a little chapel called Panagia Mali, a little to the W. of the Cape. Near this chapel is an ancient cistern used as a well. On the shore between Mytilene and Malea is the village of Pligoni, where are columns and some small remains of ancient foundations.

V.

MYTILENE, *June* 20, 1852.

SHORTLY after my arrival, I had a visit from one of the greatest personages in Mytilene—the Greek archbishop of that ilk. The island is divided into two archbishoprics — Mytilene and Molivo (Methymna). The archbishop of Mytilene, at this moment, happens to be a very good specimen of the Greek hierarchy. He has a long flowing beard,

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such as Rembrandt would have studied in painting a Jewish rabbi. His manners are dignified and courteous. He brought with him to my house several attendant priests: one of them was his painter, or ζωγράφος, whose vocation it is to paint pictures of the Virgin (called by the Greeks Panagia) and of the Saints. This gentleman was not quite so courteous as his chief. Seeing a few scraps of marble lying about my room, "Are you come," said he, in an angry tone, "like another Curzon, to rob us of our antiquities?"

He had read a Greek translation of Mr. Curzon's book on the Eastern Monasteries, and the idea seemed to possess his mind that every Englishman who came to the East was a Curzon in disguise. The Archbishop, perhaps from policy, gave no sign of such hostile sentiments.

Among the Greeks an archbishop still retains the old Byzantine title Δεσπότης, or the "Master;" and shortly after my visit, a case came before me officially, which showed me how great is the influence exercised by the Greek hierarchy over their flocks. An Ionian, who had been beaten and maltreated by some of the inhabitants of his village, sued them before the Mejlis, but could not get any of the Mytileniotes to come forward as witnesses; Ionians being here regarded almost as foreign settlers. He applied to me as his consul for redress, and at his suggestion I represented the case to my new friend the Archbishop, making an appeal to his sense of justice. He at once promised to excommunicate the whole village, if the required evidence was not forthcoming, and

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sent me an ἀφοριστικόν, or mandate, full of the heartiest imprecations I ever read, which operated briskly, producing two live witnesses in the course of twelve hours. How like the manners of the Middle Ages. A Greek would rather commit any kind of atrocity than incur the terrors of excommunication. His conscience is made of the same stuff as that of a 12th century baron or a modern Italian brigand.

The other day, the Archbishop officiated at the baptism of Mr. Werry's child, according to the Greek rite. The ceremony, which took place in my predecessor's house, was very long, and some of the audience evidently thought it very tedious. The Archbishop was attired in robes, of which the gorgeous fashion has evidently been preserved unchanged from the Middle Ages, and of which the embroidery, stiff with gold, seemed like a reflection from the bygone splendour of the old Byzantine empire. He had six attendant priests, with picturesque long beards. Everybody present held in their hand an attenuated wax taper, four feet long, and lighted, though the ceremony took place in the day. The child, after a great number of prayers had been read, was stripped, anointed with oil, and totally immersed in water, to its great discomposure and the amusement of the spectators, who consisted of all the *corps vice-consulaire* of Mytilene, male and female, and who talked and laughed irreverently the whole time. The font was made of very common-looking tin. After the immersion, the *bambino* was marked all over with a metallic instrument intended

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to represent a seal; then dressed, and placed in the arms of the godfather, who, for fear of accidents, held the child in a scarf suspended round his neck. Then the godfather marched all round the font with him several times, the Archbishop all the time exorcising the evil spirits that might be supposed to harbour designs against the unconscious little squaller. This perambulation round the font reminded me of the old pagan ceremony called *Amphidromia*, in which, seven days after birth, a child was carried in its cradle swiftly round a blazing altar by torchlight. The resemblance between the two ceremonies may, however, only be accidental.

On returning the Archbishop's visit I saw, in the courtyard of his house, the celebrated marble chair which is engraved in Pococke's Travels.[31] It is very richly sculptured. The back is curved. Two seated gryphons with outspread wings form the arms of the chair. The seat rests on four lions' legs; on each side below the gryphons is a tripod round which a serpent is coiled. In the front of the chair, under the seat, is the inscription,—

ΠΟΤΑΜΩΝΟΣ
ΤΩ ΛΕΣΒΩΝΑΚΤΟΣ
ΠΡΟΕΔΡΙΑ.

"The place of honour of Potamon, son of Lesbonax."

Below is a footstool, ornamented in front with an arabesque, representing a Triton with two tails.

This marble chair is probably from an ancient theatre, where Potamon must have sat in the front row, among the civil and religious dignitaries of

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Mytilene, each of whom probably had his appointed place marked by an inscription on his seat.[32] Lesbonax, the father of Potamon, was a sophist and rhetorician, who lived in the time of Augustus, and whose head the Mytilenæans put on their copper coins, with the inscription, "Lesbonax, the new hero." His son Potamon was, like his father, a sophist, and resided at Rome, where he gained the favour of the Emperor Tiberius, who, on the return of Potamon to his native country, is said to have furnished him with a passport in this form:—"If any one dare to injure Potamon, the son of Lesbonax, let him consider whether he will be strong enough to wage war with Me."[33]

Soon after seeing this chair I happened to be passing by an unfinished house just as the workmen had fixed a marble in the side of a window. Seeing that it had a Greek inscription, I stopped to examine it, and found that it was a dedication in honour of the same Potamon whose chair I had seen at the Archbishop's house. I ascertained from my dragoman that the house belonged to an Ionian, who was so obliging as to present the marble to me for the British Museum, on my providing him with another in its place.

Shortly after this I discovered another inscription in which the name of Potamon is associated with that of two other benefactors of Mytilene—Pompey and Theophanes.

The dedication to Pompey comes first; he is styled benefactor, saviour, and founder of Mytilene; the name of Theophanes follows, who is called saviour,

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benefactor, and second founder; and the third name is that of Potamon, followed by the same titles as those bestowed on Pompey. Theophanes was the intimate friend of Pompey, and wrote a history of his expeditions; and it was through his influence that the great Roman was induced to restore their liberties to the Mytilenæans. In gratitude for these services they put his head on their copper coins with the inscription, "The Divine Theophanes." The taste for hero-worship under the Roman empire was not peculiar to the Mytilenæans. Rome was full of Greeks like Potamon and Theophanes, who made it their business to cultivate the friendship of the reigning emperor and so to advance their own interests and those of their native country. Such men in the dedications made to them by a grateful country are styled φιλοκαίσαρες or friends of Cæsar.[34]

In modern days every pasha residing in the provinces employs an agent at Constantinople to look after his interests with the Porte, and many of the Greeks resident at Rome during the Empire were probably in like manner retained by their respective states to plead in their behalf in all cases where the maintenance or extension of their privileges was concerned.

Yesterday I went to the Greek school to attend the first day of the annual examination of the boys, which takes place in the presence of the Archbishop. The school is a large, well-ventilated building, with an excellent head master, who gives me a lesson in modern Greek every day. The masters at Mytilene have been of late years rather distinguished

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scholars; they are natives of the island who have finished their education at Athens. M. Lælios, the predecessor of the present head master, was educated at a German university, with the sons of Chevalier Bunsen, and exchanged his situation at Mytilene for a better post at Smyrna. The proceedings this morning opened with a long discourse on the merits of ancient literature by the master, well written and clearly delivered. Then were called forth the two senior scholars of the first class, one of whom read a poem of his own composition on Lesbos, in the vile rhyme in which the modern Greeks have shackled and imprisoned their language. There is something to me revolting in Greek rhyme,—not even a Romaic Dante could reconcile me to it.

After the poem, the same boy was ordered to take up a Plato, and construe the beginning of one of the dialogues, first giving an abridged history of the life of Plato, which he did *vivâ voce*, very clearly and methodically. He then translated a page into modern Greek. I confess that it gave me a shudder, to hear the mellifluous sentences of the divine philosopher tortured and distended and diluted, so as to suit the modern idiom; but the experiment was interesting as a means of comparing the two languages, and must be very valuable for the boys, because the style of Plato is a perfect model for simplicity, clearness, and strength. Modern Greek is excessively prolix, and its structure clumsy; and thus, in translating from the ancient, much of the condensed energy is necessarily lost.

After the Plato came Homer, preceded in like

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manner by an oral biography. The modern pronunciation, which corresponds with the accents, is fatal to the ancient metre; all the quantities are utterly set at naught. The Greeks feel this, notwithstanding their claim to have preserved the tradition of the ancient pronunciation, which appears to be a very doubtful pretension. The want of accordance between ancient quantity and accent is, doubtless, owing to the fact that classical poetry was not composed to be read, but to be chanted, with the accompaniment of music. After Homer came a somewhat elementary examination in moral and physical philosophy, and after that mathematics. The pupil stood by the side of an immense slate, on which he drew the geometrical figures, and then went through the problem.

This part of the examination being rather dry, I got somewhat sleepy, and the Archbishop, who had never before beheld a *Gibus* hat, amused himself with moving the springs of mine backwards and forwards. This invention astonished the venerable old gentleman very much. The sight of the large slate with the diagram upon it, in Greek letters, with the explanation all written in the Greek language, reminded me of the schools of antiquity, where mathematics were probably taught in this practical way, by making the pupil draw the geometrical figure on a slate. The examination of the school concluded with the young ladies, who construed St. Chrysostom with great success, and gave biographies of several celebrated characters in antiquity. The tone of delivery was somewhat drawling and

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nasal, and their French atrocious as that of "the school of Stratford atte Bowe." At Athens French is better taught. At an examination at Dr. Hill's school there, I heard two young ladies recite a dialogue from Molière in a very creditable manner.

I was so much pleased with the manner of education in the school at Mytilene, that by way of encouragement I offered a prize of books, to the amount of five dollars, for the best essay to be written in modern Greek on some subject connected with the ancient history of Lesbos, such as Pittacus. This offer was civilly declined.

It is a pleasant surprise to find something to praise in the character of the Mytileniotes, and it must be confessed that they have shown great zeal and intelligence in promoting education by the establishment of schools all over the island. These schools are supported by local rates levied on the several communities. In the town of Mytilene itself, some years ago, a large sum was expended by the inhabitants for the purpose of giving an European education to two young men, on the understanding that they were to return to Mytilene, and give their acquired knowledge for the benefit of the island. One of these was educated for the medical profession, the other as a schoolmaster. The young doctor unfortunately died; and the young schoolmaster, in consequence of a misunderstanding between him and the community, left Mytilene, and settled at Smyrna; but the attempt to introduce European culture, though a failure, is honourable to the Mytileniotes; the more so, as they

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devoted a sum of money at the same time to the purchase of a set of instruments and machines for the teaching of natural philosophy, and for the formation of a library of scientific and classical works. The classical library I frequently have occasion to refer to, and am surprised to find how large a number of modern works on archæology, philology, and history it contains. Besides the Gymnasium, there are also in the town of Mytilene three primary schools,—one for boys and two for girls.

The natives of this island are thought to show a special aptitude for learning, and a large proportion of the bishops in the Greek church are Mytileniotes. They are lively and quick, and have much curiosity on first coming in contact with new phenomena; when they see me copying an inscription, they are curious to know the meaning and the date; but I do not find them disposed to follow up an inquiry when real labour is required. Yesterday I went out attended by a bare-legged urchin, who ran by the side of my mule. I asked him whether he could read or write. "No," he said with a sigh; "I am ἀγράμματος;" and then, after a little deliberation, came out an aphorism worthy of Pittacus himself:—

"Ὁποῖος δὲν ἔχει γράμματα, δὲν ἔχει μάτια."
"He who cannot read, has no eyes."

So, too, thought the ancient Mytilenæans; for it is recorded of them that they punished their revolted allies by forbidding them to teach their children reading or music, esteeming this prohibition as the greatest of penalties.[35]

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Near the school is the church of St. Therapia, where is an interesting Greek inscription which has been published in Böckh's Corpus.[36] It relates to the restoration of some political exiles to Mytilene, which took place by command of Alexander the Great, shortly before his death. The Mytilenæans had made an alliance with him after the battle of the Granicus, but had afterwards been compelled by the generals of Darius to receive a Persian garrison, which was finally driven out by Hegelochos, B.C. 332.

VI.

MYTILENE, *June* 20, 1852.

THE Turks have just got through their great annual fast the Ramazan; not, however, without one of the breaches of the peace which usually occur in this period, when the Mussulman, out of humour from his long and painful abstinence from food and tobacco, has his sufferings aggravated by seeing the Giaour in the daily enjoyment of these luxuries.

Hence a desire on the part of the Turk to break the Giaour's head, which is not unfrequently put in execution; and there is an annual renewal of these feuds, as in the faction-fights of an Irish fair. A case of this kind has just come before me, in which an Ionian, having been beat and maltreated by some Turks, I had to apply to the Pasha for redress, by whom the matter was referred to the Mejlis, or local tribunal. This is a mixed court, composed of Mussulmans and Christian subjects of the Porte. The

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Pasha of Mytilene presides; the Cadi, or representative of Mahommedan law, sits by him; the Greek Archbishop is also a member. In islands like Mytilene, where the Greeks are rich and powerful, the Christian members of the Mejlis have considerable influence, and make it impossible for the Pasha to commit the arbitrary acts which were formerly so common.

The Mejlis takes cognizance of a variety of cases, civil as well as criminal. There is also another court, called the Mekkemé, which deals only with real property. Sales of land are ratified in this court, in the presence of the Cadi. A commercial tribunal, the Tijaret Mejlis, has been recently introduced in many places.

All matters of dispute between Ottoman subjects and subjects of European powers resident in Turkey are referred to the Mejlis; and in every such case, whether civil or criminal, the foreigner is represented in court by his Consul, who acts for him as his counsel.

According to the treaties made between the Porte and the principal European nations, no foreigner can be arrested and tried without the knowledge of his Consul; and in criminal proceedings an English Consul always claims a voice in the ultimate decision of the court.

His presence at a trial is always a check upon great injustice, because he is a witness to the proceedings not to be intimidated or silenced; and if his protest is not attended to, he can always appeal to his Ambassador,—an appeal which, in the

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case of the English embassy, is seldom made in vain.

In ordinary cases the Consul is represented at the Mejlis by his dragoman; when a matter of any importance demands his intervention, he goes himself.

It was on Monday last that I made my first appearance at the Mejlis of Mytilene. Knowing as yet no Turkish, and very little Greek, and being quite ignorant of the form of procedure in the court, I felt nearly as nervous when I walked in, as if I was going to be tried myself; but a little experience soon gave me confidence.

The place of meeting is a large square room, two sides of which, as is the fashion in Turkish houses, are composed entirely of windows. In the post of honour—in the right-hand corner, and facing the entrance-door—sits the Pasha, on a large divan, which runs along the side of the room opposite the door. On his left is the Cadi, with a book of Turkish law before him. On the right of the Pasha I found a vacant place for me. Then, all down the room, in nice gradation of dignity, were, first, the subordinate Turkish members of the Mejlis; then the Greek members; then the dragomans and other retainers, who were allowed chairs, but not seats on the divan.

The proceedings open, like all affairs in Turkey, with the bringing in of the chibouques, a distinction not extended beyond the precincts of the divan. The tobacco of a Pasha is very pleasant and aromatic, and there is none of that disagreeable thick vapour in the room which arises from the ashes of

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the European cigar. Opposite the divan stand the accuser, the accused, and the witnesses, who are brought in and out as they are wanted by a cavass, or policeman, in a rich dress, with three or four pistols and knives stuck sideways into his belt.

The proceedings open in a very slow and formal sort of way, with the reading Turkish documents by the Cadi; then the witnesses are called. If the case makes in favour of the Mahommedan accused or accuser, or other party to the suit, the Cadi lets it alone; if he sees that it is going against the Turk, he turns it in his favour by quoting some ready-made precedent, or by some other legal quibble. All that the Consul can do, in such cases, is to protest, bully, threaten, and finally, if he can get no justice, report the whole story to Constantinople, where his Ambassador takes it up, and after a good deal of bullying and threatening on a greater scale, extracts from the reluctant Government a vizirial letter ordering the Mejlis to revise their decision. This vizirial letter would be practically a dead letter if the Consul did not make it his business to have it enforced; and after a good deal of active and passive resistance on the part of the local authorities, he generally succeeds in carrying his point. In the present case the decision of the Mejlis was so unjust that appeal to the Embassy will be unavoidable.

The advantages of British protection in a Turkish court are so obvious, that the Ionians are the object of general envy among the Christian subjects of the Porte. The desire to possess a British passport is so strong that every sort of ingenious

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device is practised in order to obtain one. The dragomans and other persons in the service of a Consul are exempted by the Porte from certain taxes, and in all matters where their civil rights are concerned are generally allowed by the local authority the same advantages as Ionian subjects.

A Consul has consequently no difficulty in finding any number of Greek dragomans ready to serve him for nothing, or even to pay him for the privilege of being his *employés*.

Hence some of the unpaid Consular agents in the Levant have a tail of six or seven of these retainers, whose functions are of course purely nominal; but as there is a limit to this abuse, protection is obtained by other devices; sometimes a Rayah makes a voyage to the Ionian islands and comes back with a British passport, obtained by some mystification of the local authorities there; sometimes the same result is obtained by bribing the Consular clerk at home. Sometimes an Ionian from a distant village presents himself before his Consul, accompanied by a young man, whom he introduces as his son, just about to start on a journey to Constantinople and therefore in want of a passport, which he claims by virtue of his birthright. In proof of his nationality, a baptismal certificate duly signed by the priest of his village is produced, and the Consul issues the passport; unconsciously depriving the Porte of a subject who has been converted into an Ionian by means of a false certificate.

Some check to this practice might be given if the Consul were always to insist that the signature of

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the priest attached to the baptismal certificate should be legalized by the Archbishop; but that would only prevent the forgery of the signature. As for the fraud itself, it would be regarded by the Greeks not only as justifiable, but as a commendable exploit; for to deprive the Porte of a subject is in their eyes only robbing the common enemy.

It is probable, that the most vigilant and upright Consuls in the Levant are now and then induced by such stratagems to give passports to persons having no right to them: but how it is with those Consular agents scattered over the Levant, to whom our Government gives the official seal and title with no other emolument than they can derive from fees? Is it at all likely that their virtue can resist the constant offer of bribes? Mr. Werry's predecessor at Mytilene was one of these unpaid Consular agents, an Ionian by birth.

He was naturally anxious to release as many of the Hellenic race as possible from the thraldom of Turkish oppression, and with this view he created at Mytilene about 200 pseudo-Ionians. Local tradition still records how this venerable old man used to sit in the public café after dinner, with his Consular seal all ready in his pocket. After a certain number of glasses of rakee had been imbibed, a passport was always to be had for a reasonable consideration.

Our small society has been enlivened by the visit of a French gentleman, M. L——, who resides at Maltepe, on the opposite coast, the ancient promontory of Cane, where he has bought a large estate for the cultivation of olives. He lives there with a large retinue of native servants, but cut off

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from all European society. His house is a *pyrgo*, with one large room on the first floor; the ground-floor being devoted to cattle and farming stock. The other day this gentleman had a visit from twenty-five pirates, who landed on a little island off the coast, where M. L—— has a quantity of sheep. He told his shepherd not to grudge them anything they might want, and they had the modesty to be content with thirty-five sheep! M. L—— looked on the whole affair with great complacency, regarding the loss as a species of black mail, such as the Scotch Highlanders used to levy on the rich Lowlanders.

M. L—— gave me some information as to the different systems of holding land in his part of Asia Minor. Much of the land there is held as a species of *métairie;* that is to say, the proprietor, at the end of the year, when the land requires ploughing, takes into his employ one or more peasants according to the amount of land requiring cultivation. The peasant proceeds to plough the land under the following conditions:—

He finds the plough and oxen, the landlord finds seed, and pays him in advance a sum of money sufficient for his maintenance during the period between seed-time and harvest. When the crop is gathered in, a division of the produce takes place. First is set apart the tithe claimed by the State; then the seed for next year, always considered sacred, like the treasury of an Oriental monarch; then the landlord takes as much corn as will repay him for the advance he has made to the labourer during the year. Whatever remains after these

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three subtractions is equally divided between landlord and labourer.

If the landlord has no ready money, the sum advanced by him to the labourer has to be raised on the security of the ensuing harvest; if the harvest fails, he has to borrow again on the next harvest. Without such expedients business could not be carried on in a country in which there is so limited a circulation of specie, and in which Banks and Bills of Exchange are unknown. If the means of transport were improved, and the roads more safe from robbers, the landlord would of course be able to convert his crops into ready money at a distant market, instead of pawning them in advance.

M. L—— has planted a large number of olives on his property, which he hopes to cultivate according to the system adopted in the South of France. I learnt from him and other Greek merchants here, the following particulars respecting the cultivation of the olive-tree in Mytilene.

It appears that the natives are so ignorant and indolent that they take little pains to improve what nature has bestowed so abundantly, for the olive-tree grows wild all over the island. The cultivated tree is usually grafted on a young vigorous wild stock. Olives like a rich clay; they flourish on the sides of hills and in valleys formed by the alluvial deposit from mountains; but there should always be a free circulation of air. On the sides of the hills the soil is cleared, or *défriché*, for the plantation in the following manner:—It is cut into terraces, which are supported by walls, to prevent the earth from being carried away from the roots.

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These plantations run up the sides of the hills as high as there is sufficient depth of soil, above which the wild olive grows among the rocks nearly to the summits of the hills; thus all through the summer the surface of the island is covered with evergreen foliage. The olive requires the earth in which it grows to be ploughed or dug not less than three times a year; but the proprietors in Mytilene generally grudge this necessary labour. The first ploughing ought to be in January, the last in May. Manure produced by the sheep, goats, and other cattle on the hills, is ploughed in to nourish the soil. This manure is very light and friable, and no straw is mixed with it. The allowance is a mule-load to a full-grown tree, and half a mule-load to a smaller tree. The price of a day's ploughing is ten piastres (about 1*s.* 8*d.*), including the hire of a yoke of oxen. A day's digging costs five piastres.

The tree requires to be pruned from time to time, in order that the air may circulate freely through its branches.

The constant breezes of Mytilene, and the abundant supply of fresh water, are two causes which have probably much aided the cultivation of the olive here. The roots of the olive-trees absorb most of the riches of the soil, leaving little nourishment for other plants. Sometimes olive-trees remain barren for two or three years; and this barrenness may extend over a whole district. This is very much the case in Mytilene at this time.

The quantity and quality of the oil depend on a

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variety of conditions: firstly, the kind of tree and mode of cultivation; secondly, the time chosen for gathering, whether in October, *before* the fruit is ripe, or in the two following months; thirdly, the manner of gathering.

In Mytilene, and generally in the Levant, the olives are beaten from the tree with staves. The objection to this is that the operation is generally performed violently and clumsily, and the young shoots of the olive which contain the germ of the next year's crop, and which are put forth in the autumn, are broken off in the course of the beating. The nature of the olive-tree is to renew these shoots annually in the autumn; consequently, if they are then broken off, the tree has no germs for the crop of the ensuing year; and this is said to be one chief reason why the olive-trees of Mytilene only produce fruit every two years. In the south of France ladders are employed to reach the branches.

Fourthly, the quality of the oil depends on the time that elapses between the gathering of the crop and its grinding. In Europe they send it to the mill immediately after gathering it; but in Turkey this cannot be done till the tithe of the gathered crop has been taken. The delay of collecting this tithe detains the olives from the mill till about February. The olive kept in store during the interval of two or three months between the gathering and grinding loses something of its freshness, and cannot be preserved except by salting, — an additional expense. Next the mode of grinding has to be considered. Where the oil is carefully made,

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as in Italy, the olives are ground first with stones set wide apart, so as not to crush the kernels; by a second grinding the kernels are crushed, and a rank, inferior oil is produced. These two oils are kept separate. In Mytilene the kernels are always ground in the first grinding; and the object being the quantity, not the quality of the oil, one inferior kind is produced instead of the two separate products. Lastly has to be mentioned, the mode of pressing the olives when ground or reduced to pulp. In Mytilene the pulp is pressed in hair bags with warm water; in Italy the bags are made of rushes, and cold water only is employed. The Italian bags have been tried in Mytilene, but the old process is preferred. In Mytilene the same pulp is pressed several times through the same bags, each time producing a coarser kind of oil. The produce of these successive squeezings is all mixed together. In Italy, the pulp, after one pressure, is thrown out into large tanks, so as to produce what is called *huile lavée*.

For the pressure of the pulp in Italy, an hydraulic press has been introduced; in Mytilene the primitive hand-press is still employed. Steam-power has been tried, but does not seem to be approved. In Italy the greatest care is observed in washing the mill and press after use, in Mytilene none.

The oil produced in Mytilene is partly consumed in the island, in the manufacture of soap and for lamps, the remainder is exported to Europe for oiling machinery. Formerly the quantity of oil exported ranged from 200,000 to 220,000 quintals, or 10,800 to 11,900 tons. The severe winter of

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1849 destroyed about 25 per cent. of the olive-trees, since which time the exportation has not exceeded 40,000 quintals, or 2,160 tons.

VII.

MYTILENE, *September* 30, 1852.

WE have lost the eternal chirping of the summer insects, whizzing through the air all day, and spoiling their brilliant wings at night in the flame of my lamp. The great host of locusts has vanished with the summer; it is now some weeks since the long brown fringe of their dead bodies lay on the edge of the sea, forming a border two or three inches wide to the indented shore, which used to frizzle daily in the sun like a pen when you put the end of it into a candle.

Since I have been cut off from all English society, I amuse myself by going on board the steamers which call here, for the chance of exchanging a word with some passing traveller. The other day I saw a curious collection of Polish Jews going down from Constantinople to Jerusalem. They all stood in a row on the deck, with their faces to the east, and said their prayers while the vessel was anchored off Mytilene. One of the Greek boatmen who had taken me on board opened his eyes very wide at the new phenomenon. He had seen all manner of Christian and heathen folk congregated in these great floating Noah's arks, but never a row of Polish Jews.

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Hands, face, garments, beards, everything about them was *Isabeau* colour.

In these days the Levantine steamers exhibit a curious mixture of people, a sort of miniature picture or microcosm of the Levant world. Half the quarter-deck is turned into a hypæthral harem, railed off for the accommodation of the ladies of some great pasha going down to Rhodes or Syria to grind his subjects, or up to Constantinople to bribe his way into advancement or out of a scrape. This chancel is guarded by a row of black eunuchs. The Turkish ladies not having often the chance of being so gazed upon, make the most of the opportunity, and contrive to let the breeze get under the corner of their veils from time to time, recovering the truant folds with a feigned confusion; "et se cupit ante videri." On the opposite side of the quarter-deck are the European and American travellers, with beards in various stages of development. On the other side of the funnel is an unclean mass of deck passengers,—generally a company or two of Turkish troops,—all eating garlic and bread with unanimous breath. Dotted about are grim fanatical-looking Turks, with green turbans and shaved heads, and beards of a severe cut, men of the ancient *régime*, who would delight to pound a Christian in a mortar and make him into ink to write verses of the Koran with, if they could. Then there are generally two or three German pilgrims, who have begged their way on foot from Cologne to Jerusalem, and are going back with a certificate to show that they have been there, to display in

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their native Deutschland. In a corner may be one or two pirates or brigands going up in irons to Constantinople to be executed, or to buy their way out of prison, as the case may turn. These are the chief phenomena that strike a stranger, and it is wonderful to think that this little world, composed of such antagonistic elements, should live so peaceably on board without diplomatic or consular intervention to settle their disputes.

I have been spending a week very agreeably with my friend Mr. Hughes, one of the attachés of the embassy at Constantinople. We made a three days' excursion into the interior of the island on mules, for the purpose of exploring Mount Olympus, which is situated between the two great harbours of Olivieri or Iero and Kalloni. The first part of our route lay across the northern shore of Port Olivieri, where the soil is a rich alluvial deposit, covered with most luxuriant vegetation,—millet, Indian corn, olives, growing intermixed with all manner of rank herbage and rushes, a sign of neglected agriculture and want of drainage. This district has always fever hanging about it in summer. From this place to Ayasso the road ascends gradually, winding along ravines. The variety of trees in these glades forms an agreeable contrast to the district round Mytilene, where the olive-tree fatigues the eye from the monotony of its foliage. We halted on our way at a most picturesque spot called Carinæ,—a kind of natural amphitheatre with a large square tank, through which flowed the most abundant and limpid water: all round were giant plane-trees, with trunks

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twisted into a thousand fantastic forms. Here we sat for a while, and dipped our crusts in the fountain, and thought what a blessed thing it was that this place was far beyond the reach ot cockneys, and that its silence was never profaned by the sound of champagne-corks and the din of knives and forks rattling against the sides of the pigeon-pie of European pic-nics.

We arrived at Ayasso just after sunset. It is a large Greek village, planted in a hollow, with hills all round. The streets are narrow, precipitous, dark, with a gutter of very black mud in the middle, and a small causeway for foot-passengers on each side. Overhanging wooden houses nod at each other across the way, and intercept all the blue sky except a narrow strip. Hence, the place has something of the character of a European town in the Middle Ages, only without the rich carving on the wood-work. We asked for the konak, or official residence of the Aga, and after mounting a narrow stair-case, the steps of which were covered with the slippers of his retainers, entered the presence-chamber of that great functionary. The village Aga is a sort of reduced copy of the great Pasha of his island, and his konak is a rude imitation of the konak of the capital. The *salle de réception* is a large square room with no furniture in it; chairs and tables are Frank innovations, only to be met with in towns like Mytilene. Along one side runs a divan, above which the whole wall is full of windows. In the corner of this divan sat the Aga, a keen, shrewd, good-looking man, of about fifty, with a

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very good address, talking Greek to those who could not speak Turkish. I presented the Pasha's letter, which he read three times with profound attention; he then sent for the Greek primates of the village, who are to him what the aldermen are to the Lord Mayor, and for the fourth time he read the mandate, explaining its purport in Greek,—how the Pasha had ordered the primates to give the Consolos Bey and his friend from the Embassy every possible attention; how it was the duty of the whole village of Ayasso, collectively and individually, to devote themselves to our service during our stay. Then we were billeted for the night on a Greek, to whom I also had a letter of introduction, and adjourned to his house with the Aga. We found a very clean, neat little room, with the same divan and windows on one side, and wainscot with vast cupboards and closets all round. The sides of the room were ornamented with very quaint paintings, such as the Greek village folk delight in,—flowers, strange animals, and in one compartment a very peculiar view of Constantinople, treated in a symbolical manner, the whole shipping of the Golden Horn being indicated by a single vessel, the Seraglio Point by a cypress-tree, and the rest of the city being represented in an equally abbreviated form.

When we were installed on the divan, with the Aga between us, the Greek primates at the sides of the room, the wife of our host waiting on us, with pipes and coffee, and the cavasses and retainers ranged at a respectful distance near the door, we felt exceedingly happy. The Aga was very agreeable; and

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the Greek lady kept bringing coffee, and Turkish sweetmeats, and large tumblers of water, and slices of water-melon, and grapes, and pipes, to our hearts' content.

Still we wanted something more substantial, and expressed a wish for some supper. After about half an hour of this light skirmishing with water-melons and such things, the main body of the banquet was brought up. A sturdy cock, immolated for the illustrious strangers, appeared on a dish by himself —one leg unsubdued by the stewpan, stood out like a bowsprit,—a fatal sign of toughness; but the traveller who arrives in a Greek village after sunset, without previously announcing his arrival, must not hope to find meat fit to masticate. Then there was macaroni, salt-fish in a semi-cooked state, cheese made of goat's milk, more water-melons, more coffee, more pipes, more sweetmeats. We ate our way very philosophically through all this, more to please our host than ourselves, and then adjourned to two very comfortable beds.

A Greek bed is not such a troublesome, cumbersome thing to prepare as a European bed. The lady of the house simply opens a cupboard, takes out a mattress, a pair of sheets, and two yourgans or quilts, which she lays on a scrupulously clean floor. There is the bed all ready. The room needs no other preparations; for jugs and basins, such as we use, are unknown. Neither of these articles, or even a tooth-brush, is to be got for love or money in the town of Mytilene, though it has a direct trade with Europe.

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Next morning we got up very early, and started in a large party to ascend Mount Olympus, which is the highest point in the island, and according to the Admiralty chart, is 3,080 feet above the level of the sea. We were escorted by the Aga, the primates, our host, and a whole heap of attendants on foot. One man carried the Aga's umbrella to keep the sun off, another his gun, another his pipe; and the whole procession, as it wound up the steep mountain-path, reminded me of an Assyrian frieze, with a king or satrap, and all his followers in single file.

The scenery in ascending this mountain is most beautiful. We passed through endless glades of chestnuts and walnuts, the vegetation becoming gradually more scanty as we approached the summit, which is a sharp ridge of white marble. The ascent from Ayasso occupied about an hour and a half. The view from the top of Mount Olympus is very fine; half of the island, stretched out like a map at our feet, Scio and other islands in the distance, and a magnificent line of headlands and bays marking the opposite coast of Asia Minor. On a very clear day Athos can be seen from this mountain.

On our way down we stopped to breakfast in a charming sort of kiosk. It was the first time that I had ever seen a regular Oriental banquet. The lamb roasted whole by a fire in the open air, the vast plane-tree under which we reclined, with grapes hanging from every branch, the layer of aromatic herbs which formed the table-cloth under the lamb, were all refreshing novelties to senses blunted by civilization. We had knives and

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forks, but the Aga ate with his fingers. Carving there was none; each man made a *scavo* into the lamb wherever he thought proper; and, looking at the question with English eyes, I certainly felt that this mode of eating produced a great waste of the raw material. But it was all Homeric, and the air was so fresh, and the herbs so aromatic, that much in the manner of feeding passed unobserved, which would not be pleasant to look at in a dining-room. Then we had wine of the place, which seemed to us, in such an atmosphere, quite as good as the best Bordeaux, and abundance of caviare and water-melons and grapes. The Greeks ate their breakfast at a separate table; the day being one of their fasts, their meal consisted entirely of caviare and fruit. After a certain number of pipes, we got under weigh again, and taking leave of our hospitable friends till the evening, started in a new direction to see a place called Pyrrha, on the eastern shore of Port Kalloni, the site of one of the ancient cities of Lesbos, where the Greeks told us we should find θαύματα, "wonders." Pliny mentions that this town was swallowed up by the sea. Strabo speaks of it as destroyed, all but the προαστειον, or suburb, which was still inhabited in his time.[37] Specimens of its ancient copper coinage are still extant. The modern name and other circumstances fix its site at the entrance of a small bay. The position is marked as Pyrrha in the Admiralty chart, No. 1654, but not in the larger chart, No. 1664. Our road lay across the neck of land which separates Port Iero or Olivieri from Port Kalloni, and was the roughest I

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ever travelled on; but Mytilene mules are capable of crawling up any path where a man can climb without requiring the assistance of his hands. After passing through some very picturesque well-wooded ravines near Ayasso, we came to very high ground covered with a forest of the pitch-pine, which produces a good deal of pitch every year. The average quantity of this article exported from the whole island is about 330 tons. The fallow deer runs wild in these forests.

After passing through this forest, we came upon the vast and silent harbour of Kalloni, which reposes like an inland lake within an amphitheatre of mountains, and with hardly a sail to enliven its surface. This port is entered by a narrow strait called in antiquity the Euripus of Pyrrha.

On arriving at our destination, we found that the *Thaumata* did not amount to very much, though there was enough to indicate the site of an ancient city. Massive foundations running into the sea are probably the remains of an ancient mole to protect the harbour. On a rocky hill overlooking the shore are steps and seats cut in the rock, a sure sign that the Greeks have been there. Here then was probably an acropolis with temples.[38] On the shore of the Gulf of Kalloni, at the distance of three-quarters of an hour to the S.E. of Pyrrha, is a place which still retains the Hellenic name of *Temenos*. Here are ancient foundations; the ground is strewn with fragments of red pottery. We returned in the evening to Ayasso, and home again in the morning, having taken an affectionate

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leave of our hosts. The Greeks will not accept money for this sort of hospitality, but their servants and children do not object to a little *bakshish;* so the expense of board and lodging comes to about the same as at an inn.

VIII.

November 10, 1852.

I HAVE just returned from a very interesting excursion in the western part of the island, the object of which was to visit Eresos, now Ereso, the birthplace of the celebrated Sappho, and which is on the S.W. coast of Mytilene. This route gave me an opportunity of studying the peculiar configuration of the island, which gives a great variety of scenery. On the S.W. side—that is, on the side most distant from the opposite Asiatic coast—are the two vast harbours, or rather gulfs, Olivieri and Kalloni, which I have already mentioned, and which run so far inland as to leave a very narrow isthmus in the middle of the island. At the head of each of these gulfs is a level plain formed by alluvial deposit, fertile, but marshy, and full of malaria. Between these two gulfs the hills rise very abruptly, forming a rocky isthmus, of which the part I have traversed contains forests of the pitch-pine, where are wild deer. In these pine forests the air, impregnated with the aroma of the pitch, is most refreshing.

The first day I proceeded from Mytilene to

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the village of Kalloni, and halting there for the night, started the next day by an inland road over the mountains for Ereso. I ascended from a picturesque and thickly-wooded country to a wild and barren mountain-tract, which runs all through the western half of the island as far as Cape Sigri. As we climbed the steep mountain-sides, vegetation gradually disappeared. At the summit of the pass I saw about twenty vultures wheeling round and round in the air almost within shot, waiting for an unhappy partridge, which took the opportunity of our arrival to escape. From this high ground is an extensive view over the western part of the island, with Cape Baba, the ancient Lectum Promontorium, in the distance on one side, and Tenedos on the other. The air here was deliciously bracing; in the valleys were strange antiquated villages, full of Turks, who gazed upon us with wondering eyes, as if they had never before seen a European traveller. At the distance of two hours and twenty minutes from Ereso is the village of Kythera, where I was told that at the distance of half an hour among the hills was a place called Tiranda, where inscriptions were to be found.

I arrived at Ereso full of hope, expecting, from the remote situation of this place, to find some remains of the ancient city. But I was told that about fifteen years ago there had been many sculptures, some of which had been carried away by a French traveller, and that the monks of a neighbouring monastery had taken the inscriptions and ground their colours with the inscribed

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surface till there was nothing left. Imagine the pages of ancient history ground away to make colours wherewith to daub a wretched image of the Panagia! However, I found a very intelligent Greek monk acting as schoolmaster, who had collected a number of fragments of inscriptions in his house. He was a fair scholar, and had studied at Athens. I was astonished to find such a man in so wild a place; a monk thus enlightened by education is a rare phenomenon in this part of the Levant. He took me to see the Acropolis of Ereso, of which the situation is most striking. It crowns the summit of a rock rising straight out of the sea. An old Genoese castle, called Palæo Castro, now occupies the site of the Hellenic citadel.

At the west end of the castle is part of an Hellenic wall built of squared blocks, the inside filled with well-compacted rubble.

In the same part of the castle is a tunnel-roofed cistern which seems mediæval.

At the foot of the Acropolis, on the E. side, is a piece of ancient wall, composed partly of polygonal, partly of isodomous blocks, built on the rock, which is cut in beds to receive it. One piece of this wall is 27 feet in length, its present height is 8 feet, but the upper courses have been removed. Another piece, a few feet distant, is 18 feet 8 inches in length, and a third, 7 feet 6 inches. On the W. side of the base of the Acropolis is the mouth of a square well, the sides of which are formed of good Hellenic masonry. The fields on the N. side are strewn with fragments of ancient pottery. Many columns

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have been taken away from this place on account of its vicinity to the sea.

After visiting the Acropolis, I explored a little roofless chapel, such as are to be met with all over the island, and which always contain relics of ancient buildings and sculptures. Here I found a very interesting inscription covering three sides of a large marble slab. Much of it was unfortunately obliterated, but on one side was a letter from King Antigonos (probably Gonatas) respecting the return of certain exiles to Eresos, who had been banished in the time of Alexander the Great.[39] As I was staying in the house of the chief man of the village, a worthy Greek farmer, I asked him whether I might have this inscription. He assured me that I was free to take it, and as a preliminary step we decided on removing it, into the house of the Greek schoolmaster. I therefore proceeded, with a yoke of oxen, to the place where it was lying, in order to take possession of it, and in this attempt roused all manner of dormant opposition. First, the Turkish Aga of the district, who happened to be in the village, interfered. This enlightened functionary wished to know whether there was any treasure in or under the stone; but desisted from all opposition on my producing a letter from the Pasha, authorizing me to prosecute my researches for antiquities in the island wherever I liked. My next opponent was the proprietor of the field in which the church was situated. The inscription, according to the opinion of my friend the primate, was the property of the village, and

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might therefore be given to me; but the lady of the manor took a different view of the case, and denied the right of any one to remove it. On my arrival with the yoke of oxen, I found her already in possession of the field of battle, seated on the stone itself, in the apse of the roofless chapel. She was a lady about forty, with very regular features, modelled after the classical type. At the sight of our sacrilegious party she became animated with the fury of an ancient Pythoness. She bowed down to the ground before the stone at least twelve times, kissing it, and crossing herself each time; then she lit a fire and burnt incense, to purify the place from our presence, and with great horror flung out of the sacred precinct some chicken-bones, the remains of our yesterday's luncheon. I saw from the first that she was utterly beyond the reach of persuasion, and in my despair having exhausted my little stock of Greek, began to talk English to her, a sure way to aggravate an angry native in the Levant. They always imagine that the unknown words which the stranger utters are spells and curses which, from not knowing their import, they cannot meet with counter spells and counter curses.[40] Finding it hopeless to prevail with the lady in possession, I next made an attempt to enlist in my favour the two cavasses by the mention of the magic word *bakshish*. But the opposition which I had to encounter was based on two motives which it was impossible to circumvent by stratagem, or set aside by force. The Turks having the idea that the stone contained treasure, wanted to smash it up; the woman imagined it to be

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the palladium of the little chapel; and between cupidity and fanaticism, I broke down in my attempt, and finding nothing to be done, beat an ignominious retreat, taking with me my yoke of oxen.

It may be not uninteresting to you to know what is the present aspect of the land which gave birth to Sappho. The country about Ereso is mountainous; in the valleys there is rich land abounding with corn and wine. No olives are grown here, and the inhabitants being forced to labour constantly for their bread, have more industrious habits than in the districts near Mytilene. The lowlands are not squeezed up into ravines as much as they are about Mytilene, but expand into small plains, so that there is more space and elbow-room in the landscape. In most parts of the island, I always feel pent up as it were in a rocky prison, from the want of level ground for exercise. The mountains are of considerable height, rising into most picturesque and abrupt forms. The rocky crags near the summits of these mountains are full of caverns and holes, the fastnesses of the eagle and the hawk, who are seen for ever wheeling in mid-air, watching for the partridge in the valleys below. The voice of Æolian minstrelsy is heard no more in the birthplace of Sappho, but the echoing hills resound with the cry of shepherds calling to each other, the bleating of new-born lambs, and the melodious tinkling of thousands of sheep-bells. The verdure at this season is as fresh and tender as that of the spring in England. This Theocritean landscape was all the more agreeable to

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our eyes from the promise it gave of abundance of milk and cream, such as Polyphemos offered and Galatea rejected. In this hope we were not disappointed. Our host, a jolly old Greek primate, gave us a delicious supper of homely but choice fare. Here we first tasted the *protogala*, or first milk after the birth of the lamb. It is excessively thick, with a taste and consistency like that of Devonshire cream. The bread at Ereso is also excellent. It seems to have been highly esteemed in antiquity, for an old Greek poet, Archestratos, who wrote an epic poem on the art of cookery, says that, if the gods eat bread, it is to Ereso that they would send Hermes to buy it.[41]

We found in Ereso and the adjoining villages simpler manners and a more freehanded hospitality than anywhere else in Mytilene. The women would be perfect studies for a painter. On festivals, they all go to church with white veils edged with a deep crimson border, which fall to the waist. They reminded me of the figures on Greek vases; and the veil is doubtless a relic of ancient costume.

We returned home from Ereso along the shore, over a road which can only be described as a rocky ladder, a goat-path, worn by dint of thoroughfare into a mule-path, along which the iron-shod hoofs of these persevering creatures have probably trod for 2,000 years.

In the middle of our journey, we came to a strange outlandish village called Mesotopo, or Half-way House. Here we halted for the night, and found a large party seated round a blazing hearth, over an

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excellent supper of fried fish. It was the first time I ever saw Greek women admitted to the banquet with the men, or saw a man have the civility to hand anything to a woman. It happened that we were here the guests of people less sophisticated than the *bourgeois* class in the Mytilene villages generally are.

The house consisted of one long, large apartment: at one end was the fireplace, at the other a raised platform, separated by a wooden railing from the rest, forming the sleeping-place of the family; the walls were solidly built of stone, and every article of household use hung on them: everything was scrupulously neat and clean. This kind of house seems to be preferred in the agricultural districts of Mytilene, as the *pyrgo* is in the olive districts.

The supper was put upon a tray, which was balanced on a small table turned upside down. We all sat on the floor. Each woman in succession, before either eating or drinking, said, *Kalôs orisate*,—"You are welcome," to the strangers, and then crossed herself instead of saying grace. These women, sitting on the floor with their children in their arms, formed very graceful compositions, reminding me of many groups in ancient art.

On the coast, in the direction of Ereso, at the distance of half an hour from Mesotopo, is a ruined church called Miltane. Here are foundations of an ancient wall, but no inscriptions. On the shore, in the same direction, at the distance of one hour and a half from Mesotopo, and near a place called Campos Krousos, has been a square tower called

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Palaio Pyrgo. The base, which still remains, measures 28 feet by 29 feet. The blocks are well squared, and in dimensions about 3 feet 8 inches by 1 foot 8 inches. From the character of the masonry, this basement would appear to be Hellenic, or may have been rebuilt with old materials. I was told by my guide that some years ago, a quantity of Mediæval coins (Florea) was found in the Campos Krousos, near this Pyrgo.

On a hill near this spot is the church of St. George, in which I found part of a cylindrical column, with an inscription in Latin containing the names of the emperors Constantine the Great and his sons Constantine and Constans.

We returned from Mesotopo along the shore of the Gulf of Kalloni. The road by which we passed out of Mesotopo appears, from the great size of the blocks of which it is composed, to be an ancient paved way. Opposite to the small islands at the entrance of the gulf is a piece of wall on the left-hand side of the road, composed of large polygonal blocks. This wall is called Makra, and is at the distance of about ten minutes from the sea. It runs east and west for about 60 paces; its height is 14 feet. A second wall at right angles to it may be traced for 49 paces.[42]

We returned along the N.W. shore of the Gulf of Kalloni by a most picturesque and beautiful road. Here the wild fowl were as plentiful as the partridges at Ereso. The sea throws up on the beach a great variety of marine products, such as sponges and mollusca; the abundance of which in

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this gulf is noticed by Aristotle in his History of Animals.[43]

We returned home by Kalloni, at the head of the gulf. Everywhere we found very comfortable beds—mattresses on clean floors, and good wholesome food. The Greek host has no ideas of any hospitality, except that which satisfies the animal wants. Immediately after supper, the mattresses are brought in and his guest is expected to go to bed. The consequence is, that the night at this season of the year is of the most wearisome length.

IX.

MYTILENE, *December* 6, 1852.

As yet I have been unable to make distant excursions, on account of the difficulty of finding a trustworthy person to leave in charge of the Vice-Consulate in my absence. In Levantine consulates there is usually an officer called a Cancelliere, who acts as the Consul's secretary, keeps his archives in order, and acts as his official deputy. These Cancellieres are generally Levantines, and it is difficult to meet with a genuine Englishman qualified for such an office, which requires a knowledge of Greek and Turkish, and familiarity with the ideas, customs, and forms of legal procedure in the Levant. I have, however, been so fortunate as to secure the services of Mr. J. Blunt, the son of H. M.'s Consul at Salonica,

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who, after having been educated in England, has had the benefit of two years' careful official training, under his father's eye, at Salonica. He is a very promising young man, and his arrival has greatly enlivened us here. He represents me in all ordinary cases at the Mejlis, where he has shown so much tact and address, that the Pasha, who has been trying to circumvent and thwart me ever since my arrival, is beginning to act in a more straightforward manner. Very soon after Blunt's arrival, he had to appear in court on behalf of an Ionian, who claimed a debt from a Rayah. The debtor pleaded that he had discharged the debt, and produced a receipt duly signed, which the creditor declared to be a forgery. The court was disposed to believe the Rayah, when Blunt very ingeniously pointed out that the receipt, which professed to have been written several years ago, was on stamped paper; whereas it was well known that stamps for receipts were not introduced by the Porte till the year subsequent to the date of the receipt. Of course the forgery was admitted after this. Such frauds constantly take place, and are never punished as crimes; but if detected, the perpetrator loses caste, not on account of his villany, but because of the clumsiness of his manœuvre.

After living in very inconvenient lodgings for many months, I have at length installed myself in my new house, which has been built for me by a rich Greek, with the agreement that I am to pay an annual rent of £32 for it as long as I reside in Mytilene. After duly concluding this agreement, and completing the

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house, the landlord, like a true Mytileniote, wanted me to pay a higher rent, and as our contract was not on stamped paper, and was drawn up by an amateur lawyer, he might have tried litigation, had he not been afraid of going to law with a British consul. In writing the receipt, he forgot to sign his name till he was reminded. Such oversights are very characteristic of Mytilene.

The other day, I received a letter from the Pasha, which he wrote with the greatest unwillingness, under threat of an appeal to Constantinople. He, too, was as careless as my friend the Greek; for he sent the letter forgetting to put his official seal to it! This oversight was of course detected at once; the Pasha then made a lame apology.

The house will ultimately become the dower of my landlord's daughter, now about eight years old; for, by a custom very general in the Turkish Archipelago, every father is bound, on his daughter's marriage, to endow her with a furnished house.[44]

The architect is a native genius, who is styled Maestro Luca. When I first asked him to submit to me the plan of the house, he stooped down and drew on the ground with a bit of stick a few rude lines, marking out the position of the different rooms. The foundations were then laid out, and the walls built, entirely by rule of thumb, without either plan or specifications. The result is much better than I expected. The house is airy, spacious, and not uncomfortable, notwithstanding the rudeness of the carpentry. No doors or windows in Mytilene will shut properly. Locks and hinges are of the clum-

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siest kind, such as we should hardly think good enough for an outhouse in England. The wood employed is an inferior sort of deal, imported from the opposite coast of Asia Minor, full of knots, and finished in a rough unsightly manner. The windows have no leads, and come down with a run; but the frames are so exceedingly slight, that this is not so formidable an evil as it would seem to you. They are more like the frames of a cucumber-bed than windows; but they are protected outside by green shutters, which bear all the brunt of the wind.

Now that we have fairly installed ourselves in our barrack, we feel very comfortable, according to our rough notions of comfort. We live in a room with a large table and a bookcase, both of unpainted deal, a pair of rocking-chairs, one on each side of an enormous fireplace, on which the *ligna super foco* repose, without either fender, grate, or fire-irons. The fuel is olive-wood, split into great logs, which yield a pleasant unctuous blaze. In one corner of the room is a large packing-case, lined with tin: this serves as a store-room, where we keep all manner of household things, locking them up after every meal; for we cannot trust anything in the hands of our one servant, a Mytileniote boy. The house contains neither carpets, curtains, nor sofas; but the fine climate reconciles us to the loss of much which would be indispensable in Europe. Our great deficiency is wholesome food. I am at present without a cook, having tried and dismissed three since I arrived at Mytilene. Our meals are prepared at the house of my Dragoman, who farms us at so much per diem.

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I notice that every day the food supplied by him deteriorates a little in quantity and quality. I conceive, therefore, that this astute descendant of Pittacus is deliberately trying the experiment on how little Englishmen can be fed, and how much their patience will bear.

One day, a fowl was brought us for dinner. We noticed a certain discomposure in its general aspect: its limbs were more than usually distorted; its surface ragged and gritty; and there was a singular absence of all gravy. There was, too, a strange flavour about this fowl; but a good appetite does not stop to speculate on such phenomena, and we ate our dinner in unsuspecting confidence. It was not till many days afterwards that we were informed that in its passage to our house this unhappy bird had been dropped in the street gutter, picked up again by our Greek serving-boy, wiped, and replaced in the dish, minus the gravy.

Last night we had from the Dragoman our usual dinner of two *plats*, one of which Blunt declared to be *cat* disguised as hare; but I assured him that the Mytileniotes starved their cats so effectually that it would have been impossible to find any flesh on their bones. Blunt is a capital ally, particularly for coins. He goes about all sorts of unfrequented streets, hunting for antiquities, and drawing down on himself thereby many angry looks and inquiries from jealous husbands and duennas.

"It is not coins you are looking for, 'pallikari,'" said an old hag to him the other day; "you are looking for black eyes."

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The μικρός, as the Greeks call Colnaghi, is also not a bad hand at bargaining for a coin. We go out all three together into the villages, and hold long parleys with the natives, seated on the raised platform of the rustic kafé, each on a little low stool, with a cup of coffee in his hand and a paper cigarette in his mouth. In order to succeed in this sort of traffic, it is necessary to address people in their own language and in their own way, smoke out of their very dirty pipe if they offer it, drink their coffee, and employ every art to ingratiate oneself with them. Then, by degrees, comes out the very information you are in search of. After you have sat for about an hour, and have in vain demanded coins (*mongoures*, as they call them), some fellow comes up and produces a battered Byzantine coin; then comes another. If you buy, the mere sight of a piastre brings a whole crowd round you. Then the plan is, to get on your mule and move a few yards towards home; upon which the price instantly begins to fall. You ride on; the crowd gradually tails off, till, about two hundred yards from the village, you are entreated to buy the particular coin which you secretly wished to have, but did not venture outwardly to show any anxiety about.

A few days ago our solitude was broken in upon by two travellers who crossed over from Assos on the opposite coast,—a young Irishman and a somewhat apathetic and beery German from Saxony, and who, being desirous of seeing something of Mytilene, started on a little tour with me. The first part of

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our route was in a caique. The day was lovely, the sea perfectly calm. I saw an immense fish shaped like a carp leap twice right out of the water, glittering in the sun like a mass of gold. We rowed to a place called Yeni Liman, "new haven," on the N. side of the island. It was the first time I had made an expedition in a caique. The scenery was so lovely, and the weather so agreeable, that I could think of nothing but that famous cruise of the god Bacchus, described in the Metamorphoses of Ovid, and sculptured on the frieze of the Choragic monument of Lysikrates; how he put to sea in a boat manned by Tyrrhenian pirates; how they tried to throw him overboard; and how he then revealed himself as a god, turned the mast into a vine, and transformed the pirates into tunny-fishes.[45] It is in such a climate and on such a coast as that of Mytilene that these old myths can be most thoroughly enjoyed.

We slept the first night at the village of Mandamatha, near Yeni Liman. I had a letter of introduction to a very respectable old Greek gentleman, at whose door we knocked at about 8.30 p.m. He answered not; so we went elsewhere for lodging. The next day he called upon me, and embracing us all very tenderly with a salute on the cheek, apologized for not letting us in: he was so afraid of pirates. Probably this was a polite manner of declining the duties of hospitality.

About half an hour from Mandamatha is the monastery of Taxiarches (the Archangel Michael). The walls inside were covered with all manner of paintings on tablets representing the patron saint

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of the church. In one place I remarked a napkin with a figure of the archangel embroidered in gold on it. I asked what this was, and was told that the embroidery was an offering made by the women of Mandamatha on the feast of the saint to whom the church was dedicated. Here we have a custom exactly analogous to the Athenian ceremony of offering a new veil to Pallas Athene on the occasion of her great festival, the ornaments of which were the exploits of the goddess, embroidered by the Athenian maidens. Thus, in the Greek temple and in the Byzantine church, the local legend was first recorded and celebrated in permanent monuments of art, and then in ephemeral and perishable materials, such as veils and napkins.

On the sea-coast, at the distance of one hour and a half to the S.E. of Mandamatha, one hour from Palaio Liman, and two hours and a half from Yeni Liman, is a roofless church, dedicated to St. Stephen (Agios Stephanos). In front of the altar is a flat stone, on which is a Greek dedication by the people of some unknown place to a lady called Allobogiona, the daughter of Deiotaros, in acknowledgment of her services to the city. This name seems to be Galatian.[46]

Close to Palaio Liman, within the bay formed by the promontory Tokmakia (called in the chart Tomari), is a place on the shore called Anoiktò, where are fragments of columns and foundations. Here is a large well, which may be antique. The soil is very black. This place is distant two and a half hours from Mandamatha, and two hours from Yeni

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Liman. Near Anoiktò is a village called Marianthyia, where are ancient fragments. Immediately to the S. of this the land bends in, forming a bay; it will be seen by the chart that this is the narrowest part of the neck of land between the Gulf of Kalloni and the N.E. coast. Somewhere here then must have stood Ægiros, placed by Strabo on this coast where the isthmus was narrowest. The fragments which I noticed at Anoiktò may belong to this place, though Strabo speaks of it as only a village—κώμη.[47]

From Mandamatha we went to Molivo, the site of the ancient Methymna. Here I presented my credentials from the Governor to an aga, who could not read,—a retired Janissary. He sat turning the letter different ways in despair. I could talk no Turkish, and had no dragoman with me; luckily I had a letter for the Greek schoolmaster of the town, a pleasant, well-educated person, who gave us a very hospitable welcome. The Greek schoolmasters are always the most intelligent persons in the villages: their education at Syra or Athens gives them some glimmering of European ideas. He showed me three inscriptions, which took me a whole day to decipher; one of them was an alliance between the Romans and Methymnæans, but very mutilated: these I afterwards found to be unpublished.[48] I could hear of no coins in the place. There is a curious little harbour, what the ancient geographers called a λιμὴν κλειστός, or "closed port," evidently unchanged from antiquity, with an ancient mole, and the ships crowded together like little boats. I went over the fortress, which

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was probably built by the Genoese. On entering it, I noticed over a doorway, on the left-hand side, a Byzantine inscription, recording that it had been repaired.

From Molivo we went to the neighbouring village Petra, situated on the sea-shore, and still celebrated for that wine — "quam Methymnæo carpit de palmite Lesbos." In the centre of the village is a very steep rock, on the summit of which is a small church. This may have been an Acropolis, and has given the village its name. Here we were magnificently entertained by a rich but somewhat pretentious Greek, who had lived at Smyrna and Constantinople, and consequently had nothing of rural simplicity in his manners.

Here, for the first time in travelling in Mytilene, I enjoyed the luxury of a regular bedroom and a bedstead, instead of a mattress on the floor; but though the house was very well furnished, still we found no jugs or basins, only the old ewer and pewter basin with a colander.

From Petra we went across the narrow part of the island to Port Kalloni, a beautiful ride. We slept at a place called Agia Paraskeue. The gentleman to whom I had a letter was out olive-gathering, and, in his absence, his wife gave us rather a chilly reception; the more so as, after eating up all her fowls, we still felt hungry. The house where we lodged was an old one, and under the whitewash I saw traces of mural painting. At the entrance, and immediately over the den of a very savage live dog, was an old picture

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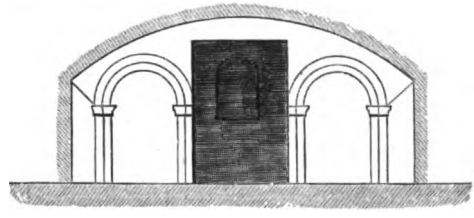
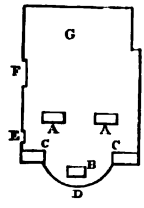
of a house-dog on the wall. I thought at once of the *cave canem* dog on the mosaic at the entrance of a house at Pompeii; and, on inquiry, was told that it was anciently the custom in Mytilene to paint a dog over the entrance of the house. About ten minutes' walk from this village is a very curious chapel in a cave, called σπήλαιον τῆς Ἁγίας Παρασκευῆς. It is hewn out of the rock, and probably dates from an early period of Christianity.

Externally, the rock is cut into the form of a façade, thus:—



In the centre is a square-headed doorway, on each side of which is an archway of inferior height, sculptured in relief, with low mouldings. Inside is an irregular oblong space about 21 feet long by 13 feet 6 inches wide.



A A. Rectangular pillars dividing the chancel, or ἱερόν, from the outer space, G.
B. Altar, called ἅγιων βῆμα, and ἁγία τράπεζα.
C. C. Two small tables formed by rectangular projections.
D. Apse.
E. Small square window.
F. Entrance.

Between the two pilasters A A hangs a cloth used as a veil. The opening, partially concealed by this

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veil, is called ὡραία πύλη. The altar is a square slab placed on a column. On the altar the priest's vestments lay covered with a cloth. Of the tables C C, the one on the north side is the highest. On it is placed the sacramental cup, Ἅγιον ποτήριον or Δισκοποτήριον, covered with a cloth. In the walls are archways cut in relief, and in each archway the figure of a saint is painted; the ceiling is also covered with paintings. In the outer division or nave, the paintings on the roof represent our Saviour in the centre, surrounded by the four Evangelists. These paintings are very much blackened by the smoke of the lamps. Those on the roof of the *hieron* appear old; the rest have been much restored. On the left of the entrance is another small cave, called Apotheke, with niches and a large stone seat cut in the walls. It is now used as a magazine.

From Agia Paraskeue, we rode home by Pyrrha and Ayasso.

X.

MYTILENE, *December* 15, 1852.

SOME weeks ago I reported to the Embassy a case in which the Pasha and Mejlis of Mytilene had refused to punish a Turk for beating an Ionian. In consequence of this complaint, the Porte, at the instance of Colonel Rose, sent Ali Nehad Effendi, an imperial commissioner, to investigate this charge of mal-administration of justice, who has now been

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staying at Mytilene for several days. He was for some time secretary to the Turkish Embassy at Vienna, and speaks French with perfect fluency, and very fair English. He has studied European manners, and has consequently substituted for the graceful and courtly ceremony of Turkish demeanour a *brusquerie* which does not seem more natural to him than the European uniform does to the modern Turkish soldier; but he is a good, clear-headed man of business, and if his professions are to be believed, has severely reprimanded the Pasha for his conduct in the case which I had to refer to Constantinople. Probably, the Porte took advantage of this opportunity to extort from the unlucky governor of Mytilene a heavy subsidy in aid of the distressed finances of the empire. Ali Nehad Effendi asked me if I had any other grievances to complain of, and I pointed out to him that the commercial tribunal called Tijaret Mejlis had never been introduced into Mytilene, though it had now been established in the principal towns of the Turkish empire. This court is composed of Turkish and Christian members, of whom some are Ottoman subjects named by the Pasha, others Europeans chosen by their respective consuls. Its jurisdiction is restricted to purely commercial cases, and is guided by rules derived from the French Code de Commerce. It has now been established in Turkey for some years, and is of great service to the mercantile world. Ali Nehad Effendi at once carried out my suggestion, and ordered the Pasha to establish this tribunal. I took advantage of the visit

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of the Imperial Commissioner to explore the citadel, which I have been in vain trying to enter for six months; but at his word the iron door flew open like magic, and the obsequious commandant showed us every part of the fortress. I found little of interest except an inscription, in which the name of Francis Gatelusio occurs, and the date 1373. This inscription is over the gate called Orta Capou. It is as follows:—

m°.ccc.lxxiii dn
prima Aprilis
magnificus et potēs dñs
dñs franciscus . gatelus
ius. dñs . insule . met
elini . et c̄ fecit fieri
hoc edificium.

It is inscribed on an oblong stone divided into four compartments, thus:—On the right a double-headed

spread eagle, crowned. Next a monogram; next the bearing of the Gatelusio family—a shield *papillonné;* lastly, the above inscription.

The Francesco Gatelusio mentioned in this inscription was one of a noble Genoese family, which we find in possession of Ænos, in Thrace, about the middle of the 13th century. By a treaty in 1352, the Byzantine emperors ceded to the Genoese in Pera many commercial rights and privileges, and it must have been very soon after this treaty that Francesco Gatelusio sailed from Genoa with two well-armed galleys, on a roving expedition in the Black Sea.

At Tenedos he fell in with John Palæologos, then

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at war with his father-in-law and rival on the imperial throne, John Cantacuzene.

Palæologos at once engaged the Genoese adventurer in his service, and by his aid accomplished the daring stratagem which gave him possession of Constantinople, and dethroned Cantacuzene.

On a dark stormy night in December, 1354, a large ship was driven by the wind towards the port of Heptaskalon at Constantinople. The soldiers who guarded the tower at the entrance of the port were induced to open their gates by the declaration of the crew that their vessel carried a valuable cargo of oil and was in danger of foundering, and that a large reward would be given for salvage. The guard having been thus inveigled from their post, two galleys following in the wake of the merchantman landed a body of troops, who seized the unguarded fortifications, and being joined by the partisans of Palæologos, proclaimed him emperor.

For this exploit Gatelusio was rewarded with the hand of the sister of Palæologos, and invested with the sovereignty of Mytilene as her dower.

He was succeeded by his son Jacobo, who obtained from the Sultan the ransom of the Count de Nevers and other lords of France, taken prisoners at the battle of Nicopolis, and conveyed them to Mytilene. Froissart, who tells us this, describes the wife of the lord of Mytilene as "perfectly well-bred, and as fully accomplished as any lady in Greece, for in her youth she had been brought up at the court of Constantinople, with the lady Mary of Bourbon." He adds, that she gave the French prisoners a most

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kind reception and clothed them with fine new linen and cloth of Damascus.[49]

The Gatelusio family reigned in this island till 1462, when Nicholas, the last of the dynasty, after gallantly defending the castle of Mytilene, surrendered it to Mahomet II. The dynasty of Gatelusio struck coins in silver and copper, which are of great rarity, and have been only recently identified by numismatists. Since I have been there I have succeeded in obtaining a small collection of these for the British Museum.[50]

A portion of the castle called Chan Koolessy is separated from the remainder by a moat. Here are three towers, connected by a curtain-wall. In the western face of the centre tower is an oblong slab inscribed with three escutcheons. On the left a double spread eagle, crowned; next, a cross between four B's, the arms of the Palæologi: on the right, the coat of the Gatelusio already noticed.[51]

Below are six slabs, with reliefs representing Roman gladiators, in a late coarse style. They are apparently on the same scale as two or three in a small church at Thermæ which I have already noticed (*ante*, p. 61).

Here and there I copied fragments of Greek inscriptions, and in the wall of a street was part of a dedication to Pompey with the title of Soter. In the castle is the Kuli Jamessy, built by Sultan Mahomet II. in 1462, after the conquest of Mytilene. This mosque has been so much repaired that very little is left of the original building.

There is another mosque in the citadel, called

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Mahmoud Pasha Jamessy, after the grand vizier of Mahomet II. This seems to have been an ancient Byzantine chapel converted into a mosque. The castle is garrisoned by a small force of native militia, commanded by a binbashi or colonel.

Ali Nehad Effendi invited me to Smyrna to see a recently-discovered amphitheatre outside the town. "I must give you a guard of cavasses," he said, "otherwise the brigands will assuredly lay hold of you." The condition of the environs of Smyrna is something quite incredible. The merchants can hardly walk a yard out of the town without being robbed. This state of things has been brought about partly by the imbecility of the Turkish government, partly, I grieve to say, by the complicity of certain Europeans with the brigands; the result of which is a conspiracy against property, ramifying through all classes of society. Nobody in Smyrna knows whether his servant, or even his friends or acquaintances, are not in secret communication with the terrible Janni Katerji, the head of this band of robbers.

A short time since three Smyrna gentlemen, one of them son of a rich Greek merchant, went out shooting near a village where many Europeans have houses, but which has long been the resort of brigands. They had not gone far before they met Janni Katerji, who constantly visits Smyrna in open day in disguise. He accosted the three unhappy sportsmen very courteously, and asked them to have some coffee, according to the usual Eastern fashion. When they had drunk their coffee, he informed them,

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with the greatest civility, that the richest of the three must pay a ransom of £700. The prisoners were detained by the brigands about twelve hours, till the money arrived from Smyrna, when they were released without having experienced any maltreatment. What makes the matter worse is that the father of the gentleman who had to pay the ransom, had done his best to persuade the governor of Smyrna to grant a pardon to Janni Katerji, to take him into his service and pay him so much a year, in order to keep the neighbourhood of Smyrna clear of brigands, in fact, to make a Turkish Vidocq of him. But the Turks did not enter into the scheme, and so Janni Katerji is still at large.

Yesterday we had an interesting ceremonial here. The Archbishop of Mytilene has just been made a member of the Synod at Constantinople, a step towards the higher dignity of Patriarch. Yesterday he was installed in his new office, and bid farewell to his flock here. The ceremony took place in the principal church of Mytilene, when he was invested with his new robes, and very gorgeous they were; consisting of a tiara covered with jewels, and various robes stiff with gold: at his side hung a square piece of embroidery on which he kneels. The ceremony lasted several hours. First was an immense deal of very nasal and most detestable chanting; — a chorus of pigs and cats could not have been worse. Then came the changing of robes, which was done by a number of priests. Each article was blessed and kissed by the Archbishop before he put it on, and after each of these blessings

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the priest kissed his hands. After the robing, the Archbishop sat on his throne, and the *hierokeryx*, or preacher, who forms part of the episcopal retinue, ascended into a lofty pulpit and delivered an extempore discourse in very fluent and classical Greek in praise of the Archbishop. This gentleman wore a most picturesque black veil or coif, and a gown of the same colour; his action was rather singular, with very much more gesticulation than is practised in our northern climes. Then the Archbishop made a parting speech in very beautiful language; shedding tears, which I really believe to have been genuine, if anything of the kind can be warranted genuine in the Levant. At the close he begged his flock to forgive him, if, in the course of his ministry, he had failed in his duty; and descending from the pulpit at the close of his discourse into the dense crowd of listeners, he bowed to the ground three times, turning his body in different directions, and said, "My brethren, my brethren, forgive me," three times. After the Archbishop had with great dignity gone through this parting ceremony, he retired with the whole body of priests into what we should call the chancel, where the sacrament was administered to him. A long procession, flanked by torches and silver crosses, conveyed the elements into this inner sanctuary, where no layman is admitted. The bread was borne on the head of a priest, the cup in the hand of another, both concealed from the gaze of the multitude by a blue cloth spangled with gold.

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XI.

MYTILENE, *February* 20, 1853.

HAVING occasion to go to Salonica last month on business, I took advantage of this opportunity of visiting the Troad and Gallipoli. I went straight by steamer from Mytilene to Salonica, where I passed three days very agreeably with Mr. C. Blunt. He has been for many years in European Turkey, and during the greater part of that time has been actively employed as British consul first at Hadrianople, and then at his present post at Salonica. I gathered much from his conversation as to the present condition and prospects of Turkey, respecting which he does not speak very hopefully.

Salonica is a dirty town, full of Jews, who emigrated to this place on their expulsion from Spain. Its commercial prospect has been steadily increasing of late years, in consequence of the large quantity of corn exported here.

The most interesting relic of classical antiquity is the *Incantadas*. This is the name given to part of a colonnade apparently erected in the time of Hadrian. The colonnade is supported by Corinthian columns half-buried in the ground, above which are square pilasters, each of which has on two faces a figure sculptured in relief.[52] Among these figures are Dionysos, Hermes, Ariadne, Ganymede, Leda, a Bacchante and a Victory. The name Incantadas

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("the enchanted figures") was given to this colonnade by the Spanish Jews of Salonica, in whose quarter it stands.

In a narrow, dirty street still stands an arch erected by Constantine the Great. It is ornamented with two friezes, in low relief, one above the other.

On the upper frieze is represented the Emperor in a triumphal car, attended by a troop of cavalry, passing from a gate on his left to another on his right, within which appear buildings and a temple with a figure in it placed on a rock, probably representing the Acropolis. At each corner is a Victory holding up a trophy.

The lower frieze represents a battle-scene, the conquered party being barbarians in the Dacian costume. In the centre is a figure on horseback, probably the Emperor, attacking the leader of the barbarians, who is falling backwards, as if he had received his death-blow. In the right-hand corner is a figure in a chariot rushing forward into the middle of the fray, probably a Victory. In the left-hand corner is a figure with a shield, on which is represented in relief a figure of Hercules, holding in his right hand a club, and on his left arm a lion's skin.

After leaving Salonica, we went to Gallipoli, where we were comfortably lodged in the house of M. Sitrides, the British consular agent, a very intelligent and obliging person. He showed me some interesting antiquities in his house and about the town. The most remarkable of these is a group sculptured in high relief, in white marble, which belongs to a relation of M. Sitrides. It

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represents the interior of a cavern, on the right-hand side of which is a small figure of Pan seated in a niche in the rock, and playing on the *syrinx*. Below him is an altar, before which Hermes and three nymphs are dancing.[53]

The sculpture of this relief appears to be of a good period of art, executed with a boldness and freedom which approaches to carelessness. Some of the hands and arms of the figures are broken off, but the sculpture is otherwise in good condition. M. Sitrides has in his possession a spoon, which I recognized as a relic from the curious collection of silver objects found at Lampsacus some years ago, and of which a portion is now in the British Museum. These objects consist of spoons and other implements, which the inscriptions and marks on them show to have been originally used in a Pagan temple, and to have been afterwards reconsecrated and adapted for Christian worship. On one of these spoons in the British Museum is inscribed the saying of Solon, τέρμα δ' ὁρᾶν βιότοιο; on another the saying of Bias of Priene. The spoon in the possession of M. Sitrides had on the inside of the bowl :—

ΟCΔΕΚΟΡΙΝΘΟΝΕΝΑΙΕΘΥΜΟΥΚΡΑΤΕ

On one side of the handle CΙΝΠΕΡΙΑΝΔΡΟC, on the other side ΟΤΑΝΜΙC.ΙCΕΗΦΙΛΗCΟΥ. Ὃς δὲ Κόρινθον ἔναιε, θυμοῦ κρατέειν Περίανδρος ὅταν μισ[ε]ῖ σε ἡ φίλη σου. The saying θυμοῦ κρατεῖν, here ascribed to Periander, is elsewhere given to Cheilon.[54]

With this collection of spoons was found a necklace composed of portions of gold chain, alternating

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with rows of pearls and other precious stones, linked together with hooks and eyes, which is also in the possession of M. Sitrides. He also showed me a brooch found in a tomb, formed of two hollow cylinders of gold, plaited into a loop, terminating at either end in two lions' heads. In the centre of the loop is a mask of Medusa, in a lozenge-shaped setting: this appears to be Greek.

In the town I found an inscription, partly in Epic, and partly in Iambic verse, on the drum of a column set upright in the ground at the door of a mosque.[55] The Turks had carefully placed the column upside down. Piloted by the dragoman of the consular agent, I attempted to alter its position; but the first stroke of the pickaxe into the ground brought forth a fanatic in a green turban, who stamped and raged at us with all manner of maledictions; so I was forced to copy the inscription with my head between my knees, reading every letter upside down. I remained in this uncomfortable position for three days, during the greater part of which time I was surrounded by a dirty rabble, who were only kept in check by the presence of a cavass from the Pasha. It is said that, some years ago, a statue was found here representing the ancient city, Kallipolis, with an inscription to that effect, and that the Turks have walled it up in one of their fountains as the people in the Middle Ages used to wall up naughty nuns.

The weather was too inclement for excursions in the Chersonese, as I had intended, so we went on to the Dardanelles, where we were hospitably

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received by Mr. James Calvert, the acting Consul, and his brother Frank.

We took up our quarters in their country-house at Renköi, a village distant about three hours south of the Dardanelles, and very near the sea-coast. This house was built by Mr. Lander, the uncle of the present Consul. Here I found a few stray relics of European civilization; such as a grim picture of Sir Thomas Maitland, flanked by two family portraits of beauties of George III.'s time, a pianoforte, a bagatelle-table, some of the new books published last year in England, and various other little luxuries unknown to Mytilene.

The Calverts carry on a considerable trade in vallonia. The vallonia oak (*Quercus Ægilops*) covers a very large district in the Troad, and is cultivated for the sake of the cup of the acorn, which is much used in preparing and dyeing leather in England. The acorns themselves are given to the pigs; but there are such quantities that they are even burnt as fuel. The Calverts have two farms, or chifliks, where they have introduced two or three English ploughs. The wooden implement of the Turkish peasant has been scratching the back of Asia Minor for many centuries, without ever disturbing the rich subsoil. The Troad has been a most neglected and wild region for ages; but the Greeks are beginning now to cultivate it. They are gaining ground, as they do in most places along the coasts of Asia Minor, and the Turks are gradually giving way before them, abandoning their estates for want of energy and of means to cultivate them.

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The country between the Dardanelles and Troy is covered with brushwood, without a village, and scarcely any cultivated land. Nothing breaks the monotony of the horizon but the vast tumuli which appear at intervals against the sky, marking the grave of some Homeric hero. In travelling through this country, we saw but few human beings. Instead of the paved roads of Mytilene thronged with fat and greasy citizens riding home on their mules, and with all manner of traffic between the populous villages, the roads in the plain of Troy have long strings of camels on their way to some far country, and an occasional horseman armed to the teeth. These are all the traces of humanity visible, except the Sclavonian herdsman, who, with pistols in his belt and accompanied by dogs more savage than himself, tends his vast flocks of sheep and goats; for now, as in the time of Horace,—

> Priami Paridisque busto
> Insultat armentum.

We made an expedition to the site of Troy, near which we passed the night in a chiflik, or farm-house, of the Calverts. Thence, we rode to Bounarbashi, and examined the rocky hill encircled by the Mendere, which Chevalier claims as the site of Troy. If this hill has ever been an acropolis, we might expect to find those fragments of very early pottery which, as was first remarked by the late Mr. Burgon, are so abundant on the Homeric sites of Mycenæ and Tiryns.[56] Of such pottery I saw not a vestige in the soil, nor could I dis-

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cover anywhere on the surface of the rock those level beds cut to receive the foundations of the walls, which may be generally traced out on the sites of the early Greek citadels, and the marks of which are as imperishable as the rock in which they are cut.[57]

After leaving Bournabashi, we went south to Chimenlai, a small village marked in the Admiralty chart No. 1608, where we were most kindly and hospitably entertained by a Turkish lady whose husband sells vallonia to the Calverts. It was the first time I had ever lodged in a Turkish house. Everything was excessively clean and comfortable. We were waited upon by a gentleman in the black livery which nature gave him. Turkish servants, more especially negroes, are good waiters, from the ease and noiselessness of their movements. Notwithstanding the superior wealth of Europeans in the Levant, they are not so well served as the Turks, because no one but a Greek or Latin Christian will condescend to be their menial. In the morning, the lady of the house, who had been invisible till the moment of our parting, appeared at the window, and throwing back her veil, expressed her great regret that we could not stay another day. Such a want of reserve is very unusual and utterly forbidden by the general laws of Turkish etiquette; but the lady was neither young nor pretty, and the Calverts are friends of the family, and buy their vallonia; and so we were treated as *enfants de la maison.*

The mosque in this village is built of large squared blocks, evidently from some ancient building. At

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this mosque was a Latin inscription containing a dedication to the Emperor Claudius, as a "Sodalis Augustalis." On the lintel of a window was the fragment of another Latin inscription, containing part of the name and titles of Nero.[58] In front of the mosque was the capital of a large Doric column and a plain marble chair.

We rode on, the next morning, to a village called Koushibashi in the mountains, half an hour south of Chimenlai and about three hours east of Alexandria Troas. Near this are seven immense granite columns, lying just as they were left rough-hewn in the quarry, from which they have been cut as neatly as if their material was cheese or soap. They vary from 37 to 38 feet in length, and are about 5 feet 6 inches in their greatest diameter. They appear to be Roman, and to have been left rough-hewn to be conveyed to some distant temple, and then polished. This accounts for their not being all exactly the same length. The quarry from which they were taken lies to the north-east of the row. The marks of the chisel remain on the vertical face of the granite in parallel horizontal grooves.

On the road from this quarry to Alexandria Troas is another of these columns, abandoned on its way to the sea. There is something very grand in the aspect of these seven sleepers lying so silently on the granite bed out of which they were hewn.

To the south of Koushibashi, our road began to ascend through a rocky and barren district, till we reached Chigri, a most curious acropolis crowning a mountain, which, according to the Admiralty chart,

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is 1,648 feet above the sea. It is about two hours south of the village of Koushibashi, and is laid down in the Admiralty chart, but has, I think, been very little noticed by travellers. The walls, built of blocks of granite in polygonal courses, are nearly perfect all round. The fortress is of a rhomboidal form, and may be compared to a kite. Its greatest length is from S.E. to N.W. It took us twenty minutes to walk right through it lengthways, so that it is more than a mile long. It has a number of gates flanked by towers.

On the N.E. side is a gateway which seems to have been rather more accessible than the others, and to which an ancient causeway still leads. This gateway is 16 feet wide. The doorway stands back about 7 feet 7 inches behind the gateway. The jambs of this doorway are still in position. The width between them is 9 feet. One of them has a deep horizontal groove for the bolt. This gateway is flanked on one side by a tower, on the other by an abutment. Within the walls are traces of foundations of many houses. A spring still flows within the ruins, and there is an old well filled up.

The extent and the preservation of the defences make this fortress a most interesting example of early military architecture, the work probably of Hellenic settlers. The walls terminate in natural precipices at either end, and great judgment has been shown in taking advantage of every natural barrier to add to the strength of the fortifications. Thus the precipices at either end are surmounted by vast masses of rock which rise far above the walls, and

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must have served the purpose of watch-towers for the garrison.

Leake and other travellers have supposed Chigri to be the Cenchreæ of Stephanus Byzantius.

The mountains round this place have rather a bad reputation for robbers; and it was here that Captain Spratt, R.N., while engaged with a brother officer in making the Hydrographical Survey, was surprised by three armed ruffians, from whom, by great presence of mind, however, he succeeded in escaping.

From Chigri we went to Alexandria Troas, passing by a place called Lisgyar, where are hot springs. Here are ruins of some baths built of grouted masonry, and probably of the late Roman period. A small bronze mouse, now in the collection of Mr. Frank Calvert, was found here. From the nearness of this spot to the Sminthium, the seat of the worship of Apollo Sminthius, there can hardly be a doubt that this mouse was dedicated to that deity, who on a coin of Alexandria Troas is represented holding a mouse in his hand. This place is marked on the Admiralty chart, No. 1608, "Hot Springs," but without a name. Pococke notices the spot, and says that the baths are sulphuric. Here he saw a colossal draped female figure in white marble, the head broken off.[59]

On our arrival at Alexandria Troas, the weather was so bad that we did not dismount, and could only take a passing glance at the stately Roman remains. I could hear of no inscriptions or sculpture here. The principal ruin is a large edifice with many arches, in a very noble style. It is built of large

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blocks of isodomous masonry. Chandler considers this a Gymnasium.

The marble has been carried away from this site by travellers, or by peasants from the neighbouring villages, and nothing is left but the solid Roman masonry, the shell of the buildings. Near it we saw a subterraneous vaulted passage, which, from its curved form, must have passed under the seats of an amphitheatre. Towards the sea the shore is strewn with the ruins of houses for about a mile.

We passed northward through the ruins in the direction of Gaikli; and on getting beyond the precincts of the walls, came upon many sarcophagi which must have been placed on each side of the ancient road.

On our way home from Alexandria Troas, we halted at Kalifatli, near the Mendere. Here has been recently discovered a coarse tesselated pavement, with the usual common patterns. As we passed, we found the Greek villagers cutting it up into squares to pave their church with, as if it had been so much oilcloth. For several acres round this spot the ground is strewn with fragments of marble and of coarse Roman pottery. East of the pavement are traces of walls with foundations of grouted rubble.

One of these walls runs for a length of 60 paces, with another at right angles to it, 50 feet in length. Three or four large squared blocks were lying on the surface of the ground, near these walls. North of the pavement is a small mound, the top of which

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forms a level area; its north side is a steep bank running down to the plain below. Here fragments of black Hellenic pottery are found.

From Kalifatli we proceeded to the site of Ilium Novum, where the remains visible above ground are very trifling; though the irregularities of the ground led me to suppose that extensive ruins were hidden under the soil. Thence we returned to Renköi by Halil Eli, where I copied some inscriptions.

After our return to Renköi, I visited a place about half a mile to the N.N.E. of that village, and thought by Mr. Calvert to be the site of the ancient Ophrynium. This site, now called It Ghelmez, may be described as a platform bounded by deep ravines, which surround it on the land side, except on the east, where a narrow isthmus connects it with higher ground above. On the S.W. side of the platform, Mr. Calvert found a quantity of pipes of thick red pottery in the steep bank of the ravine. They appear to have been anciently laid down as a watercourse. Upon the surface of the platform are foundations of walls, pieces of marble, and fragments of pottery. Two copper coins of Neandria and one of Ilium have been found here. To the S.E. of this platform the ground on the other side of the ravine rises in a series of terraces partially covered with pine. Above these terraces is a sloping platform, on the surface of which are many fragments of Hellenic pottery. On this upper platform the foundation of a wall may be traced 107 feet from N.W. to S.E., when it makes a turn, and runs 146 feet in an E.S.E. direction.

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This is built of a casing of travertine blocks, filled in with rubble. Here have been found, at different periods, fourteen coins of Ophrynium, two of Sigeum, three of Ilium Novum, and a fine silver coin of Megiste (Castel Rosso), a small island near Rhodes. It is singular how this last coin, which is of great rarity, could have found its way to a spot so distant from its place of mintage. The form of the ground on this slope seems to have been much altered by landslips, which occur frequently on the sides of the deep ravines. On the shore below these platforms are remains of an ancient mole.

It is evident that a Greek city must have occupied this site: the situation corresponds with that of Ophrynium, as described by Strabo; and the finding of so large a number of coins of this city on the platform renders this all the more probable.[60]

Continuing to explore the shore southward from Renköi, I noticed at a fountain distant about fifty minutes from that place fragments of red pottery and building-stones.

The headland, which stands a little in advance of the supposed site of the ancient Rhæteum, must have served as an Hellenic burial-ground; for on examining the side of the cliff about 8 feet below the surface of the ground, a vein may be traced which contains fragments of small vases, pieces of bone, and cinerary remains. It appears that the dead here were interred in large jars of coarse red earthenware. On the surface of the field above are many fragments of pottery. The ground swells out gradually from the middle of the field towards the edge of the

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cliff, and from its form suggests the probability that a tumulus, since levelled, once stood here.

At the distance of an hour to S.W. of Renköi, and within a few minutes' walk of the sea, are the ruins of an old Byzantine church, called Agios Athanasi. The foundations of this church are 66 feet in length by 57 feet in breadth. Among the ruins are fragments of columns and capitals of the Roman period. Coins of Sigeum have been found here.

Near the confluence of the small river Kemar with the Mendere, at the distance of five hours to the south of the Dardanelles, is a chiflik, or farm, of the Calverts, situated at the village of Atshik-koi. Here are two ancient tumuli, marked in the Admiralty chart as Herman Tepe and Khani Tepe. During our visit to Renköi, Mr. Frank Calvert drove a gallery and shaft through Khani Tepe. Nothing was found in the interior except a layer of ashes near the bottom, but the excavation was not carried low enough to obtain a conclusive result; for it is well known that the most important remains have been found in Greek tumuli below their apparent base.[61]

Between these two tumuli is a spot on the banks of the river Kemar, which, on examination, proved to be an Hellenic cemetery. I was present at an excavation made here by Mr. Calvert. The dead were here buried in large crocks or jars of coarse red pottery. These jars were called by the ancients *pithoi*. It was in such a *pithos*, and not, as is vulgarly supposed, in a tub, that Diogenes dwelt. Jars similar in shape and scale are used by the Greeks at the present day to hold water. They are

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sunk in the ground up to the mouth, at the door of their houses, and are called *cupas*, which seems to be a corruption of the Arabic *koub*, a vault. In our excavation, the *pithoi* were found only a few inches below the surface, the plough having worked down nearly to their level. They varied in size, the largest being about 4 feet 6 inches in height. We found them lying on their sides, the mouth generally looking to the south-east.

The mouth of each *pithos* was closed by a flat stone. Each contained one or more skeletons, doubled up, and in several were painted vases. One jar contained eight small vases mixed with the bones.[62] The figures painted on some of the vases were in black on a red ground; others red, on a black ground: all seemed of a very late period.

The *pithoi* have been anciently mended with leaden rivets, numbers of which were found among the bones. Some of these were nearly a foot long.[63]

Immediately below these jars we came to the native rock of the field, a proof that no earlier interments had taken place in this cemetery.[64]

I took advantage of a little leisure at Renköi to read the Iliad over again in the presence of the great natural features of the scene. No one who has not seen the magnificent outline which bounds the horizon of the plain of Troy can bring home to his mind the stirring and marvellous narrative of the poet as Homer meant it to affect his readers or rather hearers. We supply the scenery of the Iliad from our imagination, or, rather, we do not supply it at all; we do not think of the Homeric landscape,

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on which the Homeric battle-scenes were relieved. The background is blank, like the plane surface on which a Greek frieze was relieved. But to the audience of Homer the names of the rivers and mountains in the poem recalled an actual landscape; and all through the ancient poets there is a Greek landscape implied rather than described, of which the untravelled scholar can form no conception.

While we were at the Dardanelles, I observed a curious trait of Greek manners. The agent of the Calverts had lost 40,000 piasters by a robbery in his house. The robbery was traced home to the people of this village, and after some days the priest of the place declared in church that he had a charm which would infallibly discover the thief. This charm is the leg-bone of a wolf, which, if boiled in milk with a ploughshare, and then burnt, has the extraordinary property of rendering the thief lame: the moment the bone is put in the fire, one of the legs of the thief is forthwith paralyzed. The priest announced this in the morning, adding that he would not burn the wolf's bone till the next day. That same night the whole of the stolen property was thrown into the garden of its rightful owner in a bag, and so the thief did not incur the punishment prepared for him. I suspect that behind this exhibition of priestcraft there was a more real and tangible threat on the part of the Pasha of the Dardanelles, that he would make the village responsible for the amount stolen; and so the priest, now as ever, was made the instrument of the Government.

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XII.

RHODES, *April* 4, 1853.

HAVING been requested by Mr. Kerr, H.M.'s Consul at Rhodes, to act in his place during his absence in England, I left Blunt in charge of Mytilene, and came here by the Austrian steamer a few days ago. On arriving, I found Mr. Kerr as eager to leave Rhodes as I was to visit an island which promised so rich a field of archæological research. His impatience was not unnatural, for he has now vegetated at Cyprus and Rhodes for twelve long years without ever asking for a furlough, and his mind, naturally an active one, is weary of the petty intrigues and cabals which constitute the very essence of Levantine society in small places, and which a Consul can hardly keep clear of without extreme discretion and forbearance.

After the rough life we have been leading at Mytilene, I was not sorry to instal myself in a house to which the residence of an English family has imparted an air of comfort, such as our bachelor *ménage* at Mytilene never attained to. Instead of being dependent on the tender mercies of my dragoman for daily food, I find myself waited on by three servants who have been taught to minister to British ways and wants under the careful training of Mrs. Kerr, and one of whom actually speaks broken English, and knows how to lay the cloth for dinner.

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Judging from first impressions, I should imagine Rhodes to be a much more agreeable residence for an Englishman than Mytilene. Here there is a real Frank quarter, where you hear as much French and Italian spoken in the streets as Greek; there is too in the manners of the people generally a tinge of European civilization which I have seen nowhere else in the Archipelago.

From the circumstance that the trade of Rhodes is principally in the hands of Frank merchants, and that this beautiful island has always been a favourite place of residence for French, Italians, Maltese, and other emigrants from Europe, Latin Christianity has an ascendancy here which would not be allowed in islands like Mytilene, where the Greeks discourage as much as possible all foreign settlers, especially those of the Romish faith.

At this season Rhodes is arrayed in all the freshness of luxuriant spring. The scenery round the town has a peculiar beauty. The land is formed in a succession of natural terraces down to the sea; in every view the palm-tree is seen against the horizon, reminding the Englishman in what latitude he is, which otherwise might be forgotten, from the extraordinary mildness of the temperature. In every direction I find long and silent lanes, stretching away for miles through the suburbs between high garden-walls, from the top of which ivy and other shrubs hang over in rich profusion. The air is scented with orange-flowers, the earth is covered with abundant crops. The houses are all built of squared stone, with flat roofs. Many of them have

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a strange tenantless aspect; for Rhodes is a place which has been long wasting away with that atrophy which is consuming the Ottoman empire. The town is far too large for its inhabitants, who are huddled away into holes and corners. About a year ago an earthquake threw down one of the fine old towers. Its ruins fell in one of the principal streets, blocking it up. Not a stone has been touched by the Turks, and the ruins may perhaps lie there till another earthquake shakes them up again.

After having been jostled by the throng of mules and market-people in the long, crooked, miry streets of Mytilene, it is pleasant to walk in a place where for miles you meet nothing but a stray donkey, where no sound is heard but the echo of your own footsteps on a pavement of pebbles, the most beautifully clean that I ever trod on. All the court-yards and many of the streets in the Frank quarter are paved with round shingle-stones from the beach, in many places worked in very neat patterns, which we might well imitate in England.

I delight in the distant views, which are on a much grander scale than those of Mytilene. Looking at the map, you will see that the opposite shores of Lycia and Caria are much broken by bays and headlands, which form a magnificent jagged sky-line, sweeping round in a kind of panorama towards the south, where the vast forms of snow-capped mountains come into view. The sea is perpetually agitated, sometimes by tremendous gales, and has not that look of molten metal which it has generally in the Archipelago. The

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only signs here of human activity are the windmills, which revolve eternally before my windows. They stand in a long row by the sea-shore, and the effect of a sunset seen through their gaunt and skeleton-like arms is most picturesque.

Ever since my arrival I have been engaged in a variety of consular affairs, which, though often wearisome in detail, are not without interest, because the minute study of such local matters gives an insight into the state of society in this part of the Archipelago.

The other day I witnessed a singular scene, very Corsican in character. A native of the island of Cassos had been condemned to death for a murder committed two years ago in Alexandria. The trial took place here; there was good reason for believing that the real murderer had been let off and the wrong one convicted; so the case was reported to Constantinople, and there were hopes of a reprieve through the intervention of Colonel Rose with the Porte. While the case was pending, the eldest son of the Greek who had been assassinated, thirsting for vengeance, went up to Constantinople and obtained a firman ordering the immediate execution of the criminal. He arrived with the fatal warrant and presented it to the Caimakam, who is now acting here as Governor in the absence of the Pasha of Rhodes.

The hopes which we had entertained were gone; but in concert with the Greek and Russian Vice-Consuls, I tried to persuade the Caimakam into a few days' delay. Now the Caimakam was

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a fat stuffy little man, a sort of Turkish alderman; very good-natured, fussy, and nervous, very anxious to oblige the English Consul, very much afraid of all responsibility; so he referred the matter to the Mejlis or municipal council; and to the Mejlis I went. As I have mentioned in a former letter, a Consul only goes to this council on great occasions. In ordinary matters he sends his dragoman, for fear that the Turks, by constantly holding intercourse with him, should discover that he is but a mere mortal like themselves, and so take to despising him. I found there present the whole family of the murdered man. This is the usual custom, according to Turkish law. When the firman, or death-warrant, has arrived from Constantinople, it is still invalid without the solemn assent of each member of the family of the murdered man, declared before the Governor and Mejlis; and even after this, at the place of execution, all the members of the family are asked once more if they give their consent; and any one of them can still pardon the condemned by dissenting from the rest. The family who appeared on this occasion before the court stood in a line at the end of the room, like a row of masked and muffled figures on the ancient Greek stage. They consisted of the old mother of the murdered man, his widow, a daughter and son, both grown up, and two younger children. They were all in deep mourning; the women wore black veils overshadowing their foreheads, and looked like the avenging furies who pursued Orestes. Each was asked in turn what their wish was, and each in turn uttered the fatal word *αἷμα*, "blood." I never

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shall forget the savage expression with which this declaration was made.

The widow stepped forward into the middle of the court, and said, raising her fiendish arms, "I wish to lick his blood from the executioner's knife." A little boy, not fourteen years old, glared at me with eyes gleaming like those of a tiger's cub. We had entertained some hopes that the old mother would have relented; and a humane Turk, one of the members of the Mejlis, asked her whether she would not forgive, as she hoped God would forgive her; but it was all in vain. It is said that the widow carried a brace of pistols in her bosom, and threatened to shoot any of the family who showed symptoms of relenting. I saw there was no more to be done, so I turned to the Caimakam, and said, "If this man is executed to-day, and there afterwards comes a counter-order from Constantinople, I regard you as responsible for all the consequences; on your head be it." I had no very distinct idea what consequences there could be, but felt it necessary, in a case of life and death like this, to say something.

A mysterious threat always tells with the Turks more than a definite one, and the Caimakam trembled like Felix. I got up and left the Mejlis, and then arose an old grey-bearded Mussulman, the Capouji Bashi of Rhodes, whose position is, to a certain extent, independent of that of the Governor, and said, "Caimakam, I wash my hands of this matter; if you choose to disobey the firman, take the consequences yourself." So the poor Caimakam, finding himself deserted by the Mejlis, gave way,

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and decided on risking nothing for the chance of saving an innocent man. The Mejlis broke up. The family of avengers stood on the quay, the usual place of execution at Rhodes, waiting impatiently for the condemned man to appear. The Cavass Bashi, or chief of the police, calmed their impatience by telling them that an executioner could not be found. The fact was that the Turks were afraid of a rescue. There was a ship in the harbour full of Cassiotes, countrymen of the condemned, and the sympathies of the whole Greek population of Rhodes were roused. So the Turks, having quieted the friends of the condemned by saying that there was a reprieve for three days, and appeased the family by the excuse of not being able to find an executioner, proceeded to double the guards of the konak, and to get the guns of a ship of war in the harbour ready to fire on the quay, if necessary. Then at sunset, locking the town gates a little sooner than usual to prevent any great crowd, they called in the family, who rushed to the place of execution with savage joy, shut out the sympathizing crowd, and finished what we call in England the last act of the law—I am afraid that in Turkey such executions are sometimes but legalized murders.

I had been out walking to enjoy the glorious sunset, congratulating myself with the faint hope that our exertions had obtained a few days' reprieve, when I met a great crowd coming from the town. In the centre was a woman with a flushed cheek and fierce eye, beating her naked bosom with alternate hand, and in regular time, the action reminding me

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at once of the *planctus* of the ancients. It was the sister of the unhappy man who had just been executed. Her eyes had no tears; she was thinking of a future *vendetta*, when her turn would come.

The next day the Greek ships in the harbour lowered their colours half-mast high. A long procession of all the principal Greeks in Rhodes attended the funeral of the unhappy man, who I really believe was sacrificed to some vile family feud; and after the funeral I had a visit from the chief mourner, Mr. Leonidas Sakelarides. The mention of his name obliges me to give a sketch of a long previous history, in which this execution is only one act. Some three years ago, an Austrian vessel was wrecked off the little island of Cassos. The Cassiotes are enterprising mariners, who combine the professions of trader and pirate in a way more profitable to themselves than pleasant to their neighbours. The captain of the Austrian vessel went on shore, little knowing that he had entered into a den of thieves. He drew up the usual protest, or declaration of the shipwreck, before the only local authority he could find in the island, a Greek council of primates.

The captain unluckily knew no Greek. The secretary of the Council being the only person in the place who knew Italian, pretended to take down the captain's protest in Greek, writing all the time a false declaration to the effect that *all the cargo was lost at sea*. This false protest the captain unknowingly signed. Then the Cassiotes, thinking themselves secure, plundered the vessel and appropriated all the cargo. But the ship having been

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insured at Malta, in due course the fraud was discovered by the underwriters, and satisfaction demanded from the Turkish Government. Mr. Leonidas, the chief mourner, is a young Cassiote who was educated at Athens, where he acquired notions of a civilization unknown to his pirate countrymen. He denounced the persons who had plundered the ship, and through his means the facts were proved against them. In revenge they burnt his house and his young sister alive in it, and attempted his own life; so that now he lives at Rhodes, being afraid to go to Cassos.

Now the fray in Alexandria, in which one Greek was killed, and in consequence of which another was executed, arose out of the long-standing Cassiote feud between Leonidas and the pirates whom he denounced. If this feud had never been, the man would never have been killed, nor his supposed murderer executed. Leonidas, a near relation of the man executed, tried to save his life by making a sort of compromise with other accused parties in Cassos. Failing in this, he now takes his turn in exacting vengeance; and on the day after the execution, he appeared at the Mejlis, and denounced the widow who had shown such blood-thirstiness, as one of the persons who had burnt his house and sister. The answer which the widow gave to this charge in my presence was very characteristic. "I thought," she said, "that it was always lawful to burn the house of an enemy."

I foresee that Cassos from this day forth will be

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divided by a deadly feud, which will last perhaps even longer than the Turkish empire.

This little island now contains two parties, each solemnly pledged to destroy each other's life and property, — the party of Leonidas, who seems to have a courage worthy of Thermopylæ, and the party of the pirates, who are quite prepared to burn him alive.

XIII.

RHODES, *April* 28, 1853.

WHEN landing at Rhodes, we behold for the first time the fortress which so long formed the impregnable outwork of Latin Christianity in the East, and which, though shattered by cannon and earthquakes, still presents to us one of the noblest and most instructive specimens of military architecture in the fifteenth century: when walking round its walls, we recognize on every bastion and tower, the names and escutcheons of Grand Masters famous in the annals of its two sieges; when, after winding our way through gateways, still defended by drawbridge and portcullis, we find ourselves in that long and lonely street, where the *auberges* of the Knights stand side by side, still wearing on their richly-sculptured fronts the proud insignia of the Order, the heart would indeed be dead to human sympathies which could remain unmoved in the presence of these time-honoured monuments of Christian valour.

So absorbing indeed is the charm of this first

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impression, so completely does it fill our imaginations, that we forget for awhile the interest which belongs to Rhodes as the site of one of the great maritime republics of the ancient world, a city celebrated not less for the wisdom of its institutions than for the beauty of its architecture, the perfection of its ports and arsenals, and the strength of its defences by sea and land.

Founded B.C. 408, and laid out by the same great architect, Hippodamos, who built the Piræus, Rhodes was probably one of the earliest of the Hellenic cities of which the plan was designed by one master mind.

Hence that symmetry in the arrangement of the city which the rhetorician Aristides, writing in the second century A.D., describes in a well-known passage. Rhodes, he says, was built in the form of an amphitheatre; the temples and public buildings were grouped together so as to form one composition, of which the several parts balanced each other as in the design of a single edifice.

The whole was encompassed by a wall, which, with its stately towers and battlements, he compares to a crown. The temples and other public buildings were adorned with celebrated works in painting and sculpture; and, according to Pliny, the city contained no less than 3,000 statues, of which 100 were of colossal size.[65]

The maritime greatness of Rhodes was due not only to its geographical position, but also to the convenience of its harbours and to the perfect equipment of the dockyards and arsenal, which, from

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Strabo's description, occupied a large space in relation to the rest of the city, and, like those of Carthage and Halicarnassus, were probably screened from observation by high walls and roofs. Any curious interloper found within these forbidden precincts at Rhodes or at Carthage was liable to the punishment of death.

Aristides, in describing the harbours, specially praises their convenience in reference to the prevailing winds. They are so disposed, he says, as if for the express purpose of receiving the ships of Ionia, Caria, Cyprus, and Egypt. Towering above these harbours stood the famous bronze Colossus, which, from its position on the shore, was probably intended to serve as a sea-mark and a lighthouse. So vast a surface of polished metal reflecting the bright sky of Rhodes, must have been visible from a great distance at sea, and must have been to the Rhodian mariner an object as familiar as the statue of Athene Promachos was to those who sailed past the Attic Sunium.

Such was the character of Rhodes as far as can be gathered from the scanty notices in ancient authors. Vague and incomplete as these notices are, they suggest to us an idea of the ancient city far more definite than can be obtained by a visit to its site, of which the main features are so obliterated that the few vestiges which remain can only be detected after long study.

It will be convenient, before putting together these scanty remains of ancient Rhodes, to give a short description of the city built by the Knights,

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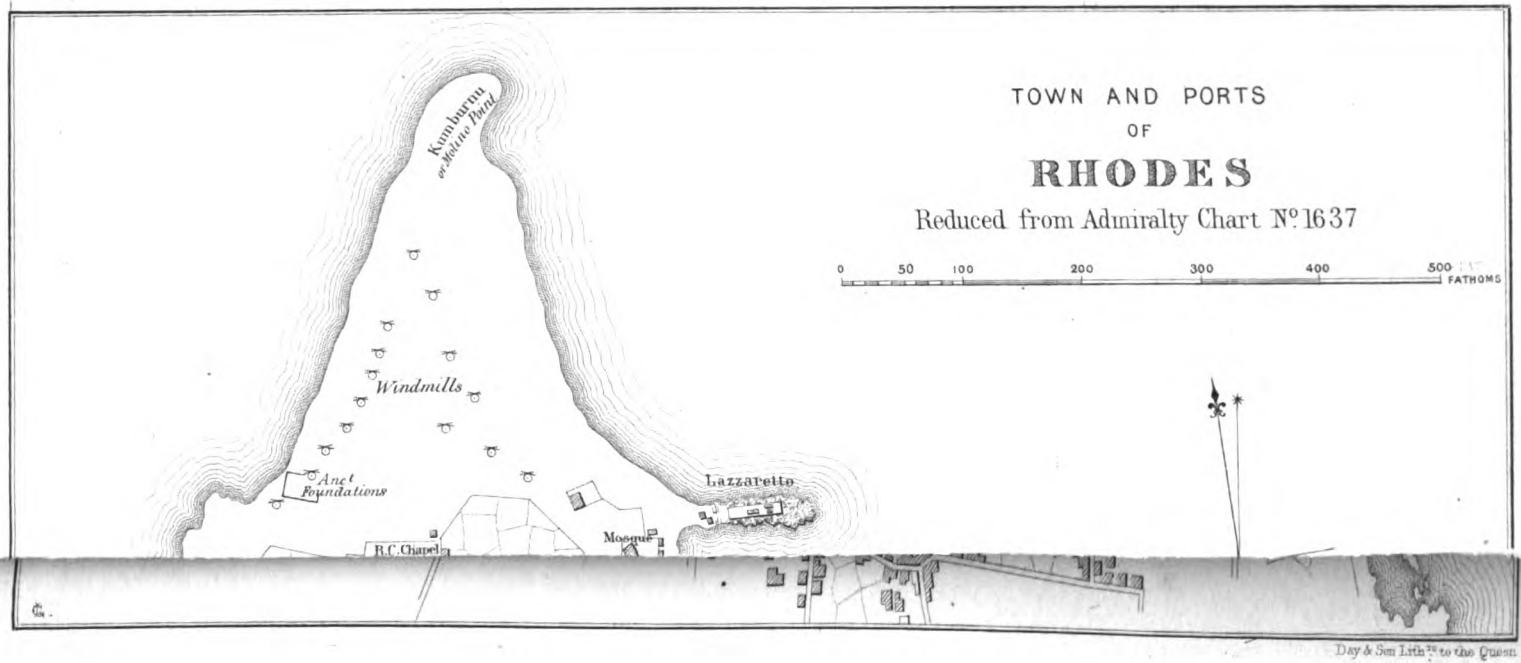

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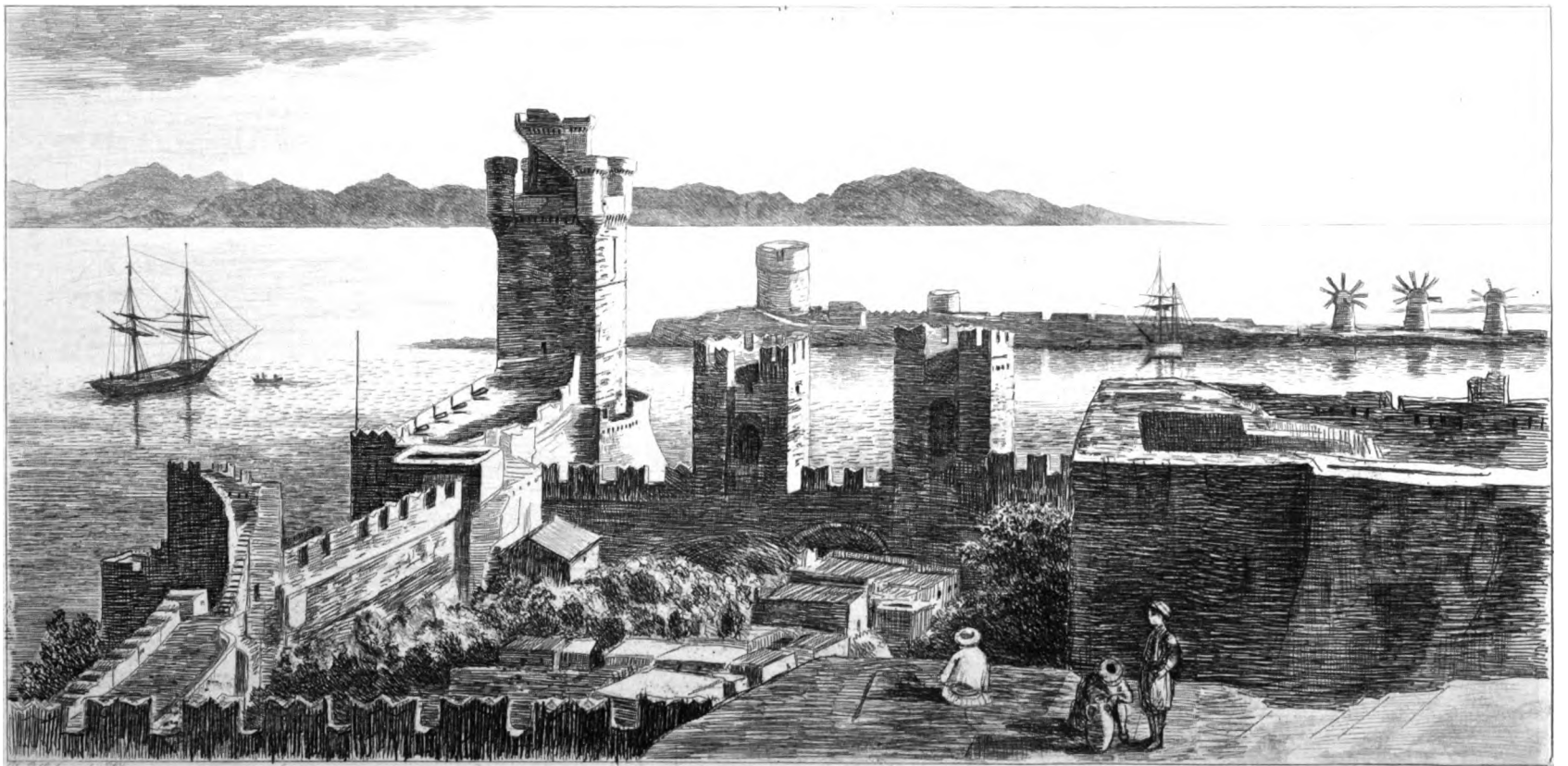

VIEW OF RHODES OVERLOOKING THE HARBOUR

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as certain points in the topography can then be fixed for reference. (See the Plan, Plate 4.)

The present harbours of Rhodes seem to have been originally mere indentations in the line of the coast, subsequently improved by Hellenic art.

The entrance to the principal harbour is flanked on the west by the tall square tower now called the Arab tower, and on the east by a long mole running nearly north, and terminating in the tower of St. Angelo. (Plate 5.)

To the west lies a smaller harbour, now called by the Greeks Mandraki, or the sheep-fold, from its security. This smaller harbour doubtless contained in antiquity the triremes and other ships of war; the larger harbour being then, as now, the receptacle for merchant-ships. The eastern side of Port Mandraki is formed by a massive Hellenic mole running parallel to the eastern side of the larger harbour, and defended at its extremity by the tower of St. Nicholas, which now serves as a lighthouse. Its entrance is protected from the north wind by a small rocky promontory, on which the Lazaretto now stands. To the east of the great harbour is a third natural indentation, which does not appear to have been used as a regular port in antiquity, though on the ridge of the rocks which bounds it are the remains of an Hellenic mole. This was probably intended to serve as a break-water in aid of the mole on the eastern side of the harbour. The town is built round the great harbour, following its curve, so that the area which it occupies may be compared to an irregular cres-

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cent. The fortifications with which it is encircled, both by sea and land, extend from the round tower on the eastern side of the entrance to the great harbour to the tower of St. Nicholas, at the mouth of Port Mandraki.

On the land side the town is defended by a wall of circumvallation, and a fosse cut out of the native rock, which, being easily quarried, affords the same facilities for making fortifications which the Knights afterwards found at Malta. The fosse is from 40 to 60 feet deep, and in width from 90 to 140 feet. The escarp and counterscarp are built of squared stones of moderate size, which were probably quarried out on the spot. In some places the fosse is doubled. The terreplein of the walls is 40 feet wide. Here still remain many of the fine old brass guns of the Knights, on which the *fleur-de-lis*, the basilisk of Francis I., and other heraldic badges, may be recognized. The vents are protected from the weather by old cuirasses taken out of the armoury of the Knights. Everywhere the immense stone balls lie about the ramparts. Many of these have been used to repair the breaches in the walls. In the towers, bastions, and other works by which these lines are strengthened in various places, the military engineer may trace the first germs of that science of fortification which has been developed *pari passu* with the improvement in artillery, and which in the fifteenth century seems to have been more advanced in the Levant than in Europe.

All round the great harbour the town is defended by a wall with square towers at intervals: this wall is

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RHODES. D'AMBOISE GATE

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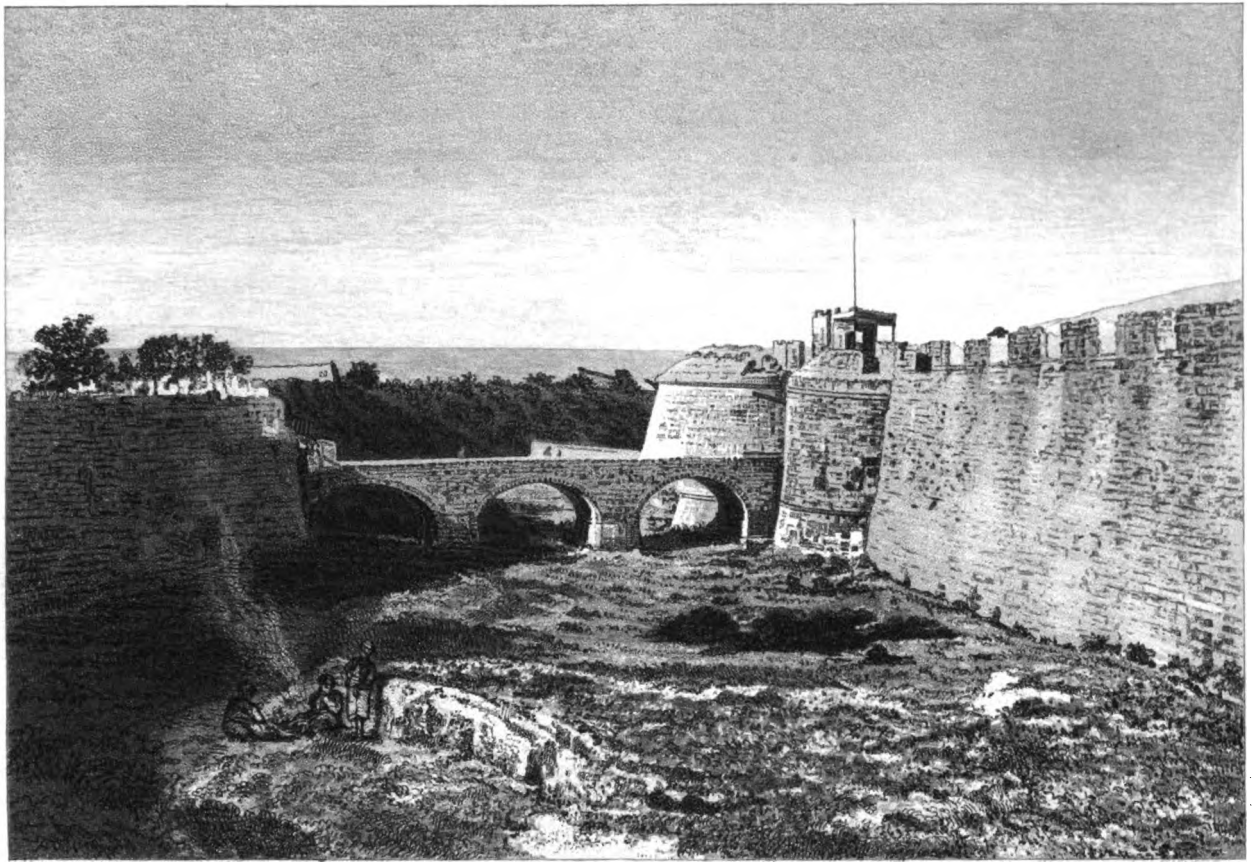

RHODES. FOSSE NEAR D'AMBOISE GATE

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entered by the gate of St. Catherine, now called the Bazaar gate. An inner wall, commencing from this gate, runs across the interior of the town from east to west, and after throwing out an angle to the north, joins the main line of circumvallation about halfway between the Amboise gate and the gate of St. George. The area on the north, enclosed between the inner wall and the outer lines, is called in the old chronicles the upper town, or Castello, and contained the palace of the Grand Master, the *auberges* or lodges of the different *langues* of the Order, and the churches of St. John the Baptist and St. Catherine. In this upper town or Castello dwelt the Grand Master and the Knights; the lower town was inhabited by a mixed population of Jews and Greeks. In the north-west angle of the Castello is the palace of the Grand Master, which, as it occupies the highest ground within the fortress, was naturally chosen by the Knights as their citadel.

The Castello is entered from the west by a noble gateway (Plate 6), commenced by the Grand Master D'Aubusson after a great earthquake, and finished by his successor D'Amboise, from whom this gate takes its name. Over the door within an ogee frame is a slab of white marble, on which is sculptured in relief an angel holding the escutcheon of Amboise, with the inscription, "Amboyse MDXII." A drawbridge connects this gateway with a stone bridge which here spans the fosse with three arches. (Plate 7.) Over the Amboise gate a head was formerly fixed, which has been thus described to me. It was flat at the top, and pointed like the head of a

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serpent, and as large as the head of a lamb. This head was certainly on the gate as late as the year 1829, and seems to have been taken down when the gate was repaired, some time previous to 1837.[66]

This is, perhaps, the same head which Thevenot saw, 1657, and which he thus describes:—"Elle était beaucoup plus grosse et plus large que celle d'un cheval, la gueule fendue jusqu'aux oreilles, de grosses dents, les yeux gros, le trou des narines rond, et la peau tirant sur le gris blanc." According to the tradition in Thevenot's time, and which has been preserved in Rhodes ever since, this was the head of the great serpent slain by Dieudonné de Gozon in the fourteenth century.[67]

Passing through this gate, a vaulted passage leads through the counterscarp over a second and third fosse, which defend the palace of the Grand Master on the west. After crossing the third fosse, the road enters the Castello between the church of St. John and the palace of the Grand Master opposite to the upper end of the street of the Knights. This street, which runs east and west, divides the Castello into two nearly equal parts.

At its western extremity has been a beautiful vaulted building, of which the single remaining arch is given in Plate 8.

In Rottier's time several of these arches were standing. On the south of this building is the church of St. John the Baptist, which seems to have been enlarged and altered by successive Grand Masters, and was probably founded by Foulques de Villaret on the first establishment of the Knights at

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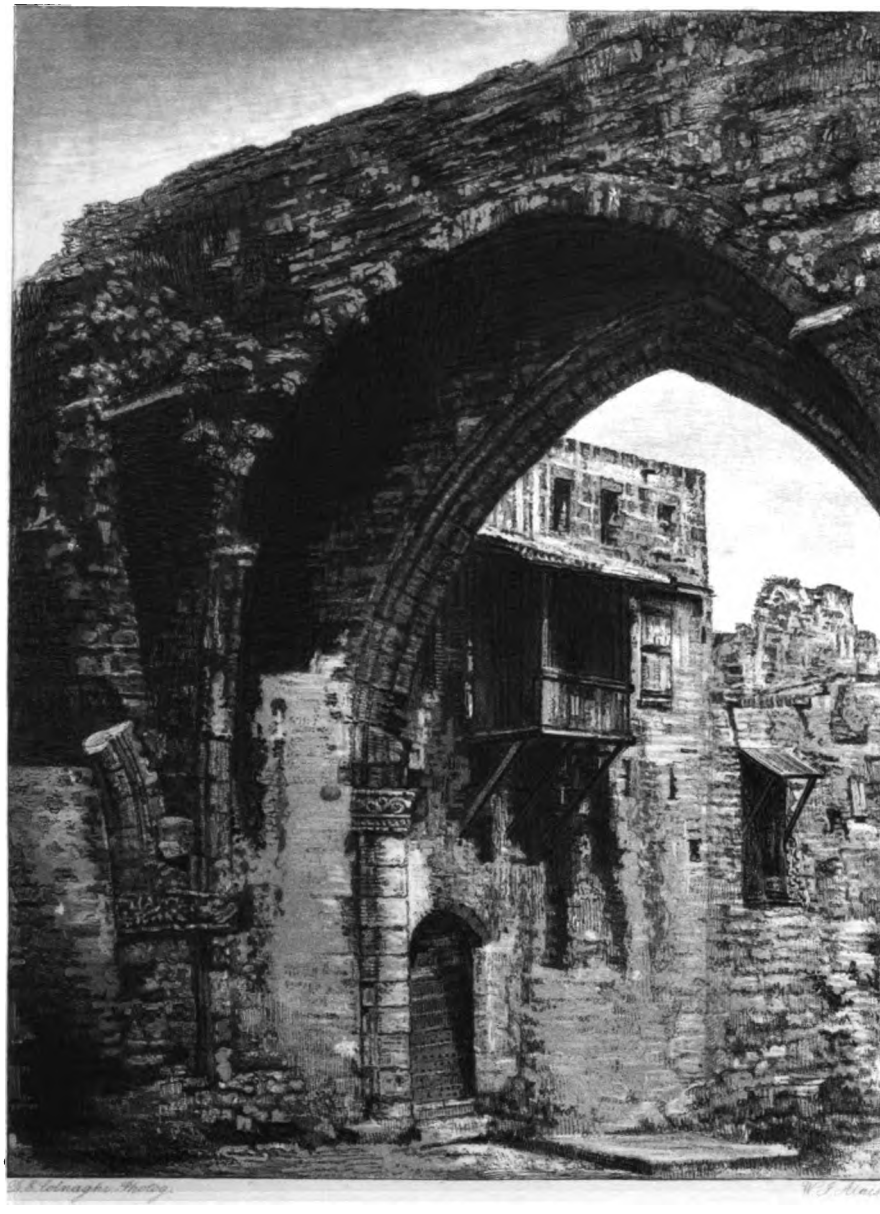

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Rhodes. The outside has no architectural feature. Its plan is a rectangular basilica, containing a nave and two aisles, with a clock-tower, the upper part of which was destroyed in the siege. The interior dimensions are 150 feet in length by 52 feet in breadth. The columns dividing the aisles from the nave are chiefly of granite, and are probably taken from several ancient buildings. The roof is of wood, the beams and ceiling blue, spangled with golden stars. In the pavement of the nave are the remains of the tomb of the Grand Master Fabrizio del Carretto. His effigy, which must have been sculptured in low relief on a flat slab, has been destroyed, but the border of the slab still remains, with an inscription at the foot, recording his name, titles, and services, and with the date 1520. At the head of the slab was his escutcheon. Carretto was the last Grand Master buried at Rhodes. In the pavement the German traveller Ross saw a number of other sepulchral slabs with figures of knights in relief dressed in the long robe of the Order, but too much defaced to be identified. He also found here a Greek inscription containing a list of contributions to some public subscription.[68] In the windows was formerly stained glass, with escutcheons of the Knights, several of which were copied by Rottier. On either side of the choir Ross remarked some carved woodwork painted and gilt, with niches containing small images of the Apostles.[69]

Opposite to the church of St. John is the entrance to the palace of the Grand Master through a gateway flanked by two towers facing the south.

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On entering under this gateway, we come to an open space covered with cisterns, in which the Turks keep stores of grain. In front is a confused mass of ruinous buildings, of which the plan can no longer be made out. On the left are strong square towers defending the citadel on the west. On the right a staircase leads to an open gallery communicating with many small rooms. In these the garrison probably dwelt. On the north the palace is defended by a tower overlooking a broad and lofty platform, which is raised by solid masonry out of the depth of the fosse. It was from the artillery planted on this platform that the Turks suffered so much during the first siege in their attack on Fort St. Nicholas, from the church of St. Antonio, now a small mosque near the Lazaretto. Returning from the Grand Master's palace to the archway already noticed (*ante*, p. 151), we look down the long and narrow street which is well known to travellers by the name of Strada dei Cavalieri, or Street of the Knights.

In no European city, perhaps, can be found a street so little changed since the fifteenth century.

No Vandal hand has disturbed the perfect repose and keeping of the scene by demolition or repairs; the very pavement has a mediæval look, as if it had known no thoroughfare since its broad marbles were trodden by Christian warriors three centuries ago. No sound of near or distant traffic breaks in on the congenial stillness; we might almost suppose the houses to be without inhabitants, were it not for the rude Turkish jalousies which project on either side, flinging long slanting shadows across

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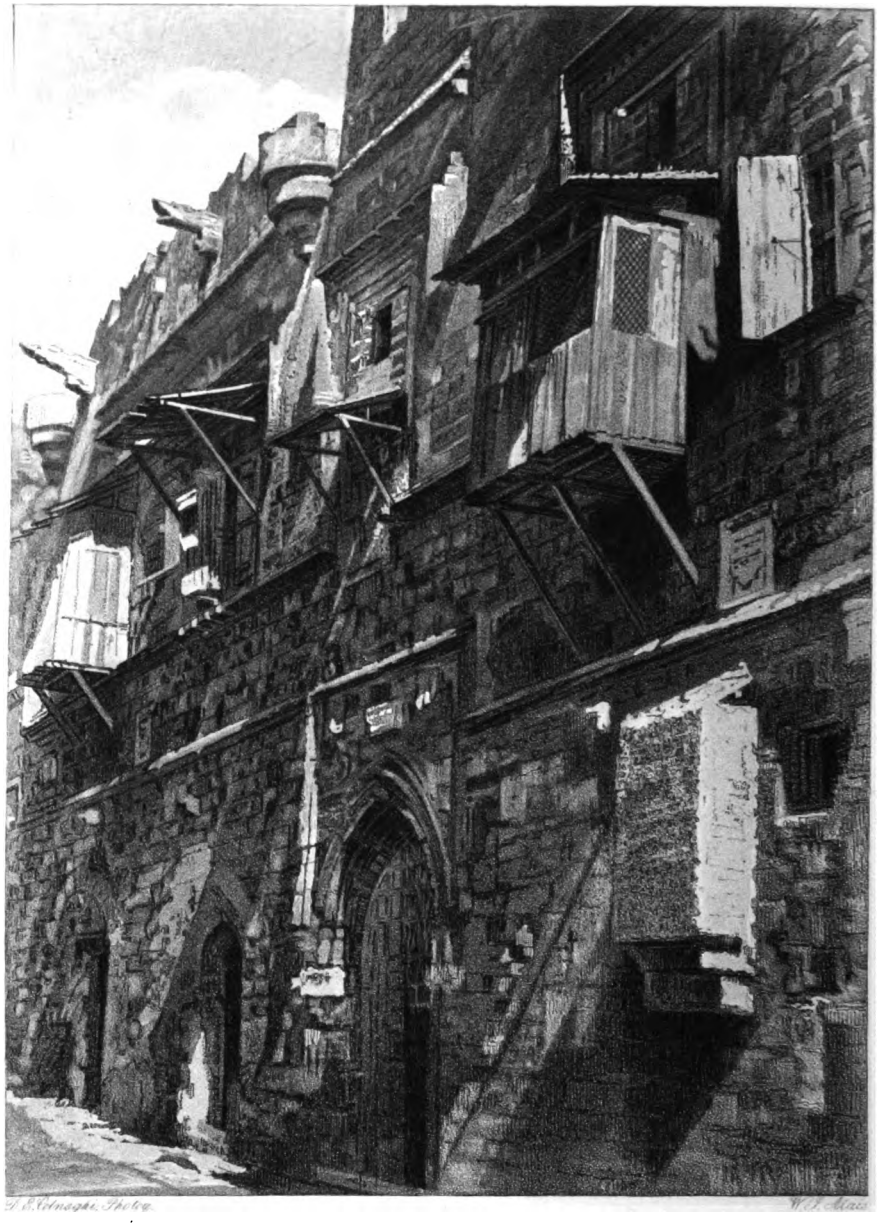

AUBERGE DE FRANCE.

RHODES, STREET OF KNIGHTS.

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the richly-sculptured façades, and lending mystery to a solitude only disturbed, when from the gloom of some deep archway a veiled form glides by with averted face, scared at the unwelcome presence of the Frank traveller.

About halfway down the street, on the left, as you descend, is the *auberge* or lodge of the French *langue* (Plate 9), the façade of which is particularly rich in heraldic ornament. Over the door are the arms of the Order, and those of Emeri d'Amboise, with the date 1492, and two other coats. In the upper story, within a frame of Gothic leaves, are the arms of France and of D'Aubusson on a marble tablet. Above the French coat are the words Montjoie and St. Denis; below, the date, 1495, and the words *Voluntas Dei est.* Near the doorway is the escutcheon of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, as Grand Prior, with the inscription "Pour Philerme, 1511." In another place the same coat, with the inscription "Pour la Maison, 1511," and a tablet inscribed "Pour l'Oratoire, 1511." Over a side-door the arms of the Order, those of Emeri d'Amboise and of Villiers de l'Isle Adam, between oriflammes. The façade is crowned with battlements and small turrets, below which two long fantastic dragons' heads project as gurgoyles. A little higher up an archway crosses the street, above which is the *auberge* of the Spanish *langue.*

The arms of England may be seen on another house. At the bottom of the street is a house with the escutcheon of the Grand Master, Fabrizio del Carretto, and the date 1519. The style of archi-

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tecture throughout this street is an interesting modification of the later Gothic. The escutcheons are generally set in a richly-sculptured ogee arch. Most of the windows are square-headed, with labels and upright mullions, while the pointed arch is constantly employed in the doorways. In the rich and fantastic ornaments we recognize the Flamboyant style so generally prevalent in Europe in the fifteenth century; but these ornaments are but sparingly introduced, so as not to disturb the noble simplicity of the general design. In all the edifices built by the Knights at Rhodes we see the same tendency to temper the stern and naked ruggedness of military masonry as far as possible with rich ornaments, such as we generally find associated with ecclesiastical architecture. No fitter symbol could have been adopted than this mixed style, to express the character of an order at once military and religious.

At the lower end of the Street of the Knights is the old church of St. Catherine, now a mosque; in the windows a few coats of arms are still painted. The last building on the south side of the street is the Hospital of the Knights. This is a large square edifice, with a very simple external façade. The entrance is under a kind of vestibule facing the east. The original doors, which were of cypress-wood richly carved, were given to the Prince de Joinville on the occasion of his visit to Rhodes. On either side are large vaults now used as warehouses. The inside is a quadrangle, supported on vaults, above which are open arcades formed of round arches

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resting on pillars. Adjoining the arcades are four long rooms, corresponding with the four sides of the quadrangle. These saloons and the open galleries are covered with a roof of cypress-wood in very fine condition. The four rooms were evidently for the sick, the open galleries for the convalescent to walk in. In one of the vaulted magazines in the basement, the chain which served to close the entrance to the harbour was formerly kept, and was seen by Ross in his visit in 1843. He describes it as 750 feet long, each link being $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot long. Since his visit it has been removed to Constantinople. The hospital was commenced by Villeneuve, and completed by the Grand Master Fluvian, and seems to have been well planned for its purpose. It now forms an excellent barrack.

In front of its eastern façade is an open space leading to the gate of St. Catherine. This gate is defended by two massive round towers, with deep projecting machicoulis. Over the gate is a relief in marble, representing St. Catherine, St. Peter, and St. Paul; below, the arms of the Order and of D'Aubusson, and the inscription "Reverendus D. F. Petrus d'Aubussonius Rhodi magnus magister hanc turrem et portas erexit." [70]

The inner wall, running from this gate across the town to a point south of the Amboise gate, and separating off the Castello from the lower town, has been already noticed. South of this line are the bazaar and Jews' quarter, and on the west a number of small tortuous streets inhabited by Turks. This part of the town in the fifteenth century was occu-

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pied by the Greeks and Jews, who traded under the protection of the Knights. Throughout both the Castello and lower town, the streets have the same general character; the houses have flat roofs, and are built of stone throughout. At frequent intervals broad arches cross the streets overhead. (See Plate 10.) This mode of building was probably adopted to facilitate communication from point to point, and afford additional shelter from the fire of the enemy during a siege. The majority of these houses are cubical in form, and built in the simplest manner, without any architectural feature. Here and there bits of richly-sculptured façades may be met with. On the left of the bazaar is a building which bears the traditional name of Castellania, or Palace of Justice. On the façade are the arms of the Grand Master D'Amboise, in a rich Gothic frame. The windows have lilies sculptured on their mullions and transoms. This building abuts on the wall which runs round the shore of the harbour. Near it is another, to which tradition gives the name "Admiralty." The entrance-door is under a pointed arch. This building is less richly ornamented than the Castellania. Nothing certain is known as to the original purpose of these two edifices.

In the Jews' quarter is a house which was probably the residence of some wealthy merchant, as it still contains a large room with a richly-carved ceiling. The remains of the church of St. Marc are near the Admiralty. Rottier gives a number of coats of arms copied in this church.

The mosque of Suliman, situated a little to the

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RHODES STREET OF KNIGHTS.

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east of the gate of St. George, was probably the church of the Apostles. It has a portico of white marble columns; on each side of the door is a pilaster, on which are richly sculptured in relief helmets, battle-axes, and angels' heads between festoons. The design is a beautiful specimen of Renaissance ornament, and must have been executed at the close of the fifteenth century. The Benedictine and Augustine convents have also been converted into mosques.

Two gates originally led into the lower town from the land side,—the gate of St. George, which was afterwards walled up by the Knights, and the gate of St. John the Baptist, now known as the Koskino gate, on the south. Between these two gates are the Spanish tower and the tower of St. Mary, which defends the south-eastern angle of the fortress. Over the gate of St. John is a relief of the saint sculptured in freestone; below, on a tablet of blue marble, the arms of the Order and of D'Aubusson, which seem of a later insertion.

From this gate the fortifications bend round to the north-east, between the Jews' quarter and Jewish cemetery, till they reach the rocky shore, where they turn nearly due north, running to the commencement of the eastern mole of the harbour, which is prolonged in the same direction. Here the fortifications meet the sea-wall of the harbour nearly at a right angle.

The part of the fortifications between this angle and the gate of St. John was twice assailed by the Turks with their whole force, during the siege. On

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the second assault they succeeded after a tremendous bombardment in mounting the breach, and were only driven back when D'Aubusson himself at the head of a chosen band of Knights regained possession of the ramparts and hurled the assailants back into the fosse. To commemorate this repulse the brave Grand Master built the chapel of Notre Dame de Victoire within the angle of the fortifications at the commencement of the eastern mole, which has been already noticed.[71]

On this mole stand three windmills, beyond which is a battery armed on both sides; and on the point of the mole a circular tower, called in later chronicles the Castle of St. John.[72] This mole rests on Hellenic foundations. On the opposite side of the harbour is the stately tower built by the Grand Master De Naillac, at the extremity of a mole running out to the east from the north-eastern angle of the fortress. (Plate 11.)

The date of this tower is probably about A.D. 1400. It is sometimes called by Bosio the tower of St. Angelo, and by later writers the tower of St. Michael, a name for which there seems to be no authority. It consists of three square stories, crowned by a machicolated parapet with overhanging turrets at the four angles, above which rises an octagonal lantern. Round the outside of this lantern a winding staircase leads to the summit, which commands a most interesting bird's-eye view of the town and environs of Rhodes. This tower is 150 feet high. Under the parapet is the escutcheon of De Naillac with that of the Order. In the basement

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story Ross saw, in 1843, the machine by which in the time of the Knights the great chain was stretched across the harbour.

The tower is united with the rest of the fortifications by a stone bridge leading to a platform built on the mole, and armed with guns on either side, so as to command a view of both harbours.

This platform, which is 21 feet broad and 36 feet high, joins the main wall of the fortress at its north-eastern angle. At this point a small door leads from the shore of the main harbour into a battery which commands the mole of St. Nicholas, and thence through another door over a drawbridge, which leads out of the fortress to the Mandraki harbour. Inside the battery is a small gate in the main wall, now built up, which seems to be the Porta del Castello mentioned in the old chronicles. Here four lines of fortifications intersect, running nearly according to the cardinal points of the compass. These are, to the south the wall defending the shore of the great harbour; to the east the platform leading to the Naillac tower; to the north the mole of St. Nicholas, and to the west the northern wall of the fortress.

The mole of St. Nicholas, which forms the eastern side of Port Mandraki, extends about 1,000 feet into the sea. It is in great measure the original Greek mole, the lower courses built of enormous squared blocks regularly fitted together. At the extremity stands the castle of St. Nicholas, built by the Grand Master Raimond Zacosta. Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, contributed largely to

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the expense of its erection: his arms, with those of Zacosta, and of the Order, are still to be seen on the outer wall next the sea. In the first siege of Rhodes the Turks made several furious assaults on this fort, bombarding it from the church of St. Antonio, and attempting to storm it by throwing a bridge of boats across the harbour of Mandraki. They were repulsed with great slaughter by D'Aubusson. Within this fort are casemates, magazines, and the remains of a chapel; above these is a platform, on which are many brass guns of the time of the Knights, some of which bear the date 1482, others 1507, with the arms of France and England. This part of the fort seems much in the state in which the Knights left it.

From the time of the Grand Master Zacosta the defence of the fortifications was so arranged that each langue had its appointed post. The distribution of these posts was as follows: The German knights defended all the part between the west side of the Grand Master's palace and the gate of St. George. The langue d'Auvergne was posted from the gate of St. George to the Spanish tower; the English from the Spanish tower to the tower of St. Mary, of which they defended the lower story. In the upper story of this tower, and thence as far as the gate of St. John, was the post of Arragon. This gate, with the outwork in front of it, and the wall as far as the Italian tower, were defended by the Provençal knights: thence, as far as the gate of St. Catharine, were posted the Italians.

The sea-wall from the gate of St. Catharine to the Porta del Castello was defended by Castile

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and Portugal; and thence to the palace of the Grand Masters was the post of the French.

The palace itself, as far as the post of the Germans, was guarded by a special body of knights under the command of the Grand Master himself.

It is curious that in the tower of St. Mary, assigned in both sieges to the English, the marble tombstone of an English knight may yet be seen built into the walls. It bears the following inscription:—

HIC JACET.FR.THOMAS
NEWPORT.PODATUS.
ĀGLIE.MILES.Q̄I.OBIIT
1502, XXII. DIE.MĒSIS
SEPTEMBRIS.CVIVS.ANIMA
REQVIESCAT.IN.PACE
AMEN
1502.[73]

The numerous bronze guns which still remain in the batteries have been already noticed. Their range is said to be about 2,000 yards. They are all honeycombed, and therefore unsafe. Much powder from the time of the Knights still remains, stowed away in vast magazines, connected with each other and with the ramparts by subterraneous galleries. In the upper town is a small armoury, in which are preserved helmets, cuirasses, battle-axes, bronze mortars, hand grenades made of a kind of opaque glass, and various other interesting relics of the Knights.

The western and southern sides of the fortifications are surrounded by two cemeteries; that of the Turks extending from the Amboise gate to beyond the gate

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of St. John; whence to the shore is the burial-place of the Jews, lying immediately outside their quarter. Large Turkish gardens border these cemeteries, beyond which on the south are the suburbs Epano Maras and Kato Maras (the upper and lower Maras), both inhabited by Greeks. To the north-west of the town is the suburb Neo Chorio, or Neo Maras, the Frank quarter of Rhodes. Here are the residences of the consuls and the Roman Catholic church; and a large proportion of the population of this suburb profess the Latin faith.

These suburbs extend to the foot of St. Stephen's hill, which lies along the northern shore overlooking the town. This hill completely commands the fortifications of Rhodes, and, had the Turks possessed in the 15th century artillery of sufficient range to reach the town from such a distance, they would of course have made this ground the centre of their operations during the siege.

When the British fleet was at Marmarice in 1802, Sir Sidney Smith lived in a house on the summit of this hill, which has since been known to English travellers as Sir Sidney Smith's hill. It is here that the ancient city had its Acropolis.

This hill is an irregular plateau, lying nearly parallel with the seashore, in a direction from N.E. to S.W., and descending on the S.E. and N.E. sides in a series of terraces to lower ground. The highest part of the hill is where it overlooks the sea facing the N.W. On this side it terminates in a broken line of cliff very steep and inaccessible for the most part; below which the road to Trianta, resting on a

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rocky base, winds along the shore. If we ascend the N.E. face of St. Stephen's hill from the Neo Maras and follow the edge of the cliff to the S.W., there will be seen at intervals a bed cut in the rock on which doubtless stood the outer wall of the Acropolis. The continuity of this line of cutting is constantly interrupted by breaks in the edge of the cliff, large portions of which have been detached by earthquakes at different times, and may be seen lying above and below the road to Trianta. Several of these fallen masses are hewn as if they had formed portions of tombs or of the bed of the wall above.

The line of the rock, after continuing for some distance to the S.W., terminates in broken ground just before the curve of the bay commences; at this point the bed of the foundations cut in the rock makes an angle, turning to the east. Pursuing this new line across several fields, I came to polygonal blocks set in the modern wall of a field, after which the line was marked by a vertical cutting in the rock still pointing east. On a portion of this vertical cutting a course of oblong blocks still remained, the largest of which measured 10 feet 3 inches by 3 feet 4 inches. From the size of these blocks and from the fact that the angle from which this line commences is the point where the ascent to the hill from the sea becomes more accessible on account of the termination of the cliff here, I infer that the courses of masonry are the foundations of a wall defending the Acropolis on this side.

The base of the vertical cutting contains sepulchral chambers cut in the rock. From this cutting

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the ground slopes down to the S.E. into a hollow, which may have been a ravine.

Proceeding eastward from this point, I came to a series of terraces and ravines so intersected by the walls of fields and gardens that it is exceedingly difficult to discern the vestiges of the ancient city; still more so to indicate their position in such a manner as to enable subsequent travellers to find them. Everywhere I met with inscribed altars and bases of statues, and fragments of architecture, and especially in the courtyards of the ruined Turkish houses, which abound on the site. Many large tombs cut in the rock occur at intervals, and the beds to receive the foundations of temples were still to be traced in several places. It would be impossible to indicate with accuracy the position of these remains unless a plan were made of the whole site on a large scale. In the absence of such a plan I noted down my observations as much as possible in connection with several roads by which the hill is traversed and which may be considered as fixed points. In exploring this ground, I was accompanied by Mr. Alfred Biliotti, the cancelliere of the Consulate, whose great local knowledge enabled me to see much which I should otherwise have missed. On crossing the Turkish cemetery about half-way between the Amboise gate and the bastion of St. George, we come to the commencement of a road which points to the N.W., leading to the summit of St. Stephen's hill. For some yards from its commencement the rock is hewn on each side, showing the line of an ancient way.

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Following this line to a place where a piece of Hellenic wall occurs on the left side of the road, we turned off on a cross-road running in a S.S.E. direction, and having on the right a vertical cutting. Proceeding along this road we passed on the left an old chapel of the Knights, at which point the road turns to the S.E. A little further on is a chapel dedicated by the Grand Master Dieudonné de Gozo. I was told that an inscription in large characters had been recently found here, which had been concealed by the Turk to whom the field belongs.

A little further on we came to a cross-road pointing to the N.W. In the wall bounding this road on the right was part of a shaft of variegated marble, and in the same wall about three yards further on, the fragment of an inscription in blue marble, which appears to have been a dedication to Helios, or the Sun-god, by certain Rhodians. The last words of this fragment appear to refer to an earthquake. The inscription is in large letters of the Roman period.

At this point we turned out of the road into some fields on the left. Here were foundations of a Byzantine building, and a little further on two inscriptions near a ruined house and a palm-tree. One of these was on a block of blue marble 3 feet by 2 feet by 2 feet, and recorded the conferring of a crown of gold on Anaxibios, son of Pheidianax, by the people of Rhodes. The letters were of a good period. The block seems to have formed part of a large pedestal. The other inscription was a dedication in honour of one Timokrates, in fine letters on a square base of blue marble. On this spot are also two drums of tra-

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vertine columns. A few yards further to the S.W. are two drums of Doric columns 2 feet 9 inches in diameter, and apparently in their original position. They are of travertine which has been covered with stucco. The intercolumniation is 6 feet 3 inches. There are several more of these lying in the same line along a ridge which continues for 31 yards from N. to S. and marks the line of these columns.

To the W.N.W. of these remains is an artificial hollow with a terrace running round, which appears to be a stadium. The direction of this stadium is from N.N.E. by E. to S.S.W. by W. At the southern end it is curved, the other end being open.

Immediately to the north of the stadium is a ruined house with a well, at the side of which is a block of blue marble, 1 foot 7 inches wide by 1 foot 10 inches by 1 foot, on which is an inscription recording that the *demos* of the Lindopolitæ and the *phratria* (πάτρα) of the Druitæ had rewarded with a golden crown Eualkidas, son of Antilochos, in the priesthood of Antilochos.[74]

This block had been converted into a drinking-trough.

To the N.N.W. of the stadium is a platform levelled and cut into steps, and in the boundary-wall of a vineyard is the drum of a travertine column, about 5 feet 10 inches in diameter.

Biliotti thinks that this is in position, and remembers large Hellenic blocks on which it rests, and which are now covered with earth. It would seem from the form of the ground that the vineyard occupies the site of a temple about 59 paces long by

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45 broad. Its greatest length lies parallel with the stadium. Near this vineyard is a Turkish house, at the door of which is a square base of blue marble inscribed with a dedication to Apollo Pythios by Glykon, an Athenian, who held the office of *proxenos* or consul at Rhodes.

To the N.N.W. of the *stadium* a road cut through the rock leads to a higher platform, where is the drum of a column of calcareous stone 4 feet in diameter.

Near this cutting are some steps, also rough hewn.

A little to the east of the *stadium* is a great platform, where, perhaps, stood a temple of the Sun, as several inscriptions mentioning priests of this deity have been found near this spot.

It will be seen by the plan, that another road leads from the Turkish cemetery to the Acropolis, commencing a little to the north of the Amboise gate. This road passes over a little eminence, on which are three windmills. It was from this point that the cannon of Mahomet II. did great damage during the siege. Nearly parallel with this road may be traced very distinctly from the commencement of the slope to the windmills the line of an ancient way, indicated sometimes by the bed cut in the rock, and in one place by the massive kerbstones on one side. This road is marked in the Admiralty chart as a wall. On the south side of it rectangular foundations cut in the rock indicate the position of tombs. The windmills stand on masses of rock, the base of which has been cut into sepulchral chambers. On the north side of the windmills

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are two circular shafts, which probably lead to subterraneous tombs.

After passing the windmills, the traces of the ancient road become less distinct till they are lost on descending a slope crossed by a modern aqueduct. Its direction is N.W. to S.E.

After following out this road, we examined some tombs on the S.E. side of the Acropolis.

Here are some large subterranean chambers lined with stucco, and entered by a vertical shaft.

From an examination of this side of the Acropolis, I should infer that the strata of rock of which it is composed were originally scarped to a much greater depth than at present appears, the scarp having been filled up by the deposit of soil from above. In these scarps have been cut the entrances to tombs.

In one place south of the stadium is part of a monolithic tomb, on the face of which is a buckler cut in relief.

Crossing the Turkish cemetery in a direction south of the tower of St. Mary I came to a Turkish garden, where are six blocks of blue marble, all of which appear to be pedestals of statues. One of them was inscribed with a dedication by the people of Rhodes to Lucius Decrius and his wife Agrippina. In a courtyard a little to the W. of these marbles is a block of blue marble, now a water-trough, measuring 4 feet by 2 feet 9 inches by 2 feet 4 inches, on which are the remains of a dedication in fine letters, recording the names of victors in the Pythian, Isthmian, and Nemean games, and in the games called Halieia, celebrated at Rhodes in honour of the Sun-god.

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Below, in smaller characters, is the name of the sculptor, Theon of Antioch, by whom the object dedicated was made. The mention of Antioch proves that this inscription is of a date subsequent to Alexander the Great.

In the same courtyard is a pedestal of blue marble, 3 feet 9 inches by 2 feet by 2 feet 6 inches, with holes at the top for the feet of a statue. This is inscribed with the name Antisthenes, son of Architimos, priest of the Sun; below is the name of the sculptor, Onasiphron, son of Kleonaios, of Salamis.[75] In this field is a raised platform, about 63 paces long by 21 wide, on which a temple may have stood.

In an adjacent vineyard are many squared blocks built into the walls.

To the S.W. of St. Stephen's hill a platform extends along the shore, from the point where I noticed the angle made by the wall along the edge of the cliff. This platform is rather higher than St. Stephen's hill. On its W. and S. edge is a ridge, on the surface of which lie at intervals loose square blocks of no great size. This ridge, which follows the outline of the hill, marks the line of a wall for the defence of the platform; but from the small size of the blocks it may be inferred that this wall was not part of the main fortifications of the Acropolis. From the evidence of an inscription relating to Zeus Atabyrios found here, Ross and M. Guérin identify this platform as the hill which Arrian (Mithradat. c. 26) describes as easily scaled, and as having on the summit a temple of that Deity surrounded by a low wall. It was this hill that

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Mithradates sought to surprise by a night attack during his siege of Rhodes. The character of the site corresponds sufficiently with the description in Arrian. It is probable that Mithradates landed below, at about the same place as the Turks did in their expedition under Mahomet the Second.[76]

This platform overlooks a pleasant valley called Sandruli, where is an abundant source of water, overshadowed by planes, orange-trees, stone pines, and other trees. It was probably a favourite place of resort for the ancient Rhodians.

It is likely that tombs would be found on this platform, for on its S.E. side is a small marble cist, inscribed with the name of Timasikrates, the son of Bularchos, and another bearing the name of Euagoras, son of Damaratos. A road which seems to follow the line of an ancient road leads from Sandruli to the south of St. Stephen's Mount. On the right-hand side of this road, at the distance of five minutes' walk from Sandruli, is a hill, on the side of which is a block of white marble, 3 feet 6 inches long by 2 feet by 1 foot 7 inches, on two opposite faces of which are sculptured three bulls' heads. From the centre head hangs an ivy wreath; the other heads are crowned with myrtle.

On one face under the bulls' heads is a dedication in honour of Aristobulos of Termessos, and his wife Isigone of Ephesos. Both are styled on the marble benefactors; and it is stated that Aristobulos defrayed the expense of the *choregia* on bringing out some dramatic entertainment three times. Close to this block was another, similar in form and

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dimensions, on which it had probably been placed. These marbles seem to be part of a pedestal. A little higher up on the same hill is a square altar inscribed with the name of Xenobulos, son of Apollodotos.

At the foot of St. Stephen's hill, on the north, is a tannery, where may be seen several large blocks and drums of blue marble. Here is a natural fountain, and the site is not an unlikely one for a temple. A road passing this tannery runs on to the shore, crossing a bridge and then turning to the W. At the angle may be seen under the soil of the modern road courses of ancient squared blocks. This road leads to the village of Trianta.

It is probable that it follows the line of the ancient road but on a higher level, as much rock has fallen from the cliff above. All along the side of the road here the soil is full of fragments of pottery, and in one place is the entrance to a gallery cut in the rock, which points to the south, and may have been an aqueduct.

Between St. Stephen's hill and the harbours, inscriptions and other remains of the ancient city may be seen in various places; but such stray vestiges throw little or no light on the plan of the ancient city, and do not enable us to identify any one of its buildings. It is evident that, as Rhodes was strongly fortified, the Acropolis must have been connected with the harbours by walls enclosing a large area. What the direction of these walls was, cannot be determined without further evidence than we at present possess. It is probable

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that they included the quarter called Neo Maras, north of the present town, and the greater part of the sandy spit beyond, for the following reasons. On this shore, as will be seen by the Admiralty chart, No. 1637, are two rows of windmills, which converge towards the point of the spit, and run nearly parallel with its shores. Between the two last windmills on the western shore, that is to say those most distant from the point of the sandy spit, is a foundation cropping up through the sand on the edge of the sea.

On excavating here, I traced three lines of massive foundations, apparently the base of an oblong tower. The wall nearest the sea measured 26 yards, running N.N.E. by N. Another ran at right angles to it for 29½ yards, when it made a return. The opposite wall could only be traced for 15 yards. This foundation is composed of large blocks of conglomerate, 8 feet 6 inches wide. The length of the longest was 15 feet 10 inches. The depth of these blocks was 1 foot 7½ inches. The foundation facing the sea had on its outer face a step 1 foot 6 inches wide. This face has been worn smooth by the action of the sea. The two foundations running at right angles, were entirely concealed beneath sand and shingle, under which, as I advanced towards the windmills, I found ancient soil, with fragments of pottery. A little to the S.W. of these foundations is a rocky ridge running out into the sea, and forming a natural breakwater. Between the windmills and the French church is a swampy hollow, which during most part of the year is covered with

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water. Looking at the position of this lake relatively to the foundations on the shore, I am inclined to think that it must in ancient times have been a harbour. Indeed, I am assured by M. Ducci, the Russian vice-consul here, that he remembers to have heard from old inhabitants of Rhodes a tradition that a canal formerly connected this lake with the sea. If we suppose that another canal anciently communicated between this lake and Port Mandraki, ships would have been able to pass in and out without having to weather the sandy point. Such an hypothesis would give a more definite meaning to the rhetorical statement of Aristides (see *ante*, p. 148), that the harbours of Rhodes were arranged as if for the express purpose of receiving the ships of Ionia, as well as those of Caria, Cyprus, and Egypt. It may be observed that the row of windmills on the N.W. shore stands on a ridge running parallel with the edge of the sea. It is not improbable that this ridge marks the line of the wall of the ancient city, in which case the foundations uncovered by me may be those of a square tower. The margin of shore at the foot of this ridge has probably been thrown up, and the sandy spit prolonged by deposit from the sea since the time of the ancients.

It will be seen by comparing the plan of Rhodes, Plate 4, with the view, Plate 5, that Port Mandraki is separated from the great harbour by a narrow isthmus at the N.E. angle of the fortress.

Within this angle is a level area, covered with rich vegetable soil, and occupied by gardens.

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Through this area, which lies so low that it can only be seen from the battlements, it is supposed that a canal formerly led, connecting the great harbour with Port Mandraki.

From Strabo's description of the arsenals and dockyards at Rhodes, it may be inferred that there were interior basins, where galleys were built and refitted, and which probably were screened from observation by high walls. The level ground between Port Mandraki and the larger harbour may have served for such a basin. Between the tower of De Naillac and St. Catharine's gate, a small mole runs across the great harbour, behind which caiques are moored in shallow water. This mole may mark the ancient commencement of an inner basin.

The mole, at the extremity of which stands the tower of St. Nicholas, has been an Hellenic work. The lowest courses of the original masonry remain in several places undisturbed on the native rock, which has been cut in horizontal beds to receive them.

At the end of the mole, enormous blocks from the ancient breakwater lie scattered about.

Two of these are still in position, one above the other. As the celebrated bronze Colossus was, doubtless, a conspicuous sea-mark, if not actually used as a Pharos, my first impression on seeing these immense blocks was that they were the remains of its pedestal, and that it stood where the fort of St. Nicholas now stands. This opinion, suggested originally to my mind by the aspect of

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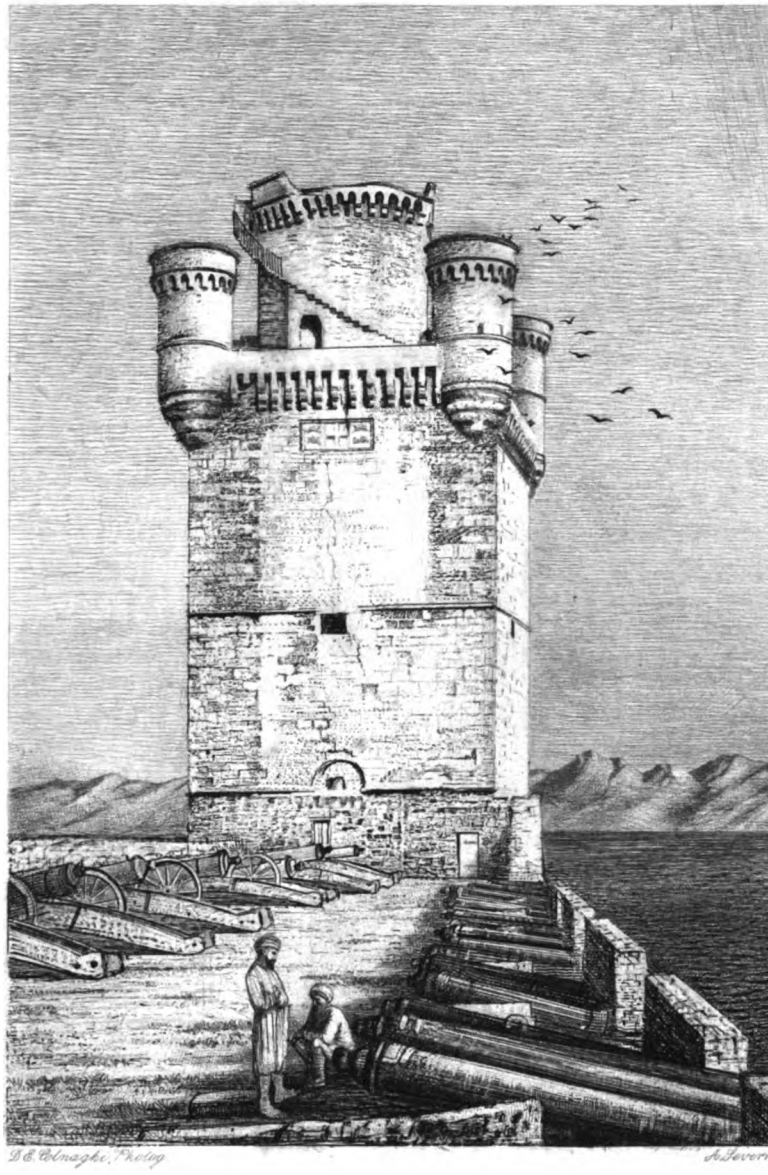

RHODES. DE NAILLAC TOWER

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the site itself, is corroborated by the testimony of Caoursin, the Vice-Chancellor of the Order, whose contemporary history of the first siege was printed at Ulm as early as 1496. When describing the building of Fort St. Nicholas, he states that it was placed in " molis vertice Septentrionem spectante—ubi priscis temporibus collosus ille ingens Rhodi (unum de septem miraculis mundi) positus erat."[77] On the other hand, it may be objected that from Pliny's account of the overthrow of the Colossus we may infer that it fell on the earth, whereas, if thrown down from the extremity of the mole, it could hardly fail to have fallen into the sea. It may, however, have been split open by the earthquake, and afterwards been hauled down, so as to fall along the mole. The notion that its legs bestrid the entrance to either harbour, as is commonly believed, is not based on any ancient authority.[78]

The mole of the great harbour on which the windmills stand is also an Hellenic work, with massive foundations, which, however, cannot be seen from the inside of the harbour. To the east of the great harbour is a small bay, called Archandia, protected on the east by a ridge of rock, on which, as has been already noticed, are the remains of an ancient mole. This bay is unsuited for a harbour, as it is exposed to the north, and contains rocks; but it may have served as a place of refuge for vessels beating up against a strong north wind.

So far as I have been able to ascertain, no foundations of ancient buildings have been discovered within the walls of the fortress; but it is probable

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that many temples and other public edifices stood within its precinct. The present Bazaar may occupy the place of the *Agora*. The ancient city was probably for the most part built of calcareous stone, covered with stucco; and the greater part of such materials would, in the course of ages, be broken up into rubble, and leave no trace by which they might now be recognized in the walls of more modern structures.

Very few ancient architectural marbles are now to be found in the Turkish town. In every direction, however, are to be seen small circular *cippi*, which, from the inscriptions they bear, seem to be, for the most part, the pedestals of Iconic statues. In a few instances, the name of the sculptor who executed the statue is recorded below that of the person represented. Many of these pedestals are probably sepulchral; and, being circular, and of no great bulk, they may have been easily transported from some distance. At present they serve as horse-blocks at the doors of the houses.

If ancient Rhodes contained, as Pliny states, 3,000 statues, the great number of these inscribed pedestals still extant is not surprising.

What were the limits of the ancient city on the south, we have no means of ascertaining. After passing through the Jewish cemetery outside the ramparts, we come to a belt of suburbs on that side, inhabited by Greeks, and enclosed with high garden walls, into which inscriptions and other ancient remains are built.

Beyond this suburb are rock-cut tombs extending

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for miles over the whole district between St. Stephen's hill and the eastern shore. Many of these tombs may be seen half-buried in the sand along the shore, between the suburb of St. John and the bed of a winter torrent which anciently flowed through an ample rock-cut channel to the sea. On the left side of this duct many Greek names have been cut on the scarped face of the rock. A bridge, the lower part of which is built of massive regular courses, and which appears to be Hellenic, crosses this stream, and doubtless marks the line of the ancient road leading to the city, with tombs on each side of it. A little further to the south is Symbulli, a most picturesque spot, with a fine fountain overshadowed by plane-trees. The grateful and refreshing shade of this spot, and the excellent quality of its water, make it a favourite place of resort for the Rhodiotes on their *jours de fête*, and it was probably not less frequented in antiquity. Near the basin into which the fountain flows, Ross noticed a fragment of an altar of white marble, nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot in diameter, on which has been a frieze of dancing figures, now nearly effaced. Symbulli is situated on the right bank of a ravine, at the point where it is crossed by an aqueduct, which was probably built by the Knights. The plane-trees are overlooked by a rocky ridge running from S.W. to N.E., which on both sides and at its north extremity is cut into steps.

Near Symbulli are a number of rock-cut tombs, one of which is locally known by the name, Tomb of the Ptolemies, for no other reason than that a coin

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of one of that dynasty is said to have been discovered on this site. This tomb has been engraved and described by Ross in his "Archäologische Aufsätze."[79]

It has been cut out of a small hill of sandstone situated between two ravines, which form the channels of winter torrents. The form of the tomb is a basement rather more than 88 feet square, and resting on three steps, above which has probably been a pyramid cut out of the rock. On each side of the basement are twenty-one engaged columns of very slender proportions. Their capitals are broken away; but, as they are without bases, they were probably Doric, though the shafts are not fluted. Ross calculates that their height, inclusive of the architrave, did not probably exceed 5 metres, with a diameter of 48 centimetres.

Large masses of the base lie at the foot of the monument, which have been broken away either by earthquakes or the undermining force of the torrent flowing below. Only the north side has been well preserved. On this side is the only entrance now to be found—a doorway between the fifth and sixth pillar from the N.W. angle, which leads into an antechamber, communicating with a second chamber, round which are long recesses for the reception of bodies. This chamber is rather more than 22 feet long, and about 14½ feet wide. It has long since been plundered of its contents, and contains no fragment of sarcophagi or other sepulchral remains. It is evident, from the position of these chambers, that they occupy only one-fourth of the whole area

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of the basement; and as there is no sign that the tomb has ever been opened in any other part, it is possible that, if the ruins round the base were cleared away, other chambers might be disclosed. The upper part of this monument is now covered with earth, on which trees are growing, and it is possible that an earthen mound may have been originally heaped over it; but from the analogy of similar monuments, I am inclined to think that it was surmounted by a pyramid.

With regard to the age of this monument, there is no sure evidence to guide us. Ross thinks that it may be a work of the later Hellenic period; at the same time he observes with truth that its design has more affinity with Oriental, and especially with Phœnician, than with purely Greek types.

Between this tomb and St. Stephen's hill, and for a considerable distance to the south of Symbulli, are a succession of low table-lands, formed of tertiary limestone and sandstone, out of which vast quantities of building materials have been quarried by the ancients; and all through this district tombs are to be met with—mostly plain sepulchral chambers, long since rifled of their contents.

Ross thinks that the walls of the ancient city enclosed much of this waste land, and he met with traces of them in several places at the distance of an hour and a half from the modern town. The massive materials of which these walls were composed have long since disappeared, and were probably employed by the Knights to build their fortress with. On the other hand, the form of the ground

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has probably been much changed by the severe earthquakes to which Rhodes has been from time to time subjected; so that, though it cannot quite be said of this once famous city, *etiam periere ruinæ*, its site is far less striking than that of most Hellenic cities from the absence of marked and definite features.

I feel, therefore, that the few disconnected facts which I have here noted down are of little present interest; though they may, perhaps, aid future travellers in exploring the ancient topography of Rhodes.

XIV.

RHODES, *May* 4, 1853.

A FEW days ago, I started with M. Ducci, the Russian Vice-Consul, to pay a visit to the monastery of Zambika, five hours distant from Rhodes, on the south coast of the island, where the inhabitants of the adjoining village of Archangelo were celebrating their Easter, called λαμπρή by the Greeks. On our arrival, we were ushered into a spacious courtyard full of peasants. In the middle of the crowd was the only ecclesiastic in the monastery, an old gentleman with a venerable beard, a long gown, a black cap, such as we see in pictures of the 15th century, and a staff in his hand. (See Plate 12.) He came forward and gave us a hospitable welcome, making an attempt to salute me with a kiss on each cheek;

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Plate 22

THE ARCHIMANDRITE NIKANDROS

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our beards met, crossed bayonets, and then retreated; and I could not help feeling that nature had done well in giving us this outwork as a defence against a very ancient, but rather disagreeable custom.

The Archimandrite Nikandros—who received us with this patriarchal salute—is a man who seems worthy of a less obscure position than he now occupies. He was educated by the celebrated Kairÿ, a priest, who had the boldness to attack the corruptions of the Greek Church, and who was rewarded, like all premature reformers, with a prison, in which he ended his days. Nikandros, though he has escaped the fate of his master, has, however, suffered much persecution from the Greek clergy; he kept a school at Scio, but gave it up because the Archbishop interfered with the teaching, and wished to exclude all the classical authors and to substitute the Fathers.

The monastery of Zambika, where Nikandros lives, is a lonely place where an anchorite might have dwelt; and the simplicity of his way of life is in perfect keeping with this secluded spot. The classical purity of his Greek forms a striking contrast with the *patois* of the peasants round him: he has a small library of ancient authors, with which he appeared to be well acquainted.

The monastery where Nikandros dwells, though now only tenanted by one monk—its Hegumenos, or prior—is a large building, serving, like the temple among the ancient Greeks, as a place of gathering, or *panegyris*, for the surrounding district.

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When we looked round the quadrangle, I saw a picturesque and curious scene. The whole population of several villages were gathered together in the open air, their mules picketed outside; each family provided with its own cooking apparatus. They were all dressed in the picturesque costume which is still to be met with in those islands of the Archipelago where the tasteless printed calicoes of Manchester have not yet superseded the native products of the spinning-wheel and the loom.

The Rhodian peasants, both male and female, wear snow-white dresses spun and woven by their own hands, from flax grown on their own soil. Nothing can be more beautiful than the effect of this white drapery in the strong sunlight, set off by the contrast of tawny weatherbeaten limbs and faces.

I was so struck with the costume of the women that I did nothing but fix my eyes upon them; whereat my friend, the Russian Vice-Consul, growing alarmed, told me to reserve my observations till they began to dance, when I might look on without being remarked, as he was afraid that the men might not understand the motive of my scrutiny. I was rather amused at this caution, for so far as personal beauty was concerned, I never beheld women less attractive. As soon as they saw me take out my note-book to describe the scene, they gathered round me, like minnows round a crumb of bread, and on every side I heard the cries of Τί γράφει,—"What is he writing?" When I ex-

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plained that I was taking notes of their dresses, an aged crone stepped forward on behalf of her sex, and initiated me into the arcana of Rhodian toilette with a frankness which left nothing for the imagination.

A Rhodian *contadina* may be thus described: her head is covered with a Fez cap of red cloth; outside which a shawl is wound round the crown of the head; outside the shawl again a muslin veil hangs down from the back of the neck in true antique style, with an inner veil appearing underneath it. On the front of the head is a gold or silver ornament of a triangular form fastened to the shawl; in the centre is a large garnet, and from the base of the triangle hang ornaments, suspended by little chains. This kind of ornament is clearly of Byzantine origin.[80] So much for the head-dress.

With regard to the rest, the innermost garment is a shift, falling nearly to the ancles; then comes a garment without sleeves, reaching about half-way down the leg, under the skirt of which the edge of a pair of trousers is just visible. Over this is worn a jacket with sleeves. Round the waist is a girdle, loosely and gracefully tied, though I cannot say that it had any of the magic influence which Homer attributed to the cestus of Venus.

Quaint Turkish slippers, turned up at the toes, and clean white stockings complete this dress, in which, as in most things in the Archipelago, there is a mixture of classical and Turkish fashions.

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The general material was white cloth, edged with a border worked by the hand with patterns very like those of the old Greek borders. These borders were generally red and blue. One petticoat was sometimes of silk of a bright colour. The outer petticoat was gathered in at the waist, so as to be full of plaits, a fashion very usual in the early Greek sculpture. Down the side of this garment was a perpendicular stripe of embroidery, meeting the border of the skirt at right angles: this stripe, which occurs constantly in the costume of figures on Greek vases, was called by the ancients *paruphe.*

I next saw the people of Archangelo dance. The whole village, men and women, joined hand in hand and danced round a fiddler in the centre of an irregular crescent. The fiddle, still called λύρα, was of a most ancient form, such as is to be found on the very late Pagan and early Christian sarcophagi. It is played with a bow, from which hang little bells. The fiddler was a very curious figure, who accompanied his music with quaint contortions: like Tyrtæus, he was lame. The music was an incessant, monotonous repetition of the same tune, to which the feet of the whole chorus beat time with marvellous precision. The step was a very simple one,—two side steps, the left foot first, then the right foot advanced once; this simple movement repeated eternally. The only merit of the dance consists in the perfect regularity with which the *corps de ballet* is drilled. This dance is called *Rhoditikos choros;* but I am told that it is

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borrowed from Crete. Possibly it has been derived from one of those military dances for which the Cretans were celebrated in antiquity. Within the regular hand-in-hand crescent of dancers one or two men appeared from time to time at the side of the fiddler, joining with him in very grotesque antics, in which an enthusiastic Phil-Hellene might discern the tradition of the mimetic dances of the ancients.

In the early part of the morning the picture of the Panagia was brought out of the church and exposed to the gaze and kisses of the multitude for more than an hour. I should think she would require a new coat of varnish next week. The old lady who had taken such pains to analyze her costume for me, when she had finished her explanations said: "Now I expect you to give something to the Panagia," and, taking me by the hand, led me up to the great goggle-eyed picture, which I did not kiss, compounding for this ceremony by a liberal dole of piasters.

In the church I saw people sticking gold coins with wax on the faces of the saints: this custom has been handed down from Pagan times, for it is described by Lucian.[81]

On going down to the village of Archangelo, we found it nearly empty of its inhabitants. After seeing a Greek village on the day of a festival, one can understand those stories in antiquity of towns being taken by surprise, the enemy marching in while the inhabitants were engaged at a festival in the neighbouring temple. I saw here a large church, which had just been built. The roof was formed

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by intersecting Gothic vaults solidly built of stone. The *templum*, as the east end is called, was separated from the rest of the church by a lofty rood-loft covered with elaborate carving in very bad taste. I inquired where they had found money to build such a church, and was told that it was the result of contributions in kind, the peasants having severally given so many days' labour, and the building materials having in like manner been furnished by the richer inhabitants. It was doubtless by similar free gifts that such magnificent churches and abbeys were built in the Middle Ages, in spite of difficulties of communication and a most imperfect development of commercial credit. The tradition of the Gothic style seems to have been retained at Rhodes since the time of the Knights.

I had so many questions to ask the priest, that I stayed in the church till I was roused by a warning cry from without of *Psylli, psylli*, "Fleas, fleas;" and looking down, saw my trousers covered with files of black monster fleas, who were storming me by escalade. I dashed down the leaders with my hands; but they continued to crawl in such quantities that I should have been devoured without the assistance of the good-natured peasants, who laughed excessively. They explained to me, that as the whole population had been on their knees for several days in the church, it very naturally swarmed with fleas, whom even the Archangel himself (to whom the church is dedicated) had no power to excommunicate.

At Archangelo is a castle built by the Knights

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RHOLES "INTERIOR OF PEASANT'S HOUSE

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overlooking the village and commanding an extensive view. On a tablet on the N.E. wall I copied part of an inscription in Gothic letters.

y fut
Castel
Signor fra
mgr̄e maistre

On the N. wall were four escutcheons of the Knights.

On our way back we slept at a village near Rhodes called Koskino, one of the cleanest and most flourishing in the island. Here most of the inhabitants are muleteers, and own a little land besides. They are a thriving, active, fine-grown set of men, good specimens of the peasant proprietor.

Externally the house of the Rhodian peasant much resembles those in the villages of Malta. It is built of squared blocks of freestone, the door on one side, and very high up under the roof two small windows. The roof is flat, and supported inside by one large arch traversing the whole width of the house. The ceiling is made of reeds, over which outside is a thick bed of earth, which intercepts the fiercer rays of the sun, and, if duly rolled, keeps out the winter rain.

Internally, the house forms one large room very destitute of furniture. (See Plate 13.) In one corner is the nuptial bed, raised high above the floor on a kind of platform; in another corner the fireplace. The wall opposite the door is ornamented with an imposing array of plates of the old Lindos ware, each hung by a string. They are for ornament, not for use, and form part of the dower which every

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bride brings with her. The designs of these plates are generally floral patterns; the fabric seems similar to that of the Italian Majolica, though coarser in material and execution. The designs are so Persian in character, that it has been thought by some archæologists that these plates were all imported from the East to Rhodes. There is, however, reason to believe that the greater part of those still existing in the island are of native manufacture, for on some of them are escutcheons with heraldic bearings. Below these plates a string stretches right across the wall; from it hang embroidered napkins wrought with very good taste by the women of the place; below these ornamental hangings is a row of large cupboards, containing various household implements. In another corner hangs the bread-basket, which is a large tray made of reeds, suspended from the ceiling, so as to be quite out of the way of all animals. Arriving just after Easter-day, we saw the Easter bread which had just been made, and which lasts as a stock for many weeks: it is in form like a ring. On another wall was a horizontal string, from which depended the Sunday clothes of both men and women, all beautifully embroidered and scrupulously clean. On one side of the fireplace I noticed a round earthen pot shaped like a bushel, in which the forks and spoons are kept; and hence this is called *kyttalotheke*,—κυτταλοθήκη.

The mortar is still called ἴγδη, pronounced γδη; the pestle χέρι, or the hand.

The implements of spinning are unchanged from antiquity. The spindle is still called ἄτρακτο; the iron

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hook at the top, ἀγκινάρι; the round part or whirl at the bottom, σπονδύλη; the distaff round which the cotton is wound is called ῥουκα, probably from the Italian *rocca*.

We arrived at Koskino at the end of a feast, and found the beginning of a fray. I saw the knife brandished high in the air, but there was no great harm done. Half the village took part in the original quarrel; the turbans were rolled in the gutters; at last, out came the women to drag their husbands and children out of the *mêlée*.

"What does it concern us, Chellebi," said my philosophic muleteer; "it is the Sultan's business, not ours, to look after the lives and safety of his subjects. Let them stick knives into each other if they will;" a most Levantine sentiment. This village being much nearer Rhodes than Archangelo, it was curious to see how the indirect influence of European civilization was spoiling the costume. The Manchester printed cotton blended its tawdry patterns with the simple, classical colours of the original island dress. There was, too, a corresponding change in the manners of the people: they danced, but the scene was less idyllic.

XV.

RHODES, *May* 12, 1853.

I HAVE just returned from an excursion, in which I was accompanied by a Koskiniote muleteer, named Panga, a sort of Rhodian Gil Blas, witty,

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clever, ready to turn his hand to anything, good or bad. The shrewd, roguish twinkle in his eye told me at once that he would be an admirable *mezzano* in purchasing antiquities from the peasants. He is an excellent cook, and a very agreeable companion to any one who knows Greek.

Our first object was to pay a visit to Lindos, the site of that most ancient city which traded with Egypt long before Rhodes was founded, and which is mentioned by Homer in the same line in which he records the names of Ialysos and Kamiros. Our road lay along the south-eastern shore of the island. We slept the first night at our muleteer's village, Koskino, and started for Lindos at 5 a.m. the next morning. For the first three hours of our route we kept along the sea-shore, passing over a barren sandy country, thrown into fantastic shapes by earthquakes. At 8 a.m. we turned a little inland along an ancient road cut in the rock. Between this pass and the sea there is a high craggy mountain. After traversing this pass, we entered a more hilly country, passing on our left the village of Archangelo, and on our right the ruins of a fortress called Pollanda. At four and a half hours' distance from Koskino, we crossed the last ridge of hills, and descended into a plain, in which is the village of Mallona, surrounded by fertile gardens, planted with orange, lemon, fig, pomegranate, and walnut trees. From this village the road keeps along a level shore till within a short distance of Lindos, to which we ascended by a steep and broken road, flanked by tombs on each side. The town

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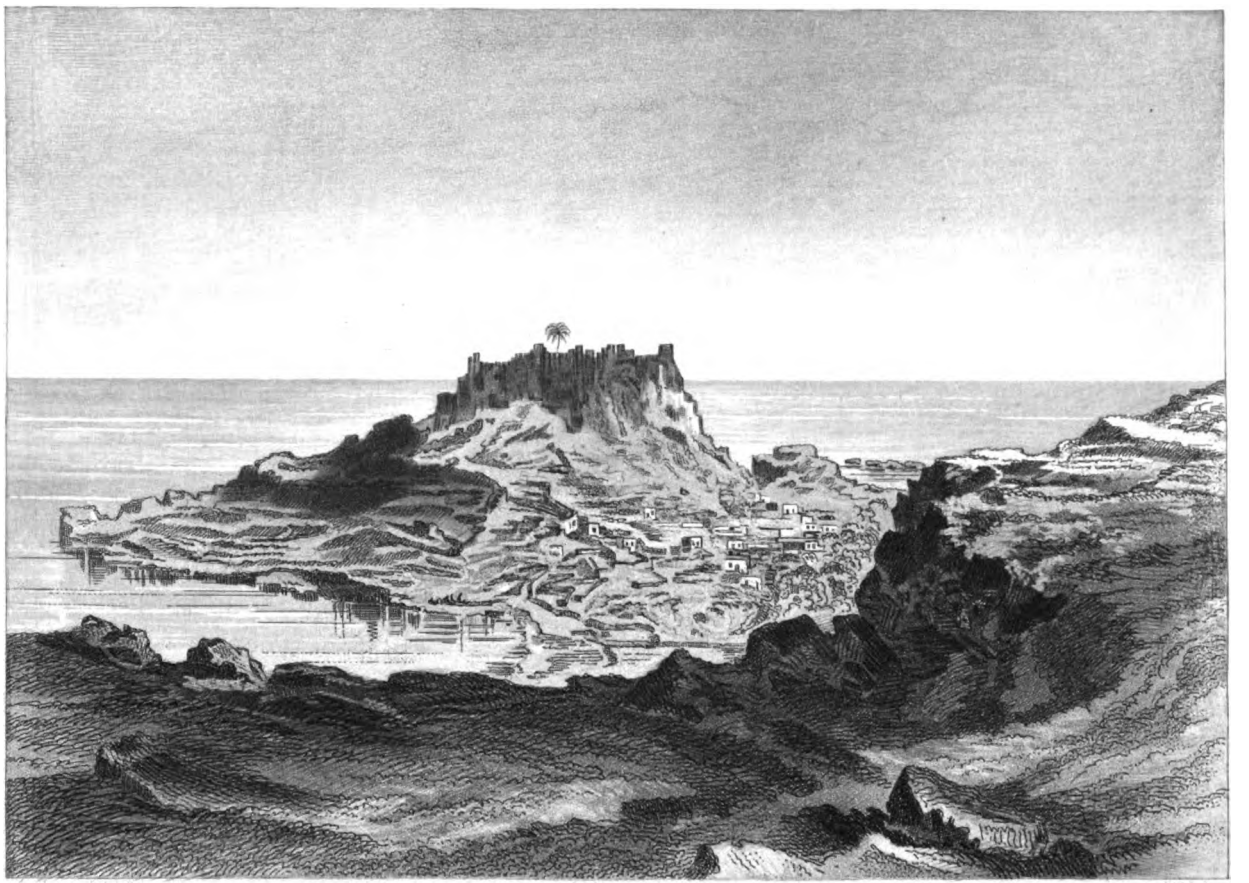
Plate 14



RHODES LINDOS

London. Published by Jas. W. Son, 1[illegible] to the Queen

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is beautifully situated on the base and side of a rock, on the summit of which the ancient Acropolis stood, and which is now crowned by a mediæval castle, built by the Knights. This rock is part of a headland jutting out towards Egypt, and makes a very conspicuous sea-mark on the southern coast. From the centre of the castle walls rises a tall palm-tree, the feathery lightness of which forms a striking contrast to the stern and massive battlements from which it springs. In the castle are some apartments ornamented with the remains of landscapes painted in fresco, and inscribed with Gothic legends; the *fleur-de-lys* of France is sculptured over one of the chimney-pieces. On the walls of one of the rooms are the arms of the Order, and of the Grand Master D'Amboise.

Lindos is full of specimens of the architecture of the Knights. The streets are most picturesque, with arched passages thrown across them. The houses, though more than three centuries old, are fresh as if built yesterday; and it is curious that in this obscure corner of the Turkish empire we have as well preserved specimens of the military architecture of Europe in the 15th century as perhaps anywhere in Europe itself. The Turks have here, as at Rhodes, done little injury to the buildings left by the Knights. The principal church is Byzantine, with a cupola. At the west end is a bell-tower added by the Knights of St. John, with the arms of one of their Order sculptured on the wall; the walls and vaulted roof inside are covered with frescoes representing Christian legends. On the

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wooden screen which separates the *templum*, or chancel, from the church, are two curious paintings; one representing our Saviour, the other the Virgin with the infant Christ in her arms. The Saviour holds a book in his hand. Under this picture is the following inscription in Byzantine Greek.

"Remember also thy servant George and his wife."

The letters are in brass, ornamented with a kind of *fleur-de-lys*. The features are coarsely shaded. The face of the Christ has probably been repainted. The eyebrows of the Virgin meet. The *nimbi*, extremities, and dress of these figures, and the book held by the Saviour, are relieved in metal, which appeared to be silver-gilt.

From the style of the painting and metallurgy, I should infer that these pictures were perhaps of as early a period as the 12th century, though it is very difficult to judge of Greek paintings in churches, as they are constantly renewed and beautified, to repair the damages sustained by the intense kissing they go through at the feasts.

On one of the walls of this church is a fresco representing a number of angels playing on musical instruments; a figure is lying down, to whom they are ministering.

On the south side is a rude relief, of Roman times, representing a palm-tree, above which is a rosette.

Within the castle are many marbles from the ancient Acropolis, among which are a number of inscriptions discovered and published by Ross. They contain numerous dedications to Athene

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Lindia and Zeus Polieus.[83] Near the governor's house is a piece of wall which Ross recognized as part of the *cella* of a Doric temple. Fragments of its architecture still remain *in situ*. On the S.E. side of the Acropolis, and on its highest point, is the wall of another temple, built on the very edge of the precipitous rock, and hence incorporated in the subsequent wall built by the Knights round their castle. Ross found very few traces of the architecture of this temple, but supposes that it was Doric, like the other. He thinks that the temple on the summit of the Acropolis must from its commanding position have been that of Athene Lindia, who from the evidence of the inscriptions found here seems to have occupied a higher place in the worship of Lindos than Zeus, with whom her name is associated in these dedicatory inscriptions. The temple of Athene Lindia was of remote antiquity; its foundation was attributed in Greek legend to Danaos and his daughters. Many precious and celebrated works of art were stored up here as votive offerings, the earliest of which were ascribed to the mythic period. Here were shown a brazen caldron inscribed with Phœnician characters and dedicated by Cadmus, and the model in electrum of a female breast, the offering of Helen on her return from Troy; here in the 5th century B.C., Amasis, king of Egypt, dedicated two marble statues and a cuirass of linen, a masterpiece of textile art; and here, in letters of gold, was preserved a copy of the ode in which Pindar has immortalized the Olympic victory of the Rhodian Diagoras.[84]

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The temple of which Ross discovered the remains, and which probably occupies the original site consecrated to Athene, was of very small dimensions, its scale being intermediate between that of the Erectheum and the Temple of Victory at Athens.

The site of the ancient theatre is south of the Acropolis. Most of the seats are cut out of the native rock, and face the S.E.; sixteen rows remain on one side; on the opposite side, the seats must have been constructed with masonry.

Immediately to the west of the theatre is the *peribolos* of an ancient temple, described both by Hamilton and Ross, and which we found in a fair state of preservation.

The walls are of blue limestone. Within this precinct is a chapel, dedicated to St. Stephen, antecedently to which a Byzantine church on a larger scale probably occupied this site. On a square block lying here is an inscription, dedicated by a priest of Apollo and Artemis.[84]

To the west of the town are the remains of the interesting rock tomb, of which a view is given as the frontispiece to Ross's Travels, vol. iii. It consisted originally of a large sepulchral chamber cut in the native freestone rock, with oblong recesses, *thecæ*, cut in the sides for the reception of the dead bodies. Externally the tomb has been cut in the form of a Doric façade with engaged columns, the centre part of which is now broken away. Above this façade the rock is cut so as to form a level platform, on which have been placed a number of round sepulchral cippi, ornamented with bulls' heads and

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festoons. One of these seems to be still in position; four others are lying on the ground in front of the tomb.

Ross considers that this Doric façade is of the Macedonian period: it is very similar in character to some of the Hellenic tombs in Lycia.[85]

After leaving Lindos we rode along the shore towards Jannathi. At half an hour's distance from Lindos, we found some ancient quarries and tombs cut in the rock. After riding for an hour and a half more, we came to a place called Peukona at the end of a pine forest, where there is a heap of grey marble lying together so as to form a mound, probably the remains of a watch-tower. I noticed on the ground here an altar with festoons, and part of a cippus of grey marble; but no inscriptions. From this place to Jannathi I continued to note at intervals ancient remains along the shore. I noticed in this part of my route cattle of a very beautiful and classical form; the bulls had a slight hump, not so marked as the Indian bull's, and were finely modelled about the forehead. These bulls are said to be partially wild. The peasants of Rhodes call them *ταῦροι*, whereas the usual name for oxen is *βόδι*.

Keeping along the shore, we got to Jannathi,[86] distant about five hours to the south of Lindos. This village is a very miserable one, but the peasants were building a fine new church. Thence we crossed over a mountain-ridge to Apolakkia on the W. coast, where I had heard that some inscriptions had been found. The island is narrow here, and

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destitute of cultivation, with very few villages. On our right we saw Mount Atabyron, which on this side appears a bleak and naked mass, treeless, except at its base. On our left was Mesanagros.[87] Near Apolakkia, at the distance of a quarter of an hour from the village, are the remains of a church called Agia Irene, which had just been dug up. Among the ruins were several columns and slabs of white marble, which appeared to be Byzantine of the 11th or 12th century. On one of the slabs I found a long inscription very legible. It contains a decree of the people of Netteia, which doubtless must have been a city in Rhodes, though I can find no trace of it elsewhere. The inscription also mentions a religious society called Euthalidæ, and several other curious particulars. I tried to buy this marble, and had completed the purchase with the προεστώς, or primate; but alas! I was thwarted by the priest of the village, who forbade the bargain; so I went away sorrowing, and on my return to Rhodes, addressed myself to the Archbishop, who promises to get me the stone in consideration of a small sum to be paid as a present to the church.

There is a castle at Apolakkia very roughly built, in the walls of which is an escutcheon of the Knights of Rhodes; but the masonry appears rather Turkish than Christian. Tobacco, cotton, and corn are grown here. From this place we went along the shore northward, through a barren country to Monolithos, distant two hours. About halfway we passed a vast landslip stretching down to the shore: from this spot to Monolithos we remarked many frag-

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ments of pottery and traces of ancient buildings. The country seems to have been much disturbed by earthquakes. At a quarter of an hour from the village of Monolithos is a castle of the Knights, perched on the top of an isolated rock overlooking the sea. The name of the village, Μονόλιθος, "all marble," is derived from this rock.[88] The situation of this fortress and its name reminded me of the village in Mytilene called Petra, from being perched in like manner on the top of a rock. The walls of this castle are roughly built. Within it is a chapel, in which I found a number of frescoes covered with cobwebs, which appeared to be Italian of the 15th century. They contained many figures of saints and armorial bearings of the Knights. Outside this chapel were two saucers of Lindos ware let into the south wall, a fashion very common in Italy. The arms of the Grand Master D'Aubusson appear among the decorations.

On a hill a little N. of the village, are the ruins of a square Hellenic tower, built of unwrought stones, with hewn lintels and door-jambs. We could trace out the foundations: the door-jambs with holes for the bolts are still standing. The length of the W. wall is 43 feet. On the S. side, the wall can be traced for 33 feet. North-east of this tower are the remains of another building. The W. wall of this measured 47 feet 8 inches, the N. side 39 feet 9 inches. These walls are built of large blocks of stone. One of the largest blocks is 6 feet 5 inches in length by 1 foot 10 inches in thickness.

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Within this outer enclosure is an inner line of wall 24 feet 2 inches on the W. side: the foundations appear to be a square within the outer square.

From Monolithos we went to Siana, along the foot of Mount Akramytis, which runs towards the sea in a S.W. direction, and of which the height, according to the Admiralty chart, is 2,706 feet. At Siana I found another castle of the Knights, and evident remains of an Hellenic city.

About ten minutes to the N.W. of the village, on the side of a hill, was a rectangular basement, composed of large marble blocks of Hellenic masonry. The longest side, running N. and S., measured 10 feet 10 inches. One of the blocks was 7 feet 8 inches by 2 feet 8 inches by 1 foot 6 inches. Near this spot I observed a piece of Hellenic wall. Nearer the village was a stone seat cut in the rock, and by the side of it two steps, originally part of the same rock, but separated from it by a chasm. On the other side of the seat is a raised platform, with a deep groove at the side. The chasm between the seat and steps seemed caused by an earthquake. The platform reminded me of the *bema* in the Athenian Pnyx.

On this site are remains of rock tombs which seem to have been disturbed by an earthquake. A few yards higher up the hill was a large block of stone, 5 feet 7 inches by 3 feet 4 inches. In the centre of the block was a socket, 1 foot 10 inches by 1 foot 3 inches square.

About twenty minutes to the E. of the village, on the side of the hill, exactly facing the castle, I found traces

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of an Hellenic burial-ground. Fragments of large jars were lying about, such as I saw dug up by Mr. Calvert in the Hellenic cemetery near the Dardanelles. At the distance of about a quarter of an hour eastward of this spot I came to a small ruined church called Kyrà. Here are squared stones from some ancient building, and columns lying in the church. In the gateway is a sepulchral inscription. The ground was strewn with fragments of pottery; whence this site is called Kerami. Advancing in the same eastward direction, I came to two more ruined churches, Agios Georgios and Aprasu, between which is the foundation of a great ancient wall, running N. and S. down the hill. Near it lie two colossal crouched lions half-buried in the ground. Their heads are broken off; their present length is about 5 feet 9 inches; they are very coarsely sculptured out of the blue marble of the district, and are probably from the entrance to a tomb. Inside the little church Aprasu is an Hellenic aqueduct, running from E. to W. and broken open here. It is covered with large slabs well squared, and is lined with blocks of calcareous stone.

One of the covering slabs measures 3 feet 8 inches by 2 feet 7 inches in width by 13 inches in depth. The aqueduct appears to terminate in a small well at the E. end of the church; but this well appears to have been made in Christian times. In a vineyard below the aqueduct are many squared blocks, and the surface of the field is strewn with pottery. It is evident that some Hellenic city, not yet identified, stood on or near the site of Siana.

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This is a wild country; the women are all shepherdesses. Colnaghi, who had never seen a live shepherdess before, was very much disappointed when he saw these gaunt creatures striding along in great jack-boots, with drapery which appeared to him no better than a smock-frock, but in which I discovered a grand Phidiac composition of folds.

In the evening we had a dance in the open air; the elders and matrons all sat round a semicircular wall, some on the stone seat at the bottom, some on the top of the wall. It was moonlight; a wood fire in the centre of the dance cast its flickering light on the scene, which was most picturesque. I sat in the middle on the chair of state, and the primate of the village did me the honour of bringing me his own pipe, a particularly dirty one. The inhabitants were very kind, hospitable people, full of friendship and fleas.

I was so fortunate as to meet with at Siana the rare silver coin of Hidrieus, Prince of Caria, which I purchased for twelve piasters, or rather more than two shillings. While staying here I visited some ruins on the shore at a spot called Basilika, to the N.W. of Siana. Our road skirted the north side of Mount Akramytis, having Atabyron on the right. Thence we turned to the west, and came in sight of the sea. Descending towards the shore, we came to a place called Stellio, where is a rock with three square apertures cut in it, probably tombs. A little further on, we passed on the right the ruins of a tower of Hellenic masonry, the W. side of which measured 34 feet 10 inches, and the S. side 29 feet

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10 inches. This place is called Marmaroulia. On our way we examined a hill called Agios Phokas, which is covered with brushwood. Ascending this hill, I found it fortified by a wall of polygonal masonry, within which were the foundations of an oblong cella or temple, 39 feet by 18 feet 8 inches. At the south end of this enclosure, a female statue lay as it had fallen, by the side of its base: it has been about 10 feet high, and is sculptured in white marble. The figure is draped to the feet. The sculpture is in a good style, but too much destroyed to be worth removing: the arms are wanting, and the body is in two pieces. Several smaller fragments of sculpture were lying about. The base is 4 feet 2 inches by 3 feet 7 inches. In the northern part of the enclosure was a large block 6 feet 3 inches long, and 2 feet ½ inch wide, lying parallel with the end walls. It has at one end oblong holes for clamps.

On the W. side of the hill the wall of the Acropolis is an exceedingly fine specimen of polygonal masonry, extending in length 100 feet: the present height is 8 feet 9 inches. The largest of the blocks in this wall measured 4 feet 7 inches by 4 feet 1 inch.

On examining the masonry, I noticed that on several of the largest blocks the face of the stone had been hatched with lines forming bands of lozenges, chevrons, and other patterns, in which were plain traces of red colour.[89]

These ornaments were very similar to those which occur on the archaic Greek fictile ware, fragments of which have been found at Mycenæ and Tiryns,

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and which has been, therefore, referred with much probability to a remote antiquity.[90]

On the east the fine polygonal masonry ceases, and the wall is built of rough unhewn stones.

The summit of Agios Phokas commands an extensive view of the shore and adjacent islands. The whole coast is seen from Cape Monolithos to Castellos. On the right is a promontory called Yamurtos, behind which is Castellos; on the left, the promontory locally known as Armanistes, but called in the Admiralty Chart, Cape Monolitho.

Basilika is situated on a low hill, separated from Agios Phokas by a valley. The ruins here consist of the foundations of a number of houses built with square rough hewn blocks of Hellenic masonry. Ross considers these foundations as the remains of a mediæval village built of ancient materials; a supposition which is not improbable. One of these houses measured 35 feet 3 inches by 38 feet 2 inches. The doorway was in width 4 feet 11 inches; it had an upright stone jamb on either side. The masonry of these houses was very like that of the foundations within the fortress at Chigri, in the Troad. (See *ante*, p. 129.) I could not discover traces of any wall round these ruins.

From Basilika we went to a place on the shore marked Kamera in the Admiralty Chart. Here is a ruined modern village. Below, on the shore, was a square tower, which I did not examine.[91]

From Kamera we retraced our steps to Siana by a different route nearer Akramytis, and passed by some more Hellenic ruins on a hill called Campanis,

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on our left. Here were foundations of houses and walls, and an ancient well. A little further on we passed on our left a hill called Kemisalla, where are also some Hellenic walls. From this spot the road led straight to Marmaroulia, the spot already noticed when we branched off in going from Siana to Agios Phokas. The N.E. end of Akramytis seen from this road presents a curious study for geologists; some of the strata being vertical, others twisted and curled round like volutes.

Having heard of some other ancient remains in the neighbourhood of Siana, I determined to explore them. At about an hour's distance to the N., near the foot of Mount Atabyron, is a place called Agros, where is an angle remaining from a *peribolos* of Hellenic masonry. One wall running N.E. and S.W. is continuous for 29 feet, and may be traced in the same direction for 73 feet, where the corresponding angle has been carried away by mountain torrents. The other walls of this enclosure may also be traced at intervals. The height of the wall at the angle is 12 feet; the blocks are about 3 feet 9 inches by 1 foot 10 inches. There are traces of an inner wall running parallel with the outer enclosure.

From Agros, turning nearly east, we rode for half an hour along the side of Atabyron, having Akramytis on our right, till we came to a ruined church called Hepta Amartias. In the walls are squared Hellenic blocks, and a sepulchral cippus with festoons. Thence we proceeded to a hill called Castello, about an hour south of Hepta Amartias, where

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I noticed traces of several walls. An Hellenic hill fortress probably stood here.

After these excursions we proceeded homewards along the skirts of Mount Atabyron, which here comes down almost into the sea, bulging out into great buttresses and spurs, so as hardly to leave room for the road, which is cut in places out of the solid rock. It is a barren, shapeless mountain on this side, very much less picturesque than the mountains of Mytilene, but exceeding them in its height, which, according to the Admiralty Chart, is 4,068 feet. I regret that I had not time to ascend to the summit to see the interesting remains of the temple of Zeus Atabyrios, which still exist there, and which are described by Hamilton, Ross, and Guérin.[93] The ancient name of this mountain is now pronounced Atayros. We continued to clamber over the picturesque road, below which deep ravines thinly clad with pines ran down to the sea, till we came to Embonas, a village where is excellent wine. It is curious that the name ἄμβων is mentioned by the ancients as a Rhodian word, denoting a particular kind of steep mountain-ascent, very applicable to the country of Embonas.[93]

Close to Embonas, at a place called Koutzara, are a number of squared Hellenic blocks lying near the ruins of an old church. At the distance of rather more than an hour to the North is an ancient wall on a hill called Kitala. A little to the N.W. of Embonas is Castellos, where is a castle on the shore, perched on a steep rock. The village is a poor one. Between Castellos and Siana is a church called Panagia

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Amarto, where I noticed a fragment of a Greek painted vase. Between this church and the sea is a square tower in ruins, built with mortar.

After passing Embonas the coast gradually widens; the road passes through a country rather dishevelled by earthquakes, and covered with wheat; then into the rich garden-like strip of coast, which extends with intervals of barrenness to Rhodes. Here the palm-tree once more greeted our eyes in the landscape. We passed Villa Nova, where there is a stately old castle built by the Knights, and close to it a fine fountain, where the ample shade of plane-trees invites the traveller to halt and rest. The fountain is supplied by an aqueduct cut in the native rock, with square apertures in the sides to admit air. Thence we proceeded to Rhodes.

Altogether I was very much pleased with this little expedition. The manners of the peasantry at Rhodes are very frank and obliging. The women have none of the affected prudery which distinguishes the Greek women of the richer classes, nor is there anything of the jealous reserve which makes the Greek *bourgeoise* into a mere female slave, who is ordered about by her husband, but never recognized before strangers by any conjugal token.

The Rhodian peasant does not fatigue his guest with cumbrous hospitality as the Greek *bourgeois* does; he does not poison him with rakee, clog him with sweetmeats, cram him with pilaff, and sicken him with narguilehs; he just lets him alone, and gives him the best food he can find without any needless apologies. In the morning he receives a small sum

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for the board and lodging, and is grateful, instead of asking his guest for British protection as the price of a night's hospitality, which happened to me several times in Mytilene. There is a feeling of mutual satisfaction when you part with the peasant; there is a feeling of mutual disappointment when you take leave of the *bourgeois;* you think him not quite so good a fellow as he seemed over his wine the night before, because he has asked you to do something which it would be discreditable to grant; he, on the contrary, grumbles in his heart at having wasted so much good cheer on a Consul who is "not of the right sort."

In reference to the character and social condition of the rural population of Rhodes, I ascertained the following particulars.

Most of the land in the island is in the hands of peasant proprietors. As each peasant generally holds as much land as he can conveniently cultivate with his own hands, and as the population is scanty in proportion to the extent of land capable of cultivation, there are in most districts but few spare hands available as labourers for hire. Again, the produce of the island is for the most part wheat. Richer products, such as silk, olive-oil, wine, tobacco, are not grown in sufficient quantities to create a class of wealthy landowners, but are either consumed in the villages, or exchanged for foreign commodities, such as coffee and sugar, imported by the Jews and Frank merchants established in the town of Rhodes. Thus the Rhodian peasant, fed and clothed for the most part by products grown on

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his own land, and forced to labour on in a cycle of primitive agricultural operations as in a treadmill, never accumulates that surplus of profits by which in the richer and more fertile islands trading and seafaring aspirations are fostered and developed. The amphibious race, half mariner, half agriculturist, who spend the summer in trading or piratical ventures, and the winter in desultory agriculture, or in lounging about the cafés of the Greek seaports, form only a very small part of the population in the villages of Rhodes.

This simple and contracted mode of existence has its advantages and disadvantages. The Rhodian peasant can seldom read or write; and I was assured that, even if the villages could afford to maintain schools, few parents would be willing to give up their children's services long enough to enable them to learn anything. There is, too, an almost total deficiency of medical art, except in the town of Rhodes; whereas, in richer communities like Mytilene, schools are very generally to be found in the villages, and here and there a doctor with an European diploma.

On the other hand, the Rhodian peasant has many excellent qualities, which, as he advances in civilization, will, perhaps, deteriorate. I have generally found them industrious, thrifty, gentle, and obliging in their intercourse both with strangers and with one another, and far more truthful and honest than any Greeks I have ever had to deal with. Travelling is considered safe in every part of the island; and though outlaws are to be seen sometimes in the

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mountains, thieves and bad characters never find in any Rhodian village that countenance and shelter which is accorded to them in many of the islands.

Their small transactions among themselves are settled with little or no litigation, and with less of those complex intrigues arising from the constant interference of the rich and powerful with the course of justice, which are the bane of society in the Levant. If there is no wealth, there is, on the other hand, no pauperism. After riding all through the length and breadth of the island, I cannot call to mind that I was ever solicited to give alms, except by lepers.

Of course, wherever there are peasant proprietors, land has a constant tendency to accumulate in fewer hands, as want induces the peasant to mortgage his patrimony; and in Rhodes, as elsewhere in the Levant, small capitalists are not wanting, who, from purely philanthropical motives, as one of them gravely assured me the other day, lend money at high rates of interest.

But the wants of the Rhodian peasant are very limited on the one hand, and on the other, his power of parting with real property. is very restricted, in consequence of its strict entail here, and elsewhere in the Archipelago, in the female line.[94]

The priests in the Rhodian villages are generally mere clowns, tilling their land like the rest, and knowing just enough Greek to read the services of their church. They have, however, considerable influence, not as spiritual advisers and searchers of

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hearts in the confessionals, but as the ministers of a ritual which alone can counteract the superstitious terrors with which the sunny and joyous mind of the Rhodian peasant is from time to time overshadowed.

In the course of my journeys, I have collected the following curious particulars in reference to the local superstitions and customs. They are firm believers in certain supernatural beings called ἀνερᾶδες, *anerades*, and δαίμονες, or *dæmons*.

The *anerades* are female spirits, clad in white, who appear to unlucky benighted travellers when crossing rivers.

Their apparition portends speedy death to the hapless wight who sees them, unless a priest counteracts the omen by reading verses from the Scriptures.

When a birth takes place, no person whatever is allowed to enter the house, except the midwife, till the child has been blest by a priest; and it is customary for forty days after the birth to close the house-door at sunset, and never to open it after that hour, for fear the *anerades* should enter and carry off the child.

The *dæmons* are met with in the forests. I asked a peasant what they were like. He said that he believed them to have μέ συμπάθεια σᾶς (the equivalent of, *con rispetto parlato*), goat's legs and tails, and said they were like the figures painted on Greek vases. He admitted, however, that he had never seen one himself. Ross points that the word νερό, which in the modern Greek still means "water," is the root from which must be derived Νηρεύς and

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Νηρηΐδες, of which ἀνεραδες seems a corruption. The notion that the apparition of the *anerades* portends speedy death may be derived from the fact that the rivers are the places where dangerous fevers are caught at night. The δαίμονες seem to be a tradition of the old Greek satyrs.[95]

The evil eye, called here μάτι (a corruption of ὀμμάτιον), is an object of much dread, the evil effects of which may, however, be counteracted by a fumigation with burnt olive-wood, or by palm branches given in church at Easter and blest by the priest.

At funerals they break a pitcher of water over the grave at the moment of interment. They also place on the mouth of the dead person a piece of ancient Greek tile, on which the priest inscribes the mystic sign called pentalpha, and the words Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς νικᾷ. This is supposed to prevent the dead from returning to earth as vampires, the belief in whose existence is very general in the Turkish Archipelago.

At Rhodes, the vampire is called καταχανάς; at Mytilene, βροκόλακο. There is no readier or more effectual way of getting rid of an importunate or tiresome Mytileniote than to say to him, "May the vampire take you." He immediately crosses himself, and withdraws.

I was told, that once in Rhodes a dead woman returned to earth in this unpleasant shape; upon which, the priest of her village laid on the ground one of the dead woman's shifts, over the neck of which he walked, held up by two men, for fear the vampire should seize him. While in this position, he read verses from the New Testament, till the

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shift swelled up and split. When this rent takes place, the evil spirit is supposed to escape through the opening. In Mytilene, the bones of those who will not lie quiet in their graves are transported to a small adjacent island, where they are reinterred. This is an effectual bar to all future vagaries, for the vampire cannot cross salt water.

When, in digging a grave, bones from a previous interment are discovered, they are washed in wine and then placed in a common receptacle for such remains.

At Easter, and their most important festivals, a lighted lamp is placed in the tomb by the pious care of relations. At stated intervals after a death, small comfits called *kollyba* are offered to every one at the church door. These comfits are made of wheat boiled in water and mixed with the seed of pomegranates, sesame, nuts, almonds, and wild peas. These offerings are made at the successive intervals of one, three, six, and nine months from the date of the death, and on the last day of the year.[96]

This takes place during the first year after the death; during each subsequent year the distribution only takes place on the anniversary of the death. The three last-mentioned customs are, I believe, very general among the Greeks.

On the eve of St. John the Baptist's feast, a bonfire is made before the door of each house, over which all the people who pass by have to jump; they have also water thrown over them. This custom is an evident symbol of the rite of Baptism; and the use of fire seems to be an allusion to the words,—

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"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire."

Every Rhodian peasant on the day of his patron saint makes five loaves, called Pentarthi, which he cuts into small pieces and offers in church for the benefit of the poor. At a marriage, after drinking a health, they fling the glass down behind them; if it does not break, it is a bad omen.

Crossed knives are placed over the door of the house to which the bride is conducted, to keep off the evil spirits.

XVI.

RHODES, *June* 20, 1853.

I HAD lately an unexpected visit from my friend Mr. Finlay, of Athens, the well-known author of the "History of the Byzantine Empire." Just after I had installed him in my house, we got an unexpected opportunity of making a trip to Scio, in a Turkish steamer going with despatches to the Governor-General of the Archipelago, and so started forthwith, accompanied by Mr. Alfred Biliotti. As our steamer only made six knots an hour, we did not reach Cos till the day after we had left Rhodes. Touching there for an hour, we then went on to Scio, where we were most hospitably and kindly entertained by the British vice-consul, M. Vedova.

His account of Scio was not very encouraging. All its ancient glories seem to have departed. Trade there was none; British ships or subjects none;

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business for the vice-consul none. The luxuriant fruit-trees, for which the island had been so celebrated, had been cut down by the ever to be remembered great frost two years ago, which furnished materials for the despatches of all the consuls in the Archipelago during a whole winter. It is supposed that such a frost had not been for fifty years, because it destroyed trees of that age.

Scio has a rich level shore, out of which bold bleak mountains rise abruptly; but seen from the sea, it has not the beauty of Mytilene, from the absence of olive-trees on the hill-sides.

We went over the castle, of which the fortifications had a more modern character than those of Mytilene and Rhodes. I noticed a great number of long brass guns like those at Rhodes, which doubtless belong to the period when this island was occupied by the Genoese. On one was the inscription,—

CAPITAN. AN
DRONICO DE
SPINOSA NA
TVRAL DE RODI
MDLIII.

I also noticed in the castle the pedestal of a statue to a Roman emperor. But no other trace of Greek antiquities was to be met with there.

We went to see the Governor-General of the Archipelago, Ishmael Pasha, a nephew of the famous Ali Pasha, of Jannina, and found him in a beautiful kiosk in the environs of Scio, surrounded by orange-trees and fountains. He is now making the round of the islands, and begged me to report to him any

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wrong doings which might fall under my observation in this tour. He makes profession of a wish to administer his pashalick well; but, unfortunately, it is hardly possible for a Turkish governor to do more than to *wish* to do his duty. Between the wish and its execution his agents are sure to interpose so many difficulties that all honesty of purpose is thwarted. While I was with him, in came two Greek primates of Scio, with many genuflections and προσκυνήματα. We began talking about the island, and I asked the two primates why they did not make proper roads and bridges in order to convey the produce of the interior to the ports. The two venerable gentlemen said that they thought that the roads which were good enough for their ancestors were good enough for them; whereupon the Pasha asked whether Adam invented steam and the electric telegraph,—a question which puzzled them considerably, and which, I thought, was rather a creditable remark for a Turk to utter.

The town of Scio is very Italian in the character of its architecture, which has a solidity very rare in the Levant. In the suburbs, the fine houses built by the old merchants still stand in roofless and windowless desolation, just as the Turks left them after the Greek revolution, when Scio was utterly sacked. Up to that period its commerce was of great importance, and in the old capitulations made between the Porte and English monarchs Smyrna and Scio are mentioned together as the two principal ports where English trade was carried on in Turkey. We learn from a MS. in the Cotton collection in the

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British Museum,[97] that Henry VIII. appointed a certain John Baptist Giustiniani his Consul in Scio at the time when it was still held by the Genoese. This ancient predecessor of M. Vedova seems to have been somewhat wanting in zeal for the protection of English commerce, and His Majesty therefore administers to him a mild reprimand, enjoining more activity in the performance of his duties for the future.

At Scio I parted with Mr. Finlay and, not hearing of any antiquities in the villages, set sail in a Greek boat bound for Patmos with a cargo of Sciote *dolci* and other "notions." In fine weather a cruise in the Archipelago in one of these small craft is very pleasant. All the cooking is managed by lighting a fire on the shingle which serves for ballast at the bottom of the boat. At night the same shingle served as our bed, with a shaggy capote for a mattress and a carpet-bag for a pillow.

It is at sea that the Greek appears in his most genial and agreeable aspect, provided always that the weather is fine. I noticed that the sailors had a curious way of calculating the hour, by measuring with their hand the distance of the sun's disk from the horizon. Every finger's breadth, according to their notion, represented a quarter of an hour of daylight. I suspect this is the true explanation of the phrase in Alcæus, πίνωμεν, δάκτυλος ἀμέρα, — "Let us drink, there is still an inch of daylight."

The crew was a very merry one; they were all what the Greeks call *Palikaria*, or good fellows. As we got near Patmos, they grew nervous about

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pirates, as there is no part of the Archipelago more suspected than these unfrequented and landlocked channels, full of harbours and lurking-places. I had a sort of vague confidence in my little flag, and thought that the majesty of the name English Consul would be sufficient to repel any attack, but felt at the same time certain misgivings, as it is now only two years since the Smyrna brigands took the Dutch Consul prisoner in his own garden, and made him pay an immense ransom. However, all went well with us; and after a great deal of becalming and rowing, in which I joined, to the great astonishment of the sailors, we got to Patmos.

I had two objects in going to Patmos: first, to see manuscripts in the monastery, as the collection has been a celebrated one; secondly, to get hold of a certain Greek captain, who was hiding in this island after having committed a barratry. One of his crew was an Ionian, whom I am detaining at Rhodes till the captain is tried; hence, his capture is a matter of interest to me. I arrived at Patmos provided with a stern and peremptory letter from the Governor of the Archipelago, ordering the Patmiotes to give up the captain, and warning them that the Pasha was perfectly aware that he was concealed somewhere among them. Patmos, like all the small islands in this part of the Archipelago, is governed by a Mudir and *Demarchia*, or corporation of three or four of the richest Greeks of the place, who, being the richest are said to be generally the most dishonest. If there are no Turks in the island, the Mudir is a

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mere symbolic representation of Turkish authority; the Greeks rule. Such is the case at Patmos, which is an island full of monks and pirates.

My first step in landing in this den of thieves was to call upon the only representative of consular authority in the place, an old Hellenic consular agent, who had given information at Rhodes about the barratry. The poor man was overjoyed to see me, and declared that he never ventured to stir out of his house for fear of being assassinated on account of having denounced certain Patmiotes, a statement the truth of which I had no means of ascertaining, though such is the condition of some of these islands that it is not improbable. On my telling him that I had a letter from the Governor to the Demarchia, he begged me, instead of calling on the Mudir as I had proposed, to remain in his own house and summon the Demarchia into my presence there and hear the Pasha's letter. I thought, as Hotspur thought of Owen Glendower's spirits, "but will they come?" However, I despatched my cavass from the port to the town, and summoned them in imperious style. Rather to my surprise they all came through a broiling June sun. I presented the Pasha's letter: it was read; the Mudir gave a start, and turned a little pale when he heard the mandate; the Greeks preserved that perfect self-possession which distinguishes this race when some great occasion calls forth their enormous capacity for lying. When the letter was finished, the Mudir said never a word; but one of the Primates, a smooth-tongued gentleman, at once

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delivered an answer all ready-made. With many professions of desire to obey the command of the Pasha, he said that in this instance it was impossible to put his orders in execution, because the man in question, not being at Patmos, could not possibly be sent, as the Pasha requested, to Rhodes. All this was so plausibly and logically worded that I was taken quite aback, and said, "There is the Pasha's letter, answer it as you think proper; he has been informed, and I have been informed, that the man is here; you say he is not. We shall know how to deal with you if you are deceiving us." The Greeks, not the least disconcerted, began to overpower me with civilities. On my proposing to go up to the town to see the monastery, they forthwith offered mules, and invited me to dine with them. Knowing what all this meant, I broke away very unceremoniously from their escort, and managed to get up the steep ascent to the town about five minutes before them. In a case of this kind, the people who wish to mislead you never lose sight of you for a second during the day, for fear anybody else should get the opportunity of putting in an observation. My manœuvre of walking up the hill alone enabled the Mudir to get hold of Biliotti for a moment, when he whispered to him in Turkish, "The man is here, but I did not dare say so before the Demarchia."

When I got up to the town, I called on the Archbishop of Rhodes, who is now staying at Patmos, and found him in a curious old room, where were two or three faded pictures in the school of Cana-

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letto. I inquired how they came there, and was told that there had once been a great trade between Venice and Patmos. The Archbishop received me with open arms, and pronounced a magnificent *éloge*, in classical well-rounded phrases, on my philanthropy, my knowledge of ancient Greek, my love for archæology, and a variety of other merits, till, at last overcome by his honeyed words, I began to say to myself, "What a nice old gentleman this archbishop is; after all, perhaps, he is not quite as bad as Mr. Kerr described him to be. Perhaps my predecessor was somewhat too severe when he told him to his face that he and all the other bishops were a disgrace to the Greek Church; it requires to study the manners of these people." Alas for my prepossession in his favour of this venerable hierarch. I did not then know, what I was told shortly afterwards at Calymnos, that the captain I was in quest of was at the moment of my visit hiding in the Archbishop's house.

When I left Patmos, I wrote to the Governor-General, reporting all that I had seen and heard, and telling him, at the same time, that the people of Patmos set his authority at defiance, and that I hoped and expected that he would put it to rights. If he is really in earnest, he will forthwith send a ship of war to bring away all the Demarchia to Rhodes, and will keep them prisoners there till the concealed captain is found; but as the Patmiotes are rich, there is still a chance for them. They can buy the captain of the ship of war, who will then go back to Rhodes, with some lame story explaining why

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he could not execute the Pasha's orders; or, if they have a large command of money, they will buy the protection of some great man at Constantinople, and thus thwart the Pasha in his endeavours to bring them to justice.

I have given this little anecdote more space in my letter than perhaps it deserves, in order to show that maladministration in Turkey is not exclusively confined to Turkish officials. In those islands of the Turkish Archipelago where the Greeks are allowed to administer their own affairs, they too often abuse their municipal rights by protecting brigands, pirates, and every description of rogue. In such islands it is not so much the Pasha but the Greek Primate who is looked on by the people as their oppressor. Iniquity, incorporated in the form of a Mejlis or Demarchia, is a many-headed monster; formerly, the whole guilt of the administration rested on the Turkish governor, and the evil was removable whenever the Sultan thought proper to remove his head from his shoulders. Now, the Greek primates in those islands where the Greek population predominates set the mandates of the Pasha at defiance, unless he backs these mandates by measures not quite reconcilable with the Tanzimat. The only certain result of an attempt to punish crime, is that the delinquent is thus compelled to spend a large sum in purchasing protection from justice. Thus, probably, when the Demarchia of Patmos, the Director of the Quarantine there, and the Archbishop of Rhodes, have sent in their "little accounts," the captain will have to disgorge nearly the whole of his booty acquired through the barratry.

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I was much disappointed with the MSS. at Patmos. M. Guérin, the author of the memoir on Rhodes already cited, has recently visited the monastery, and made a catalogue of the library. I read through this list and called for all the classical MSS., and was shown only four, of no great antiquity and in bad condition. I found a Greek lexicon by some unknown Byzantine scholar.[98] In the fly-leaf was a curious note, stating that the people of Cyrene dedicated a statue of their king, Battus, holding in his hand the *silphium*, a plant which supplied the staple of their commerce, and which is represented on the coins of Cyrene.

This note being evidently an extract from some ancient author, I was at first in hopes that it was unedited; but find that it is given in the Scholiast to the Plutus of Aristophanes, l. 925.

I also noticed a MS. of Sophocles, on thin parchment, containing only the Ajax and Electra, with occasional interlinear glosses in red ink; a Diodorus Siculus, on parchment, of the 15th century, wanting beginning and end; and a Libanius, on paper, of the 15th century, wanting beginning, and in bad condition.

The library is rich in Biblical and Patristic MSS., many of which have fine illuminations. Among these may be specially mentioned the Book of Job, probably of the 7th or 8th century, written in uncial characters; some splendidly-illuminated copies of the Gospels from the 10th to the 12th century; and a copy of Origen on the Pentateuch and Prophets, of the 9th century. There is here also a fine collection of

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bulls granted by Byzantine emperors, ranging from the end of the 11th century to the taking of Constantinople, A.D. 1453, which were shown to Ross, but which I did not see.[99]

That quaint old traveller Sandys, describing the monks at Patmos in the year 1610, stigmatizes them as "ignorant of letters, studious for their bellies, and ignominiously lazy, unless some few that give themselves to navigation, and become indifferent good pilots."[100] I cannot say that the lapse of more than two centuries has added much to their erudition, though it may have somewhat abated their love of good cheer, now unknown in Patmos. They read the most crabbed abbreviations in the MSS. with facility,—more than this I cannot say for their learning; there was not one of them that had ever discovered that their Sophocles contains only two plays.

The monastery of Patmos is an ecclesiastical fortress, built at a period when the monks dreaded pirates instead of protecting them. It is consequently very strong, towering far above the town, and overlooking the landlocked harbours below; the scenery is very wild and has a treeless and desolate beauty, unlike that of any other Greek island which I have seen. The monastery is built in a succession of terraces with stone roofs, and is raised to a great height; the summit of the battlements commands an extensive view. In this panorama we saw, on the mainland, a rocky range of mountains above Scala Nova. All round the horizon seaward was a succession of islands,—

"Spread far amid the melancholy main."

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I distinguished Samos, Fourmi, Nicaria, Naxos, Mykonos, Tenos (hardly visible), Levitha, Stampalia, Cos, Calymnos, Leros, Lepso.

Half-way down the hill is the Monastery of the Apocalypse, where St. John is supposed to have written the Revelations. Here is a natural cavern, in which a church has been built in two compartments. In one of these is a rent in the rock, where, according to the local tradition, the earthquake split it while St. John was praying. The voice which he heard in his vision is said to have issued from this rent. I was also shown the hole in the rock whence he hung during his prayer. At the east end was a rude picture representing the scene described at the beginning of the Revelations, with the printed text of the first chapter pasted at the side to explain the picture.

The monastery of Patmos was founded in the 11th century by a holy man named Christodulos, from Nicæa, in Bithynia.

The golden bull of the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, by which the island of Patmos is granted to Christodulos, is still preserved in the monastery, and bears date A.D. 1080.

It would appear from the legend of the saint, that he founded his monastery on the site of a temple of Artemis, whose statue he took care to destroy on his arrival. From an interesting but mutilated inscription at Patmos, published by Ross, we learn that this deity was the Scythian or Tauric Artemis. In the original bull, granted by Alexius Comnenus, no women were allowed to reside on the island; but

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it was found necessary in a short time to relax these hard conditions.[101] At present, on the contrary, the male population being all either monks or seafaring men, the destitution of the ladies is nearly as great as that of the wives of the Greek warriors during the Trojan war. The island is very barren, and nourishes nothing but goats. The women maintain themselves by knitting stockings. Their costume is very curious; and they seem to be a different race from the other islanders in the Sporades. They wear very quaint high head-dresses.

From Patmos we went to Calymnos, the ancient Calymna, a barren rocky island, the inhabitants of which maintain themselves principally by sponge-diving. Here I purchased a quantity of small silver coins, which seem to have been struck at Miletus, but have been attributed to Hekatomnos, Prince of Caria,

because the letters EKA appear on the larger specimens. I was told that they were found at a place called Gherelli, three hours to the north of Budrum.[102]

The primates of Calymnos received me very kindly, and showed me all the inscriptions and other antiquities known to them.

We visited the church of Christos, built on the site and with the ruins of the Temple of Apollo. On the shore I was shown a *stelé* with a decree

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of the people of Calymna in honour of the people of Iassos, in Caria. This interesting document was destined to be built into a church now erecting.[103]

In a garden called Blyko, near the harbour, were a number of columns and the angle of a cornice, recently dug up. On three sides of this cornice were inscribed grants of freedom to certain slaves by their masters. These documents were made out in the name of the *Stephanephoros*, a local magistrate.[104]

Our caique went before the wind from Calymnos to Cos in two hours and a half. The distance I was told was twenty-five miles, and the pace very good for a caique. The scenery all round us was very picturesque. On every side were jagged mountain-lines which seemed to have been convulsed into fantastic forms by some primeval force. Behind us were some small islands near Leros, on our right Cos, on our left a stern headland near Myndos [Gumischlu], and straight ahead the high mountain-ridge which terminates in Cape Crio. This wild scenery is far more impressive when seen from a caique than from the deck of a steamer.

When we got to Cos, the wind blew so strong that our anchor would not hold, and we were driven right across the bows of a larger vessel, and nearly impaled on her bowsprit. At present, the anchorage is in an open road. In antiquity there was here a snug little harbour, which has been gradually filled up by sheer neglect, as is the case with many other ports in the Archipelago.

I found here a very intelligent Greek merchant, named Demetri Platanista, who had a small collec-

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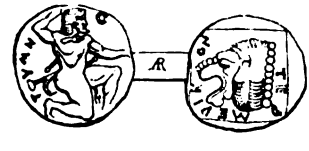
tion of inscriptions and fragments of sculpture in his house. One of these inscriptions is a decree of the people of Cos in reference to arbitrators whom they had invited from some neighbouring city to decide matters in litigation, according to a frequent practice among the ancient republics. The name of one of the Egyptian Ptolemies appears in this inscription, probably that of Philadelphus, who was born at Cos. Another fragment of an inscription contains part of a list of contributors to some public loan. Among the fragments of sculpture was the right thigh of a statuette of Perseus, against which the head of Medusa rests, grasped by the hair in his right hand. This is in a very good style. There was also the torso of a Venus tying her sandal, similar to that in the British Museum.[105]

I purchased at Cos a round buckler of marble 14 inches in diameter, with a hole behind, by which it has been fastened by an iron pin, probably to the wall of a temple. It is inscribed "Hegesikrates, the son of Hegesikrates, (dedicates this) to the gods who led the army." I also purchased the torso of a statuette of an hermaphrodite, of Parian marble, and in a good style. But my great prize was a silver coin of Termera, in Caria, the only one known of this town.



On one side is a kneeling figure of Herakles, with the letters **TYMNO**. On the reverse, the legend

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TEPMEPIKON round a lion's head. The style is rather archaic. Termera was a fortress of Caria opposite to Cos; and there can be little doubt that the isolated rock of Chifoot Kalessy represents its site. Herodotus mentions a certain Histiaios, tyrant of Termera, who was the son of Tymnos. It is probable that the letters **TYMNO** on the coin are the name of a second Tymnos, son of this Histiaios. Termera was originally occupied by the Leleges, who thence made piratical incursions into the island of Cos.[106] The coin which I was so fortunate as to acquire, was found by a Calymniote diver on the coast opposite to Cos, and passed from his hands into those of an Ionian merchant, who was so obliging to part with it to me for a very reasonable sum, "to please his Consul," as he said.

We visited the celebrated fountain of Burinna, distant an hour and a half west of Cos. An ancient aqueduct descends from this source to the town. The fountain issues in a copious stream from a rock. A circular vaulted chamber, still called by its ancient name, *Tholos*, is built over it. This chamber is 9 feet 4 inches in diameter, and is built of large squared blocks, without mortar. The vault is Egyptian, like that of the Treasury at Mycenæ, the stones laid in horizontal courses, advancing one beyond the other, and having their inner faces curved. It has a circular aperture at the top to admit light, which has been restored with mortar. One of the largest of the blocks was in length 3 feet 4 inches by 1 foot 6 inches.

Over the aperture of the *tholos*, outside, is a large

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square stone pierced in the centre. A trap-door was anciently fitted to this stone, as is seen by the holes for the hinges, made on two opposite sides.[107]

The *tholos* communicates with the aqueduct through a doorway 6 feet high, formed by an Egyptian vault of advancing stones, between which is a single wedge-shaped stone.

The gallery runs on 17 feet to a second doorway, similar to the first. Through this first length the roof is similar to that of the doorways. From the second doorway the passage takes a bend, and runs for 15 feet 5 inches with the same structure of roof; the walls are ancient, but restored with mortar. From the distance of 15 feet 5 inches onwards for 48 feet, the gallery is built of smaller blocks, and with a regular arch. From this point to the end 28 feet, the roof is formed by a single horizontal stone.

The *tholos* communicates with the open air about half-way up its height by a second gallery, roofed with single blocks, which probably served for ventilation. This fountain seems to be the one mentioned by Theocritus, which, according to a legend, was discovered by Chalcon, king of Cos.[108] The *tholos* reminded me of the *Tullianum* near the Capitol at Rome,[109] and from the style of the masonry is probably of high antiquity.

I arrived in this island just in time to lay hands on an Ionian thief, immediately after he had been caught in a shop, with a false key in one hand and a bundle of goods in the other. Cos being within my consular district, I exercised summary jurisdic-

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tion on this offender, and having convicted him on the evidence of two credible witnesses, a rare felicity in a Turkish trial, put him into my caique, and carried him off prisoner to Rhodes. The Caimacam of Cos, an old Janissary, was very anxious to intercede for him, and held me a long discourse on the frailty of humanity generally. I inquired why the Turk took such an interest in the case, as the prisoner was too poor to buy him, and was told that he was the bitter enemy of the prosecutor!

The part of the Archipelago from which I have just returned has as yet been but little explored. It lies off the great high road of steamers and tourists to Constantinople. The manners of the people have been far less affected by European influence than in islands like Mytilene, or Scio, which have maintained a more constant intercourse with Smyrna. For the same reason the Sporades appear to promise a very productive field for archæological research.

On my return to Rhodes, I found everybody full of warlike ideas. To-morrow's post may bring us decisive news. There is a general presentiment that this will be a year pregnant with mighty events for Turkey. The Turks show great resolution outwardly; but we live in an atmosphere of fear and expectancy; the word Russia is in every Turk's heart and on every European's lips.

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XVII.

RHODES, *August* 5, 1853.

I HAVE just returned from a little excursion with Blunt across the centre of the island. Our first halting-place was Aphandu, on the road to Lindos, four hours distant from Rhodes. Here I purchased a small slab, with a figure on horseback in low relief. This appears to have been a sepulchral monument. The sculpture is coarse; the material, the stone of the country.

After riding three hours further, we got to Mállona, where we turned inland to the S.W., in the direction of Aláerma. After about an hour we ascended from the plain into a pine forest, which extends for three days' journey into the centre of the island: we arrived at Aláerma in four hours. This is a small and somewhat barbarous village, where we could get nothing to eat but venison dried in the sun in strips or jerked. The fallow deer, called by the Greeks λάφι, the corruption of ἐλάφιον, ranges wild through the pine forests of Rhodes, and many stags are killed in this district. The inhabitants maintain themselves by cultivating corn.

From Aláerma we went to Apollona, distant four and a half hours. The greater part of the road lay through a pine forest. At the distance of an hour from Aláerma is an old church called Agia Marina, in which I found a large cube of marble from an

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Hellenic building. From the size of this block, it may be inferred that it was not brought from a distance. An hour further is another old church,—Agios Georgios.

Apollona is pleasantly situated in a valley, with abundance of water and fruit-trees. It has an old castle, built by the Knights.

In the churchyard is a Greek inscription on a sepulchral cippus, and in the church I noticed several squared blocks of Hellenic masonry. In this village I purchased five Rhodian silver coins, with the radiated head of the Sun, one of which, for beauty and preservation, is superior to any of this type in the British Museum. While at Apollona I explored the adjacent villages of Platanià and Arkiboli, both picturesquely situated among the mountains. I found no antiquities in either of them.

We then went to Fundokli, distant one hour to the N.E. of Apollona. Our road crossed a mountain-ridge, on descending which the views *en route* were exceedingly picturesque, stretching over ravines and broken ground to the sea opposite Syme. Fundokli has a beautiful fountain embosomed in plane-trees, and a ruined Byzantine monastery. In this part of the forest the pine timber is larger than that in the first part of our route. At the distance of a quarter of an hour from Fundokli is Demelià, where I found the ruins of a small castle, and an escutcheon of the Knights over the church door, but no antiquities.

From Demelià we went to Salakko, a pretty village at the foot of Mount Elias, through which a fresh

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mountain brook runs even in the heat of summer. Here may be seen, in the same landscape, the orange-tree and palm-tree above the village, and higher up the mountains the stone-pine. There is a small castle of the Knights here, with the arms of Emeri d'Amboise, quarterly with those of the Order.

The mountain Agios Elias is 2,620 feet in height according to the chart. On its north-east side is a little chapel, dedicated to the saint, containing no ancient remains, but commanding a picturesque view, with Syme in the distance. The ground at the base of the mountain on this side is furrowed and channelled in every direction by water-courses and landslips.

I was surprised to find this lonely chapel full of mural paintings; and on inquiring by whom they were executed, was told by one John of Syme. At the present day poor architects and painters educated in Greek monasteries pass from island to island for the purpose of constructing or beautifying the churches. Such itinerant artists remind one of the Freemasons of Europe in the Middle Ages.

Half an hour from Salakko, on the road to Embona, is a place called Kappi, where the cultivated arable land terminates at the foot of Mount Elias. Here is a sarcophagus hewn out of the native rock, 8 feet by 4 feet 6 inches, the sides 1 foot 3 inches, the ends 7 inches in thickness. At the two ends the sarcophagus stands on steps cut out of the native rock. It has been broken open at the ends.

At a distance of an hour and a half from Salakko, on the same road, is a place called Spées. Here is a fountain with some large square blocks, evidently

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from an Hellenic building. Close by are the remains of a Greek aqueduct. A ruined church here, called Agia Eirene, is built with squared blocks. The fields are strewn with fragments of pottery.

From Salakko we turned homeward to Kalavarda on the northern coast. On the road to this place I noticed an old tower, built by the Knights, by the side of a water-mill. This place is called Myrtona. It is distant half an hour from Kalavarda. A little before arriving at this village we passed on the left an old ruined church containing slabs of Hellenic marble, but no inscriptions.

At Kalavarda I noticed the process by which cotton is converted into flocks. This is done with a large bow (τοξάρι,) a piece of reed, *virga*, and a wooden instrument like a reel (λαγοῦδι). The process is called τοξεύειν.

The cotton is placed on the reed and laid horizontally at right angles to the bow, the string of which is then struck with the λαγοῦδι, and the particles of cotton detached by the vibrations of the string are drawn together so as to form a loose rope, which is wound off on the distaff.

In this village I was much interested by finding a number of Greek fictile vases in the peasants' houses. These vases were of various styles. Among them were several platters, *pinakes*, of a very early period, with geometrical patterns painted in brown on a pale ground.

This kind of ware has been found in the tombs of Athens, Melos, and other parts of Greece, and is thought to be of very remote antiquity; the more so

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as the sites of Mycenæ and Tiryns are strewn with it.[110] I also found at Kalavarda several jugs, *amphoræ*, and *oinochoæ*, on which were painted black figures on a red ground, or red figures on a black ground. None of these designs were remarkable for beauty of drawing or excellence of fabric, but mostly specimens of the later period of the art. The clay seemed rather thick and heavy. The peasants also showed me some small terra-cotta figures. On inquiry I was told that all these objects were found in tombs near the village. The inhabitants, fearing probably interference on the part of the Turkish authorities, declined to show the site where these tombs were found; but I was taken by my muleteer Panga to a place on the shore called Agios Minas, distant three-quarters of an hour from Kalavarda.

Here is a mediæval tower, at the foot of which are the remains of a wall built with cement, which runs out into the sea. On the shore here I found three handles of Greek unpainted *diotæ*, on which magistrates' names are stamped.

Between this spot and Kalavarda, the fields along the shore are strewn with fragments of pottery, and in several places are traces of tombs. In one spot I found the fragments of a Rhodian *diota*, which had apparently been displaced from a tomb by a torrent rushing down from the hill. The handle of this *diota* was also inscribed with a magistrate's name. This ground would probably repay excavation.

By the skilful mediation of Panga, I succeeded in purchasing the vases I had seen at Kalavarda, and

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on arriving at Fanes, the next village on my way home, I found another little collection of objects found in tombs. Among these were two shallow two-handled cups, of the best period of fictile art, one of which was inscribed with the words χαῖρε καὶ πίε, "Rejoice and drink;" the other had black figures on a red ground. I also obtained a small bottle of variegated glass, and some curious leaden glands such as were used by slingers, and which were each inscribed with a name. They form a curious illustration of the well-known story of the slinger who is said to have inscribed the words "to Philip's right eye" on a missile which was afterwards accurately delivered to its address. On my enquiring where these objects were found, I was taken by a peasant to a place a short distance from Fanes, where I saw a large extent of ground recently cleared from the forest, strewn with fragments of painted vases and terra-cotta figures over an extent of several acres. These remains had evidently been thrown up by the plough. The vases I had purchased at Fanes were found, according to my guide, in a built tomb on this site. I succeeded in purchasing this second collection of antiquities for a small sum, and packing them on a mule in two large panniers, started very early in the morning for Rhodes, very well pleased with the acquisition which I had made, and looking forward to further and more important discoveries on the sites which I had thus accidentally stumbled on. My golden visions were suddenly arrested, like those of the old woman with the basket of eggs, by a crashing sound

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behind. The mule which carried the panniers had fallen in the dry bed of a torrent; but I was happy to find that my treasures had been so well packed that nothing was broken.

From Kalavarda homewards, the landscape along the shore resumes the same verdant and luxuriant character as in the environs of Rhodes. At Theologos, now pronounced Tholóos, I purchased a fragment of an inscription from the temple of Apollo Erethimios, the site of which Ross identified by excavation here. The spot which he explored is in the plain, at the distance of about eight minutes' walk from the village. In the church here is an inscription giving a list of the priests of Apollo Erethimios, and in front of the church a square block of blue marble inscribed with a similar list. The name Erethimios is only another form of Erysibios, "the averter of mildew," corresponding with the Latin deity Robigus.[111]

At Villa Nova we made a halt, and I examined some Hellenic remains on the shore below the town. Lying here on the sand were great quantities of the inscribed handles of Rhodian *diotæ*, similar to those found by Mr. Stoddart at Alexandria, and published by him in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature.[112] The traces of Hellenic remains extended for some hundred yards along the shore. Over the door of a church recently built in this village part of a sepulchral relief is let into the wall. This represents a draped middle-aged figure, seated. In front stands a youthful male figure; behind, another figure. The legs only of these figures remain. Below is an enriched moulding.

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The sculpture seems of the Roman period, and is executed in white marble. It was found in a field near the church.[113]

Between Villa Nova and Trianda is the village of Kremastò, where there is a castle built by the Knights with the arms of the Grand Master Fabrizio del Carretto. Here is a fine new church with a spacious courtyard, and small rooms all round it for the reception of visitors at the great feast or Panegyris, as at Zambika. (See *ante*, p. 183.) The interior of the church is richly decorated in the gaudy style which the Greeks are so fond of in their modern churches. At the distance of about five minutes from Kremastò, on the road to Rhodes, I noticed on the left several fragments of columns of a late period, which probably mark the site of an ancient church.

As far as I have yet seen, Rhodes is very inferior in scenery to Mytilene. The mountains are lumpish in form. The pine forests are much disfigured by clearings and thinnings; the peasants burn patches here and there, and sow corn. The cultivation in the more mountainous and central parts of the island is very rude, and the population scanty, but comfortably lodged, clothed, and fed. Here and there the barrenness of the district is relieved by a little verdure, where abundance of water has produced a luxuriant growth of fig and other fruit-trees. During this journey we saw great numbers of red-legged partridges; they ran on before us, and would not get up without being actually fired into. I saw sometimes packs of about sixty birds get up in a cloud. The peasants here never fire at them on the wing, but

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shoot them as Gordon Cumming did his lions, while they are drinking at a brook.

XVIII.

RHODES, *August* 24, 1853.

A SHORT time ago an Ionian at Cos having been maltreated by some sailors of a Turkish brig of war, applied to me for redress. The assault was an aggravated one; for one of the officers in command of the brig, on being appealed to, told the Ionian that he had better be quiet, or that on some future occasion the sailors might take his life. I sent a statement of the case to the Caimacam of Cos, to which I got no answer. In the mean time H.M.S. "Sampson," commanded by Captain Lewis Jones, happened very conveniently to look in at Rhodes on her way up from Syria, and I was thus enabled to pay a visit to Cos unannounced. Great was the surprise and dismay of the Turkish officials at Cos at my sudden apparition in an English war steamer, for the Caimacam had purposely delayed answering my complaint till the Turkish brig whose sailors were accused had sailed for Samos; and she was actually getting under weigh at the very moment when we came in.

The case of the Ionian was examined before the Mejlis in the presence of Captain Jones and myself. My client's evidence was somewhat slender,

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and the Turkish officer would have probably been acquitted had it not been for the stupid manner in which he contradicted his own statements. The dexterity with which these contradictions were elicited by Blunt, acting as a dragoman, greatly amused Captain Jones, who, up to a certain point in the trial, had had a professional sympathy for the Turkish officer, the more so as the case was tried by civilians.

We exacted ample satisfaction. Pistol *ate his leek*, though with many wry faces; and the Caimacam, after all was over, paid us a visit on board the "Sampson," gazing with a stupid terror and feigned admiration at the massive 68-pounders on the deck, one of which was quite enough to annihilate his tumbledown whitewashed fortress.

"Tell the captain," said he, when he took his leave, "that I have gained this day a real friend. May our friendship be as firm a union as that of the nail with the flesh;" holding up a very ugly thumb as an illustration of this oriental metaphor.

After redressing the wrongs of the Ionian, to the great satisfaction of the Christian population, I took leave of my kind and hospitable host, Captain Jones, who left with the "Sampson" to rejoin the fleet at Besika Bay. We then made a little tour of four days in Cos, riding through the island from east to west along the north shore opposite Calymnos. Cos is traversed throughout its whole length by a chain of mountains, interrupted only in the part opposite Nisyros. This chain, the ancient Oromedon, called also by Pliny Prion, runs so near the southern

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shore as to leave on the northern coast a considerable space of plain in some places. Some of this land is devoted to the cultivation of the small vine from which raisins are made, which Cos exports in considerable quantities, but not of very fine quality. There is also a good deal of rich arable land not half cultivated, but capable of producing large crops of grain. The island is very much depopulated, and has only four villages besides the principal town. The first day we rode as far as Pyli, distant about three hours from the town of Cos. After passing through the gardens in the environs, we traversed a narrow strip of plain lying at the foot of the barren central range of mountains. This plain is planted with vineyards. At a ruined church, called Agios Pantalemos, distant about an hour and a half from the town, I copied two sepulchral inscriptions. On our left, we passed the village of Asphendu, which lies under the mountain-range, and on our right some salt-works on the sea-shore, which here, as elsewhere in Turkey, are a great cause of malaria. At Pyli is a very interesting Greek tomb, consisting at present of a chamber rather more than 18 feet long, and covered over with a horizontal vault. Its height is 9 feet 8 inches. In each side are six oblong recesses or *thecæ*, each of which appears to have been closed by a door, as a piece of iron has been inserted in the architrave. The stone of which this tomb is built is a travertine. One of the blocks in the roof is nearly 8 feet long. Over the tomb is a little church called Stavro, in the walls of which a number of fragments of Ionic archi-

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tecture of a good period are inserted. Among these are two pieces of cornice, each 6 feet long and about 6 inches deep. It is evident that these architectural remains originally belonged to the external façade of the tomb. In this church is an interesting inscription[114] which tells us that this monument commemorates a certain Charmylos, and makes mention of a *temenos* round it, with gardens and small temples (οἰκία), dedicated to the hero Charmylos and the twelve gods.

According to Ross, this tomb is still called 'στὸ Χαρμύλι. I could not, however, learn whether this name had been handed down by tradition from the time of the ancients, or whether it had not been rather suggested at some recent period by the discovery of the inscription in the church. The name Charmylos occurs in another inscription at Cos. This monument is a very interesting example of the class of architectural tombs which were erected in the Macedonian period. It serves now as a sheep-pen. At Pyli is a castle placed on a nearly inaccessible rock. I tried to scale it, and met a hare in so very narrow and steep a place, that fearing he would trip me up, I drew up respectfully to let him pass. Below the castle is the village of Palaio Pyli, now utterly deserted, the walls of the houses still standing in roofless desolation. The modern village is scattered about. I found but few inscriptions here. From Pyli we went to Antimachia. The country between these two villages is rich, but only partially cultivated. Indian corn is principally grown here.

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Antimachia is another small and scattered village. Here, in a church called Proskynema, I found an inscription behind the altar, which commemorated the erection of a statue to a gymnasiarch, Aurelius Aristaichnos; another inscription found here, published by Ross, records a decree of a religious fraternity, who celebrated the rites of Zeus Hyetios,—"the rain-bringing Jupiter,"[115] a deity who must have been held in peculiar esteem in this district, from its extreme dryness. We learn from Plutarch that Herakles was worshipped with peculiar rites at Antimachia, in accordance with a local myth, by which he was supposed to have landed here on his return from Troy; and in a curious inscription found in the town of Cos, mention is made of this worship, and of a piece of land (*temenos*) set apart by bequest for the endowment of his priests, whose dignity was hereditary in a particular family.[116]

In the vestibule of the church of Panagia, I found a sepulchral cippus sculptured in relief, with festoons hanging from bulls' heads. One of the bulls' heads is placed between a gryphon on the left and a lion on the right; each with his right forepaw raised. In this vestibule is also the capital of an Ionic column. In the village I purchased a small Greek vase with ornaments painted in crimson, of a cream-coloured ground, but without incised lines, in a very archaic style.[117] This must have been found in a tomb, but I could not get the peasants to indicate the spot.

At about an hour's distance from Antimachia, is a place on the south-eastern shore, where Ross places

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Halasarna. Near this site is a village called Cardamyla, in the church of which, called Agia Anargyre, is an inscription dedicated by a priest of Apollo. I could not hear of any village called Apostrophe, as marked in Ross's map.

Near Antimachia is the church of Christos Moscopianos, in a field close by which are a quantity of blocks of marble, and fragments of columns, evidently from some temple, and others in the wall of the church itself.

From Antimachia we went to Kephalas. Between these two points the great mountain-ridge of Cos is interrupted, as if by some natural convulsion. Just opposite this isthmus lies Nisyros, which seems as if it had been plucked up by the roots, and flung out of the mountain-chain into the sea, its formation so completely corresponds with the general character of the mountain-ridge of Cos. Hence the ancients, who never lost an opportunity of turning a physical phenomenon into myth, said, or rather sang, that Nisyros was broken off from Cos by Neptune. Seeing the island itself, I was reminded of a Greek vase on which Poseidon is represented upheaving the whole island of Nisyros in his arms to throw at the giant Polybotes. In this design, on the mass of rock which represents the uplifted island, a goat, a serpent, a shell, and other marine emblems are delineated, as symbols respectively of the mountain, lowlands, and the coast.[118]

The isthmus between Antimachia and Kephalas is exceedingly barren, with hardly any vegetation

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except the aloe, which I found growing in rows of three or four, like young fir-trees, with immense flowering-stems. There is much conglomerate rock and drift sand on the surface. Kephalas is picturesquely placed on a rocky hill, with a ruined castle, in the walls of which I noticed escutcheons of the Knights of St. John. At a few minutes' distance from the village are the ruins of a Greek Acropolis, which, as we now know from inscriptions, was called Isthmos. Here is a most interesting ruin, a fragment of a Greek temple, which now forms part of the church of Panagia Palatiani. The south wall of the *cella* still remains, forming a kind of vestibule to the west of the actual church. This wall is 16 feet long and 6 feet high. At its W. extremity is a doorway 2 feet 5 inches wide: the largest of the blocks of which it is composed are 4 feet 5 inches long and 2 feet 7 inches deep: the material is trachyte. Within this vestibule is a kind of table formed of ancient blocks put together by the builders of the church, which is now called Τράπεζα. On this "table," at the annual feast of the saint, the people hold their *panegyris*. Ross noticed a similar custom in the island of Pholegandros, and in both places it is no doubt a relic of Paganism. From a half-defaced inscription in the pavement of the church, he ascertained that the temple was dedicated to a Roman empress, perhaps Livia, in the character of Demeter. The sides of the rocky hill on which this church stands, are cultivated in terraces supported by walls, in and about which are many fragments of the temple, pieces of architrave, triglyphs, and drums

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of columns; from which it appears that it was of the Doric order. On the shore, near Palatia, was the ancient harbour.

A number of inscriptions have been copied at Kephalas, in which the ancient name of this city, Isthmos, occurs several times. This name has not been noticed, as far as I know, by any ancient author. On a base copied by Ross is a dedication on one side to the emperor Vespasian, and on the other to one Satyros, son of Themistocles, a physician, whom the Isthmiotes honoured with a bronze statue and a crown of the value of fifty gold pieces. The decrees are made out in the name of the senate and people.[119]

After crossing the dry bed of a torrent, we came to a vineyard, in which many pieces of marble had been dug up, but destroyed to make lime by the peasants. The country about Kephalas produces much corn, which is kept in magazines cut in the native rock, and entered by a hole from the top. Magazines of this kind were common in antiquity.[120] The population here is entirely agricultural, poor, and dirty in their habits. We came home by Asphendu, a picturesque village situated high up on the side of Mount Prion. It is traversed by ravines, and sheltered by numbers of trees and shrubs. The inhabitants are a race with more courage than is generally found in the Greek islands. Lately, on building a new church, they hoisted a flag with a picture of the Resurrection, which the Governor of Cos ordered them to take down. They set his order at defiance.

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The Turks have lately been endeavouring to clean out the ancient harbour of Cos by dredging, and have found a colossal hand, probably from the statue of some Roman emperor, whose body may still lie embedded in the mud. I obtained during this visit an unedited inscription, containing a mention of Halasarna, which is placed by Ross on the S.E. shore of the island. An embassy to some king, probably one of the Ptolemies, is also mentioned. This inscription was presented to me by the Ionian for whom we had obtained redress from the Turkish captain. I also copied an inscription in the possession of M. Demetri Phatanista, which contains the commencement of a letter from the Emperor Tiberius to the people of Cos, bearing date A.D. 15, the year of his accession.

Our departure from Cos was not attended with so much pomp and circumstance as marked our arrival there. We embarked in a little caique full of Turks. The wind blew fresh from the N.W., as it generally does here at night in this season, and we made the passage to Rhodes in one night.

XIX.

RHODES, *October* 10, 1853.

ON the 30th of August I was agreeably surprised by a visit from the "Firebrand," on her way south to the coast of Syria. Lord Carlisle was on board, and was so delighted with Rhodes, that I persuaded him to be my guest till the return of the "Firebrand."

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We had a grand pic-nic at the beautiful fountain at Villa Nova, where I entertained the officers of the "Firebrand" with a lamb roasted whole, some pale ale, and sundry panniersful of water-melons and grapes from the neighbouring village.

On remounting our mules to return, the more adventurous of the party attempted, greatly to the horror of the muleteers, to ride cross-country. The case of Midshipman *versus* Mule was extremely well argued on both sides, and in spite of wooden pack-saddles, chain bridles, and rope stirrups, Midshipman generally succeeded in carrying his point by the persuasive influence of a big stick.

After staying one day, the "Firebrand" left us. The next morning, to my great concern and dismay, Lord Carlisle became alarmingly ill. I sent for the doctor of the Quarantine, an Italian enjoying some repute at Rhodes, who, after watching his patient for three days, pronounced the disease to be small-pox. I immediately wrote to Smyrna for Dr. McCraith, who, I am happy to say, arrived by the next steamer. The first fortnight of the illness was an anxious time for me; for I very soon perceived that the Italian doctor, alarmed at having so great a charge as the life of an English Milord in his hands, grew nervous and indecisive in his measures. Fortunately the disease is one which is often best let alone; and thus the *strenua inertia* of the Rhodian Hippokrates probably saved Lord Carlisle's life.

When Dr. McCraith arrived, he found his patient rapidly approaching convalescence, and after a glance at him, ordered a roast partridge and a glass of sherry.

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Great was the consternation of the Rhodian doctor, who had been sedulously withdrawing all nourishment but *tisanes*. "Dio mio," he said to me, "vino! e pernice! Milord will never bear all this strong food."

When, in the course of a few days, he saw Milord walking about quite well, he did what doctors have not always the candour to do, confessed that he was utterly mistaken, and that the constitution of an Englishman was to him a mystery.

I had written to Lord Stratford and Admiral Dundas to tell them of Lord Carlisle's illness. The consequence was that soon after Dr. McCraith's arrival came a steamer from the Admiral bringing Dr. Rees, the chief surgeon from the "Britannia." Nor was this all, for Dr. Sandwith, hearing at Constantinople of Lord Carlisle's illness, came at once to tend him; so that the Rhodian Turks began to wonder what manner of man my guest could be who had so many doctors at his beck and call.

Small-pox is very prevalent in this part of Turkey, particularly in Asia Minor, where whole villages are swept away by it, and where children covered with pustules may be seen playing about the streets uncared for. The native population, both Turks and Greeks, has a prejudice against vaccination, though the Doctors attached to the Quarantine establishments take every means to introduce it.

Dr. McCraith, who is equally skilful as a surgeon and as a physician, very kindly offered to give medical advice to the poor of Rhodes gratis during his stay here. The fame of the great Smyrna ἰατρός soon

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spread half over the island, and the Consulate has been for some days thronged with the halt, lame, and blind of many villages.

Among the cases brought before Dr. McCraith was that of a young lady of thirteen, already married, and with a child in her arms, which from her own tender age she was unable to nourish. Among the causes of the degradation of the races in the Levant may be reckoned the unnaturally early marriages which are very common in many of these islands. At Calymnos girls generally marry at the age of twelve. The Greek Bishops might, if they chose, check this practice.

There seems to be a great tendency in the climate of Rhodes to ophthalmic diseases. Dr. McCraith found a good many cases of *pterygium*, which is a triangular web commencing in the edge of the cornea and spreading inwards to the pupil. It may be removed by cutting.

Great was the astonishment of the natives at the results of various operations for cataract, harelip, &c. An old priest came from a distant village to have his thumb amputated, of which the bone was diseased. He bore the pain like an ancient Spartan, and when I met him in his native village some weeks afterwards, overwhelmed me with gratitude, rakee, and snuff. "I go to the church every day," he said, "and offer four wax candles to the Panagia, two for my ἰατρός [Dr. McCraith], and two for my chelliby," meaning me.

At the end of the month, the "Firebrand" called again at Rhodes, and took Lord Carlisle on board.

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Captain Parker kindly conveyed me also as far as Calymnos, as I was anxious to explore the Greek cemetery there, with a view to excavation.

Here I took leave of my kind friend Lord Carlisle, and saw with regretful eyes the "Firebrand" get under weigh, leaving me suddenly bereft of all the pleasant associations of the last few days, and somewhat unnerved by their amenities for the rough life which, I knew, was in store for me. When I was landed in the harbour in the early morning, I remained like a waif thrown up on the sandy beach, seated on my carpet bag, and plunged in a reverie about home, from which I was roused by an Ionian, who very kindly came to offer me hospitality in his house.

In every island in the Archipelago there are stray Ionians; wherever there are Ionians there is litigation; and litigation is sure to come, sooner or later, within the action of the Consul. It is for these reasons that Consuls can so easily make their way in the most inhospitable villages of the Levant, where unprotected travellers might be left to starve.

I passed several days at Calymnos, examining the Greek cemetery at a place called Damos, and am about to report the result of my researches to Lord Stratford, who is so kind as to undertake to ask the Porte for a firman, if I think the ground at Calymnos sufficiently promising to make an excavation worth while.

I asked the Calymniotes what they thought, hoped, or feared in the present crisis, and they appeared to think that they were very well off at present, and

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would not suffer at all by the evils of war. "As long as we can sell our sponges," said these canny islanders, "we don't care whether the Sultan makes war or not." The answer was a discreet one, but I doubt its sincerity. Just at this moment they would be afraid to show too much Hellenic sympathy, with an English ship of war anchored in their bay.

XX.

RHODES, *November* 3, 1853.

THREE large Turkish steam frigates passed down a few days ago for troops from Beirout. This portends mischief: I hope it is not the forerunner of a revolution in Constantinople. As I write, the thunder of Zeus Atabyrios is rolling over my head; it is just 400 years since the last of the Palæologi fell, nobly fighting for the remnant of an empire in the breach at Constantinople; we have had a comet with a long tail all the summer, and my superstitious mind is picturing to itself a great massacre of the Christians, or some such catastrophe, at Constantinople. We are entering on a strange crisis now. Though our little island is as tranquil and as radiant in the autumn sun as ever, we begin to be infected with the general war mania. In the harbour are three Ottoman ships of war, which I suppose are intended to take care of us in time of need. The Turkish authorities here have been for some time past in a fussy, restless state of mind which betokens vague alarms. Their efforts to put the

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place in an efficient state of defence are rather amusing. They are destroying the rich brown tone of the fortifications with whitewash, and patching with plaster the time-hallowed breaches made by the stone balls of Mahomed II. and Solyman the Magnificent, with the vague hope that this whitewash will scare away the Russians. Every day a miserable handful of sailors and marines are landed from the Turkish brig-of-war stationed here, and go through an elementary drill, by which it is hoped in time to teach them how to use their cutlasses. These unpleasant preparations do not appear to disturb much the mind of the Greek population. The Rhodian peasant continues to dance at his *panegyris* to the old monotonous tune of his λύρα; he inquires now and then about the chance of war, but with no very distinct idea of what it is all about, and with no apparent wish to change masters. In the part of Turkey which I have had the opportunity of judging of from personal residence, that is to say the Archipelago, the Greek peasantry do not appear discontented with the present state of affairs. Their physical and moral condition has certainly much improved under the guarantee of the Tanzimat, especially in places where its action can be enforced by consuls, and where constant communication by steam with Constantinople and Europe brings the force of public opinion to bear upon the local abuses of places, such as Rhodes and Mytilene, which formerly were governed by petty tyrants, against whom no village Hampden could appeal.

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In an excursion in the villages the other day, I heard a sermon almost worthy of old Latimer, from my friend Nikandros, the Greek priest, whom I described in my account of the visit to Archangelo. He preached on the day of the feast, and rebuked his audience for too much revelling. He said, "You come to these feasts, you eat, drink, dance, and what not besides, and then in the morning you come into the church, and think, by the offering of one little *candle*, to make your peace with God. Do you think God cares for your candles?" Then he began to talk about death and another world, till, by his energetic language, he had created a visible sensation among his audience, and moved some of them to tears. Then he paused, and rubbed his hands with that inward feeling of satisfaction which all extempore orators experience when they begin to perceive that the discourse tells. Then he turned off to the subject of politics, and told them that these were times in which every one must look after his own personal safety, and that of those belonging to him, like a *man* (the Rhodiotes are noted cowards); and for the women, he said, let them not wear any gold or silver ornaments about their persons, lest they should excite the cupidity of robbers. When the discourse was over, I asked my knowing muleteer, Panga, whether all the Greek priests in the villages preached as good sermons as that. "No," he said, "there is but one Nikandros among priests, as there is but one Panga among muleteers."

It is not, however, with impunity that Nikandros indulges in such freedom of speech; he is detested

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by his less learned and zealous brethren, who intrigue against him at Rhodes. The other day I invited him to dinner. My Greek cook, Hadgi, who is a model of devout hypocrisy, was so shocked at my entertaining such a Lutheran, that I had some difficulty in persuading him to give us any dinner.

I have already remarked that the Greek priests in Rhodes have little personal influence. The Roman Catholics here attribute this want of influence to the lax manner in which confession is conducted in the Greek Church. In illustration of this view, an amusing anecdote was told me of a former Pasha of Rhodes, who, like Haroun al Raschid, was in the habit of going among his subjects in disguise. One day, attired as a Frank, he presented himself before a Catholic priest and confessed that he had slain a Turk. "My son," said the priest, "the Turk is an infidel, but you have not the less sinned in the eyes of God." He then dismissed him, ordering a severe penance. The Pasha, then taking a different disguise, confessed the same crime to a Greek priest, who immediately gave him absolution, thanking God at the same time that there was one Mussulman less in the world. The next day, the Pasha, taking his place on his judgment seat, summoned the two priests before him, and when he had made known the deceit he had practised on them, proceeded there and then to hang the unfortunate Greek priest. It is hardly necessary to add, that this Pasha lived in the good old times before the Tanzimat.

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XXI.

RHODES, *December* 10, 1853.

ONE of the pleasantest excursions in the neighbourhood of Rhodes is to the pretty village of Trianda, distant about five miles from the city, on the road to Villa Nova. This road, issuing from the Neomaras, passes along the shore, up to the foot of St. Stephen's Hill. Thence, making a bend to the west at the distance of about half an hour from the town, it passes along the side of a marsh, where, according to the local legend which Schiller has immortalized, Dieùdonné de Gozon slew the terrible dragon.[121] Beyond this marsh the shore bends round to the north, forming the bay of Trianda, a fair anchorage in a south wind. The village is scattered over a plain at a little distance from the shore. Here the Knights passed their *villeggiatura* during the summer months in *pyrgi* surrounded by gardens. Many of these houses still remain in fair preservation. They are built of stone, in the same simple style of military Gothic as the houses in the town of Rhodes.

In some of these *pyrgi* the entrance-door was anciently on the second story, to which there was no access but by a drawbridge communicating with a detached flight of stone steps.

Trianda lies at the foot of a hill called Phileremo, or Rhoda Vecchia, the site of the ancient Acropolis of Ialysos. This hill, which is a familiar seamark to

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mariners approaching Rhodes from the north, rises steeply out of the plain: its top is a platform of which the level has probably been improved by art. Its greatest length is from north-east to south-west. This kind of table-land constantly occurs on the north side of the island.

The hill of Phileremo was occupied by the Knights, and is frequently mentioned in the accounts of the siege.

On the summit is a small crypt with a tunnel vault. The roof and sides are covered with pictures in distemper, much decayed. Some of the figures are in armour, from the style of which, and the form of the escutcheons, I should infer that the date was about 1430. At the east end is represented the Saviour, and below, St. George; on the roof, the Crucifixion.

East of this subterraneous vault is a Gothic building with two rooms, side by side, covered with intersecting ribbed vaults. The windows are lancet, in a very pure Gothic, like our early English, but probably as late as 1360 in date. There are several other rooms which still retain their vaulting.[132]

I noticed here a block of marble on which were sculptured the arms of the Grand Master Fabrizio del Carretto, quarterly with those of the Order.

It was here that, in the time of the Knights, stood the celebrated church Notre Dame de Philerme, so often mentioned in the chronicles of the siege. To the shrine of this Madonna pilgrims resorted, and whenever Rhodes was threatened by any great peril, her image was carried in solemn procession to the town.

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On the edge of the table-land may be seen some slight remains of the Hellenic fortification which occupied this site, and which was called Ochyroma, or "the strong place," and on the north side, about two-thirds of the way up the lines, terrace walls may be traced, though much concealed by fig-trees. On this side, under a walnut-tree at a fountain, are some fragments of Ionic columns in sandstone, 2½ feet in diameter. Here I obtained a marble lion's head from a cornice fairly sculptured.[123] Ialysos was one of the three ancient cities of which the political importance was destroyed by the founding of Rhodes B.C. 408. Strabo describes it as a mere κώμη or village in his time; its distance from Rhodes he reckons at 80 *stadia*, which would be rather more than nine English miles. The distance from Trianda to Neomaras is not more than five. We must look, therefore, for Ialysos to the west of Phileremo.

The Chevalier Hedenborg, a Swedish savant resident at Rhodes, possesses a fine *amphora*, with black figures on a red ground, which, as he informs me, was found in a tomb near Phileremo; and between that hill and Maritza, at the distance of one hour from the latter place, is a mound called Catzechi, on which was discovered the top of a Greek marble *stelé*, sculptured with a rich floral ornament like those found at Athens.[124] The mound seems artificial, and the fields round it were strewn with pottery. The *stelé* was found on its eastern side.

This place lies south of Kremastò, close to which village, according to M. Guérin, architectural marbles,

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the foundation of a temple, and Hellenic tombs, have from time to time been discovered. It seems probable, therefore, that the town of Ialysos occupied the site marked out for it in the Admiralty Chart.

M. Berg, a German painter sent by the king of Prussia to the Levant, arrived here a few days ago, and is at present my guest. The principal object of his mission is to visit Lycia; but he proposes to remain here till the spring, and is now exploring Rhodes under my auspices. He has made a beautiful panoramic sketch of the town of Rhodes, and many drawings of the architecture of the Knights. I was in hopes that he would be able to make studies of the costume of the peasants, but they have a curious superstition about portraits, which makes them very unwilling to be drawn. In their minds the idea of likeness is connected with that of life, so that the individual who allows his portrait to be taken is believed to be thenceforth in the power of the person who possesses his likeness. The other day, in a remote village, I succeeded with infinite trouble, and through the intervention of Panga, in persuading a young girl to sit to M. Berg. Just as the sketch was completed, the mother arrived, and on learning what had occurred in her absence, reproached her daughter with as much bitterness as if she had committed some heinous crime, and made such an onslaught on the poor painter, that, after vain efforts to appease the clamour, he tore up his drawing.

This curious superstition seems a relic of the old belief that witches had power over persons by

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making images inscribed with their names, which they then subjected to certain rites.[125]

[In January, 1854, I transferred the charge of the Consulate at Rhodes to Mr. J. E. Blunt, being obliged to go to England on private business. I returned to Turkey in June of the same year, and a new Consul having been appointed at Rhodes, went back to my old post at Mytilene.]

XXII.

MYTILENE, *July* 5, 1854.

I SPENT a few days at Athens on my way back, and took the opportunity of revisiting Mavrodhilissi to examine a fragment of one of the inscriptions discovered since I copied them in 1852. This fragment gives the commencement of the list of victors in the games. In the course of my stay, I became acquainted with several of the young professors, who are sent out by the French Government to study archæology in the Levant, and who have their head-quarters at the École Française at Athens. One of these gentlemen, M. Guérin, has illustrated the antiquities of Rhodes, Samos, and Patmos in memoirs to which I have already referred. Another member of this school, M. Boutan, is about to visit Mytilene for the purpose of preparing a memoir on the island, which has been selected as a subject by the French Academy. I accompanied him and

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some French naval officers on a visit to Eleusis, where, on our arrival, we were ignominiously pelted with stones by the boys of the place. I was told that this had become a common practice of late.

Sir T. Wyse seems tolerably satisfied with the new Greek Ministry. They will, I dare say, act as the Western Powers wish so long as our troops are at the Piræus; but the moment they withdraw, they will behave as Greek ministers usually do. The great mass of the people does not seem very uneasy at the occupation. Some mortification, doubtless, is felt, though the Greeks are rather vain than proud; but as the inhabitants of Athens have let all the houses in the Piræus for barracks at an unheard-of rent, and are every day engaged in selling beef and bread for a large body of troops, the presence of foreign bayonets is not perhaps quite so disagreeable as might have been supposed.

The Greek minister the other day gave a grand banquet to the English, French, and Greek officers in the Acropolis. The dinner was laid out in the Parthenon, which seems a great desecration; but the place was not inappropriate for the inauguration of a new epoch, if this is to be one.

On my leaving Athens, Captain King, being about to take H.M.S. "Leander" on a cruise to look for pirates, kindly offered me a passage as far as Syra, where our arrival was a source of great satisfaction to that part of the population which does not belong to the Greek Church. This place consists of two distinct towns,—the Greek town on the

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shore, and the Latin town on the heights above. These latter, who are all Catholics, are descendants of the Italian families who occupied so much of the Archipelago in the Middle Ages. Several of them assured me that since the outbreak of the Russian war they had been exposed to many insults when passing through the Greek quarter, being constantly invited by the populace "to come to the font and be rebaptized," the Greeks not considering the rite of baptism valid unless performed by a priest of their own faith. This feeling of antipathy between the Latin and Greek populations prevails all through the Archipelago, and if not checked from without, may some day lead to religious feuds as intense as that of the two Egyptian towns Ombos and Tentyra, described in Juvenal. We saw something of the unpleasant temper of the Greeks at Syra one evening, when the band of the "Leander" was sent on shore to play for the amusement of the town. A very dirty and disorderly rabble crowded upon the part of the Piazza where the ladies were seated, so rudely as almost to upset their chairs. The local authorities very properly interfered; but the people murmured at their very temperate remonstrance, and I heard one unwashed and somewhat noisy representative of the Demos of Syra upbraid a policeman for thus doing his duty, and say to him, in a menacing tone, that he was annoying the people. I have too often occasion to remark that the lower orders in the Archipelago have not yet learnt that good manners are perfectly compatible with free institutions.

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During his stay Captain King sent off a boat to Delos, to look for pirates, who have multiplied since the war broke out, but are so chased by the boats of the French and English ships of war, that there is every hope that they will be put down. They have had the audacity lately to rob a boat in sight of the harbour of Syra. According to the opinion of Mr. Wilkinson, our Consul there, the scoundrels who massacred the crew of the "Harriet" the other day were volunteers going off to the frontier, and not professional pirates, who do not generally commit murder in these seas.

At Syra I took leave of the "Leander," and embarked in an Austrian steamer bound for Smyrna.

Returning to my old post, after an absence of nearly a year and a half, I found Mr. Grenville Murray, who had been acting in my stead during my absence, anxiously awaiting my arrival in order to be released from the monotonous weariness of insular life. He has a shrewd appreciation of the Greek character, and his estimate of the Mytileniotes seems to be much the same as my own. Now that I have had the opportunity of comparing Mytilene with other islands in the Turkish Archipelago, I am struck with the fact that its superior wealth and intelligence have contributed so little to the moral improvement of the population.

The difference in the state of society here and at Rhodes may be thus accounted for. The Rhodiote is for the most part a peasant proprietor; his chief employment is to cultivate his own land, consuming the greater part of the produce in his own family.

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As he is neither a trader nor a mariner, his transactions are of a simple nature, and he is seldom involved in litigation.

The Mytileniote, if he is a landholder, is generally a cultivator of olives. But this tree is uncertain in its yield. A full crop cannot be expected on the average more than once in three years. Hence every one in Mytilene who owns olives is forced, after converting his crop into money, so to invest the proceeds as to get a profitable return during the barren years.

There being neither public securities nor banks in which investments can be made, the cultivator of olives must either trade with his money himself or lend it on such security as mortgages on land or ships. But as there is no certainty in the administration of justice, such securities cannot be made as safe as the law makes them in most parts of Europe. The debtor, if he enjoys the protection of some powerful member of the Mejlis, evades the foreclosing of a mortgage, contrives a fraudulent bankruptcy, and, not unfrequently, denies his own signature with unblushing effrontery. The natural results of this speculative style of trading are a very low standard of commercial morality, an exorbitant rate of interest, ranging from 12 to 24 per cent., and a passion for petty litigation. When a whole community is so absorbed in this kind of paltry trading, the general calibre of mind is very much that of the old usurer, of whom Aristophanes has given us so graphic a portrait in his "Nubes," and the base low cunning of the Mytileniotes has gained

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for them an unenviable notoriety among their fellow-Greeks.

Having a little leisure time at present, I have been making an effort to learn Turkish. My master is a Hoja or priest, whose special vocation it is to teach small Turkish boys reading and writing. His method of instruction is the dreariest imaginable. It consists simply in forcing the pupil to repeat after him, first, a collection of syllables and then of sentences, each word as it is uttered being pointed out to him in a printed text, in order that he may thus learn to associate a particular group of characters with a particular word. The unfortunate pupil is expected to learn all this *en bloc*, before he has been taught the letters of the alphabet, the simplest grammatical forms, or even the commonest colloquial words. It is evident that such a method can only succeed with a native who has already acquired, through the ear, the use of his vernacular. My Hoja, however, who is the impersonation of antiquated bigotry, and who is as obstinate as a Mytilene mule, insists on forcing Colnaghi and myself through this disgusting mechanical drudgery, and was very angry the other day when he discovered that we were abridging his circuitous route by taking a short and easy cut, and that in the intervals of his nauseous lessons we studied a very amusing collection of dialogues and tales, in which the Turkish text is printed in Roman as well as Arabic characters, and is accompanied by a French translation. The Hoja seemed shocked at the notion that any one should try to abridge the time required for learning

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to read Turkish. He told us with much complacency that it required about forty years to master the text of the Koran; but that at the expiration of that period the scholar would meet his reward, for the Koran contained all knowledge that was of any use to man. I asked him whether he had no curiosity to know anything about European countries or the discoveries of European science. He gave me the old stereotyped answer, that if any of this new knowledge was good for the soul of man, it would be found in the Koran (by dint of searching of course); if not, it was not worth knowing. One day I showed him how I inflated an india-rubber bath. The bellows made a curious squeaking noise as it drove in the air. The Hoja stood by with stolid indifference. When I had stopped working the bellows, he inquired why the noise ceased. On my explaining to him the cause, he said with a look of disappointment, "I thought that there was an animal inside."

XXIII.

MYTILENE, *August* 16, 1854.

A FEW days ago, Ishmael Pasha, the Governor-General of the Archipelago, arrived here from Rhodes, in a Turkish war steamer. Every summer the Pasha of the Archipelago makes a tour of inspection round the islands entrusted to his charge, with the professed object of redressing any grievances and punishing any acts of maladminis-

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tration. His authority being supreme, appeals are then made to him against decisions of the local Mejlis. This personal inspection of a pashalik might be made to operate as a salutary check on local abuses. I fear, however, that, in most cases, the only result of such a visit is the extortion of sundry presents from the subordinate Pasha, in atonement for any sins of maladministration.

On this occasion, the Pasha of the Archipelago was accompanied by Mr. Campbell, who has been recently appointed Consul at Rhodes; and wishing to do all honour to such distinguished strangers, I gave them a rustic entertainment. My worthy and amiable neighbour, the French Vice-Consul, M. Didier, was also duly invited, in order that this banquet might be complete as a celebration of the triple alliance.

We feasted on a roast lamb in a Turkish garden; the flags of the three nations formed an awning over our heads; we drank the Sultan's health in pale ale, and taught the Turks to receive it with an English hip, hip, hip, which they did not the least understand, but were not the less delighted with. All the distinguished individuals present made speeches one after another, through the medium of my dragoman; and very curious discourses they were. The Pasha of Rhodes having drunk two glasses of rakee before dinner, and about two bottles of pale ale at dinner, the Pasha of Mytilene, being his subaltern in rank, felt bound to imitate his example; and being a poor shaky old man, has had indigestion ever since, the result of Giaour beer. I do not know that any other

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mishap took place. After dinner we walked about on the shore, listening to barbarous Greek music. The Pasha of Rhodes took my arm, and being very drunk, rolled about, so that I had great difficulty in keeping him steady.

Mr. Campbell being obliged to return before completing his tour, requested me to accompany Ishmael Pasha to Tenedos, and Lemnos. We proceeded to Tenedos in the Pasha's steamer; the weather was fine, the Pasha in excellent spirits and very well disposed to talk. As he speaks Greek, we could dispense with the restraint imposed by the intervention of a dragoman, and I had the opportunity of discussing many topics much more freely than would have been possible in a formal visit to his konak, where a pasha is seldom alone.

Ishmael Pasha, whom I have already described to you in my Rhodian letters, is rather a remarkable man. If he could only speak French, he might be ambassador at London or Paris, or hold even a higher position in his own country. He is a very smart little man, dressed like a *petit maître*, with very shiny boots, trousers studiously strapped down, his beard and hair trimmed with the most scrupulous care. He is in every way a trimmer. He has one set of fair speeches for the English consul, another for the Turkish magnates, another for the Greeks. He tries to be all things to all men. He professes to delight in European society, and stays till daybreak at such profane entertainments as European balls. He respects the Prophet's prohibition in the matter of wine; but, finding no mention of spirituous

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liquors in the Koran, considers them as tacitly allowed. After dinner his orgies are such as to shock the propriety even of the Mytileniotes.

As compared with really strict Mussulmans, Ishmael Pasha may be called a Turkish *esprit fort*. He laughs at the poor plodding Hoja with his Koran under his arm, and admitted to me, confidentially, that the Koran was only a religious book, but that it did not contain *all human science*, as the Hoja supposed; that there were such things as geography, history, &c., which were profitable to know, and yet did not form part of the Koran; that it did not require forty years to know the contents of this wonderful book, but that any man of common sense might master it in as many months.

The opportunity seemed not a bad one for speaking out plainly, so I said, "Why does not the Sultan encourage Europeans to buy land and settle in Turkey, instead of throwing all manner of hindrances in the way of such purchases? If Europeans could be encouraged to settle in Turkey, capital would be expended on the land, which is at present utterly impoverished for want of proper cultivation." The Pasha winced a little, and said, "But what would become of the Turks? We should all sell our land, and become beggars." I could not say to him, "Why not?" I renewed the subject in the course of the day; but he "shifted his *chibouque*, and only took snuff."

Ishmael Pasha professes to have a taste for literature, and I actually saw him read a page of a Turkish book, after which his eyes became fatigued

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with the exertion, and he gave the book to his divan effendi to read to him. He told me that it was the history of the destruction of the Janissaries, drawn up by official authority, and that his own name was mentioned in it.

On arriving at Tenedos, I spent two or three days on shore in the house of M. Tolmides, the Austrian consular agent, from whom I obtained some useful information about the island.

Tenedos is much less mountainous than any island of the Archipelago which I have yet seen. Something like roads exist; and people talk about going to the *right* or the *left*, instead of *up* or *down*, as they do at Mytilene, where there is hardly a square mile of level land. The vineyards lie in small plains surrounded by hills, which keep off the violence of the winds. The vines are very small, and cultivated along the ground, more in the European style than in any vineyard which I have seen in Turkey. The vineyards are generally manured every two years; they are dug three times each year with a two-pronged hoe, still called by its ancient name, δίκελλα. The soil is a rich and friable loam. The grapes most esteemed for flavour are called Mavrelia. As these yield but little juice, they are mixed with a commoner sort called Kondoures. At the vintage the grapes are picked over, and the decayed ones rejected; but this is not done with much care. The grapes are trodden by the foot, and the pulp then put into a vat, where it is kept boiling for about a month; it is then put into barrels, where it remains for another month; after which the wine is fit to

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drink, though some drink it as soon as it comes out of the vat. I was assured that it was made without any adulteration, and that it would keep many years and bear transport by sea. The whole produce of a vintage is generally sold off at once, and I could hear of no wine in the island itself more than a year or two old: what I tasted was of excellent quality. This is one of the few places in the Archipelago where wine is made for exportation. The Greeks generally content themselves with making enough for their own consumption from year to year, very much as the farmers in Herefordshire make cider. They have bottles but no corks, barrels with only wooden hoops, and everything else in the same provisional style.

The annual produce of the vintage varies from 25,000 to 10,000 barrels. A barrel holds nearly sixteen imperial gallons. The annual value of the vintage in a good year is reckoned at 800,000 piasters, about £6,779.[126]

M. Tolmides estimated the number of vines in the island at about a million. He thought that the whole annual expense of cultivation might be reckoned at seventeen shillings for every thousand vines. A vineyard, when first planted, does not produce wine for six years; in the seventh year it begins to be profitable.

The wine of Tenedos used to be exported to Odessa, but since the Russian war has been sent to Constantinople.

No other article of commerce is exported from the island, except a small quantity of wool.

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The harbour is much exposed to the north, and is still, as in the time of the ancients, *statio malefida carinis;* but I was assured that a good harbour might be made by running out a mole on the N.W., at a cost of rather more than £2,000. It is calculated that such a harbour would contain about fifty ships not exceeding 400 tons burthen, and would probably give considerable impetus to the wine trade.

The population of Tenedos is reckoned at about 4,000, of which one-third are Turks. The island only produces sufficient wheat to support the inhabitants during three months of the year. The whole of the taxes of the island amount to 300,000 piasters (equal to £2,542), of which the tithe of the grapes produces 48,000, and the Palto 155,000.

The Palto is an assessment tax on the value of the wine. The community of Tenedos engage to pay the Porte 200,000 piasters annually, which they raise by the tithe and the Palto. After the latter tax has been paid on the wine, it is exported duty free to Constantinople. The remainder of the revenue is made up by the Haratch, or capitation tax, which varies from seventeen shillings to a dollar annually, according to the means of each person, and the Salgun, or δώσιμο, an assessment tax on all the real property in the island. The joint annual produce of these two taxes is about 100,000 piasters (equal to £847).

Besides these regular taxes, the Sultan, from time to time, levies extraordinary subsidies. This year he took 11,000 piasters.

There is a Greek school at Tenedos, on which the

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community spends 10,000 piasters annually. This sum is collected from the inhabitants generally. The scholars are about 200 in number, including some girls. This school has existed about twenty-five years.

About two-thirds of the population can neither read nor write.

There is a Turkish castle here, with a garrison consisting of 180 local militia and 24 artillerymen.

Tenedos was ruined by the Russians when they occupied it in 1807. Many rich Turks formerly lived here. It was once covered with trees, which were destroyed in the Greek Revolution.

A strong north wind springing up, the Pasha abandoned his intention of visiting Lemnos and Samothrace, and we returned to Mytilene.

XXIV.

MYTILENE, *September* 6, 1854.

THIS morning I went at sunrise to see the ceremony of the Courban Bairam. The Governor-General turned out with his irregular guards, the militia from the castle, and some marines from the ships of war, in a grand procession to the principal mosque. He was dressed in that rich gold embroidery in which the Turks take so much pleasure; he was mounted on a magnificent horse, who walked mincingly, "as if he told the steps;" before him marched the half-drilled rank-and-

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file of the castle, and a long string of uncouth-looking Albanians and Bashi Bozooks, shambling along with that peculiar inimitable swagger which belongs to the cavass from Asia Minor. They all went to the mosque, and after an interval of prayer, returned to the Pasha's kiosk; the next part of the ceremony was the sacrifice of a number of sheep, which are always distributed on this day to the poor: they were brought to the door of the kiosk; holes were dug in regular Homeric fashion to receive the blood, and their throats were cut in a very workmanlike manner. It is customary for the Pasha either to perform this operation with his own hand or to delegate it to his representative, who is solemnly appointed for this purpose before the Cadi. I went home from this ceremony full of Mussulman associations. About the middle of the day I was invited with the other vice-consuls to attend the funeral of a rich Greek who had died that morning, and had bequeathed one-third of his property to found an hospital for the Mytileniotes. The bequest is supposed to amount to 200,000 piasters, a large sum in Mytilene. Such acts of patriotism, if they should become more frequent, would do much to redeem the Greek character, and raise it to a higher estimation. A bequest of this nature could hardly have been made before the Tanzimat was established; a Greek would not have been allowed either to accumulate so large a sum, or to dispose of it after his death as he liked, at least not in Mytilene.

When I arrived at the funeral, I found all

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the Greeks in the town collected round the house and in the adjoining streets; at the door were men carrying baskets on their heads, with melons and bread, and other offerings for the poor; inside was the sound of weeping and wailing of the conventional kind, which is always thought necessary in funerals in southern countries. I made my way to the door, and was immediately accoutred with various white scarfs and sashes—one of which is tied on the left arm. The pictures on Greek vases show that the victorious athletes in antiquity wore just such a decoration. When one of these sashes was offered to my Albanian cavass, he resisted the attempt to put it on his arm with true Mussulman scorn. All these preparations having been made, I was told off with my colleagues, the French, Austrian, and Sardinian consuls, to our respective posts as pall-bearers; and so we marched through the narrow, crowded, and dirty streets of Mytilene, under a blazing hot sun, for upwards of an hour, till we had perambulated the whole town and come round to the same point.

Possibly this perambulation may be a relic of the old classical *decursio* or solemn procession round the funeral pile. Very weary work it was: I got lost in a reverie more than once, and fell to studying the exquisite embroidery on the Archbishop's robe, who was walking immediately before me. Having been charged to buy embroidery for the South Kensington Museum, I thought what a grand acquisition I could make if I could purchase that and the state robe of the Pasha, which had figured in the Bairam proces-

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sion in the morning. Perhaps in the wreck of the Turkish empire both these trappings some day may fall into my hands.

At last we got to the church. When we were all wedged into our places, the funeral service began,—a long course of droning chants and mumbled prayers. The heat was intense, and I thought we should never get to the end. At last the chanting ceased, when up got the Bishop's Preacher, or *Hierokeryx*, in a pulpit, and delivered a tedious extempore discourse in honour of the deceased. After this we got out of the church, and I thought the burying was certainly going to begin; but no. After the priests had done their work, the schoolmasters began, and we had to listen to two more funeral orations, read over the grave, after the Père la Chaise fashion. The first was written by a young Greek of the name of Lailios, who had been well educated in Germany. His oration was full of quotations from Plato and Sophocles, and at the same time he took occasion to criticise things and people in Mytilene very freely; and thus his discourse was employed for the same purpose as funeral orations served in antiquity, when, in the absence of such means of expressing public opinion as a free press affords us, the orator mixed up with the panegyric of the individual many topics of social and political interest. At last the discourses were over, and the burial began, when the *gamins* of Mytilene crowded round us with that unrestrained license which is their characteristic in the Greek islands on such solemn occasions. They nearly succeeded in

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pushing the poor old Archbishop into the grave, just as he was pouring a vial of holy oil on the coffin; however, we managed to finish the ceremony, and the crowd dispersed. Before we separated, a man came round and divested everybody of the scarfs, gloves, &c. Your Greek, though he loves display, has "a frugal mind," like Mrs. Gilpin; so I suppose all these trappings were let out for the day. It is believed that the funeral cost £100. It was not much to my taste; for, considering the excessive dearness of bread, and the real suffering of the poor of Mytilene at this moment, it would have been much more in accordance with the occasion to have spent more on alms, and less on archbishops, priests, and preachers, all of whom lengthen or shorten the service in exact proportion to the sum they receive. If the funeral had been that of a poor man, he would have been thrust into his grave with a few half-articulated prayers, a handful of dust, and no holy oil; no archbishop, priests, and deacons; no public orators, no consular pall-bearers, no procession, no rose-water and flowers flung from the windows, no attendant rabble;—in short, none of the glories of a Greek funeral. When it was all over, I told my dragoman the story of the recent funeral of the Duke of Portland by way of contrast.

Coming as it did on the same day as the great Mussulman festival, this Greek pageant made all the deeper impression on me from the abruptness of the transition. The two ceremonies clashed in a curious way; for the consular flags having been hoisted in honour of the Bairam,

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were lowered during the funeral half-mast high, which did not probably please the Turks; and the elaborate periods in the discourse of the Greek professor over the grave were interrupted by the thunder of saluting batteries from the castle, as the Courban Bairam drew to a close.

The Pasha of the Archipelago sent to inquire why I had lowered my flag; I sent back a message to say that it was in honour of a Greek who had deserved well of his country. How he liked the answer I know not. Talking over the affair with the two rival doctors of Mytilene the next day, I found that they were mutually accusing each other of having put the unfortunate benefactor of his country out of this world. It is further said that his relations, who honoured his memory with so magnificent a funeral, utterly deserted him in his last moments, because he had made this bequest for public purposes.

However, on the whole, I am glad to see something like public spirit stirring among the Greeks. It wants direction to good and practical objects, and such direction can only be given by greater power of social combination among themselves, more integrity and truthfulness in the relations between man and man.

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XXV.

SMYRNA, *October* 10, 1854.

I MENTIONED in a previous letter that after my visit to Calymnos last year, I applied to Lord Stratford for a firman to enable me to make excavations there. His Excellency having obtained this firman, and very kindly provided me with funds sufficient for carrying on a small excavation, I am now about to take advantage of his assistance, which I should have done sooner had it not been for the necessity of going to England last winter.

I arrived here yesterday on my way to Rhodes, where I have to exhibit the firman to the Pasha. To-day I went to see the new road which extends from the Caravan Bridge nearly to Bournabat. This road, which was made last year by subscription, in order to give employment to the poor in a period of great distress, is a good wide macadamized highway, with a footpath on each side; but the people of the country make little use of it, as they have no wheeled carriages. The mules and pack-horses have worn away a serpentine track through the bed of the road. The smart equestrians of Smyrna usurp the footpath, but nobody uses the road in the sense in which we use roads in Europe, and it will, consequently, be soon worn in patches, and the track in the centre will be broken into holes and puddles as the winter advances. Wherever I have seen

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an attempt at road-making in Turkey, I have always observed that the traffic is not on the road, but alongside of it, in order to avoid the hard pavement. Large sums were promised for the subscription by the Greeks; but now that the time for payment has come, there seems to be difficulty in realizing their promises. The making this road has led to the discovery of considerable ancient remains. Beyond Caravan Bridge, on the road to Bournabat, is a large Turkish cemetery. Immediately beyond this cemetery great quantities of squared blocks of marbles and mouldings of buildings — all rough-hewn — have been recently dug up; also several sarcophagi, one with ornaments in bas-relief, of a late Roman period; a colossal head of Apollo or Bacchus, which I did not see, but which, judging from a drawing, appeared very hard and mannered; and a fragment of an inscription which seemed to be sepulchral. This spot is probably the site of an ancient cemetery situated outside the old town. At Caravan Bridge a marble lion was found in 1852, which probably marks the situation of a tomb. Part of the ground where these antiquities were discovered belongs to Mr. Whittall, who would probably make an excavation on a large scale if he could get a firman. He is very rich and very generous; he gives away immense sums to the poor, and keeps up a very princely style of hospitality at Bournabat.

At the special request of Mr. Hanson and Dr. McCraith, I went yesterday to see the British hospital, which, I must say, is a disgrace to any nation occupying the position which we hold at

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present in the East. This hospital at Smyrna is intended for the exclusive benefit of British seamen from ships of war and the merchant navy. It is supported by dues levied on every British ship which arrives in the port at Smyrna. The revenue was formerly administered by the Levant Company, and was by them transferred to the Government. The hospital has remained *in statu quo* ever since the breaking up of the Levant Company. It is placed in a miserable, dilapidated old house, the ground-floor of which is periodically flooded in bad weather. The rooms on the upper floor are pictures of squalid misery, the plastering decayed and full of holes, the walls dirty,—with no modern contrivances of any kind. We found three sailors imprisoned in this Black-hole; they were jolly good-humoured fellows, said the bugs were "as big as black currants," and that the bedsteads, though constantly washed with hot water, were so old and saturated with vermin that their crevices contained "the essence of bugs." In the holes and corners were worm-eaten old chests, which still bore the name of the Levant Company.

Opposite the British hospital is the Dutch hospital, — a perfect model of neatness and propriety, with a garden kept in order and planted with trees, and that air of comfort both inside and out which contributes so much to the cure of an invalid. I next visited the Greek hospital, which is on a large scale and in excellent order; lastly, the Austrian,—small, but well organized. The French I had not time to see; but I was assured it was admirable.

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Now, there may be some good reason for the very singular contrast which our hospital presents; but I cannot help thinking that, if the British Government were really aware what a miserable place it is, they would take some more active steps to provide a better. It is no excuse to say that the English hospital at Constantinople is worse; and that there the bugs drop down from the ceiling on the patients' faces. In the course of this war we may want a good hospital for our merchant sailors at Smyrna, and so we may as well get it ready at once. At present the establishment is much more like a Turkish khan than the hospital of a civilized people, and yet we profess to exhibit to the Turks a model to be followed in all things.[127]

XXVI.

CALYMNOS, *November* 11, 1854.

AFTER duly presenting my firman to the Pasha at Rhodes, and receiving in exchange for it a mandate addressed to the Turkish Governor and the Primates of Calymnos, enjoining them to facilitate my operations in every way, I set sail in a caique for that island, accompanied by an Italian artist, Signor Panni, who was staying at Rhodes, and by my cavass, a smart young Albanian, whom I have recently engaged in my service, securing his affections for the next six months by a present of a gold-laced jacket, with a promise of a pair of

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silver-mounted pistols if he behaves well in this expedition. He condescends to cook for me as long as we are travelling, though no Albanian will stoop to regular menial service in a household. Our stock of tools and implements for excavation was not extensive. It consisted of four English shovels and picks, three crowbars, two blocks, and a rope. The caique had a cargo of wheat, which made a very cool and comfortable bed to lie on.

At Rhodes we heard many stories of pirates off Cape Crio; so when I got to Cos, I asked the captain of the caique, a knowing old Greek mariner, whether he thought we should be safer with a guard of Turkish cavasses. He declined the offer, confiding to me at the same time the fact that he himself had some money on board; so I took his advice, and we completed the voyage without any adventures. On arriving at Calymnos, we found the inhabitants very Russian in their sentiments, and rather indisposed to welcome Frank visitors.

The news of the battle of the Alma, which we brought with us, did not contribute to their good-humour, and I was told privately that I had come at an inopportune moment, and that it would be hopeless to attempt excavations, as the land was all private property, and no one would consent to my digging in his field. I thought, therefore, it would be more prudent not to hurry matters, and so kept the Pasha's letter in my pocket, and established myself quietly in the upper town, where I spent some days in copying inscriptions and collecting coins.

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Every day the price of corn rose, as winter approached; and the poorer classes, being in want of employment, began to agitate in my favour; till at length I was formally invited by some of the chief Greeks of the place to commence my excavations. The land being all private property, I had in each case to make a bargain with a different owner. These negotiations were at first very troublesome; but I succeeded in persuading several small proprietors to let me dig their little plots of ground, with the agreement, that for every tomb I opened I was to pay a price, which I at first fixed to three dollars, but afterwards lowered, in consequence of the unproductive results of many tombs.

I commenced my operations in the middle of an ancient cemetery, which still retains the classical name of ὁ δᾶμος.

On referring to Dr. Ross's map of Calymnos,[128] it will be seen that this cemetery is situated between the modern harbour, now called Pothia, on the eastern coast, and Linaria on the west, and that behind it is a range of mountains crossing the island in a direction north-west by south-east.

The cemetery of Damos lies on the sloping irregular ground at the foot of this mountain; and immediately below these slopes is a small and fertile valley, extending to the western coast. Such slopes, intervening between the cultivated land of the plains and the barren mountain-sides, were very frequently selected by the Greeks as the sites of their cemeteries. The site called Damos, at Calymnos, is a piece of rocky ground which evi-

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dently formed an ancient stone-quarry. Here the surface of the rock is cut into steps and grooves. In one place is a monolithic base containing a square chamber 9 feet 7 inches by 7 feet 8 inches, entered by a doorway, the whole being cut out of the solid rock. Above the doorway, the rock is cut into steps, in rude imitation of a pyramidal roof. Near it is another tomb, consisting of an underground chamber cut out of the rock and roofed over by two immense blocks, one of which has been removed. The chamber is 8 feet long by 4 feet 7 inches wide. One of the blocks which cover it measures 7 feet by 2 feet 2 inches wide, and is 2 feet 5 inches thick. Adjoining this quarry on the north is a field where a number of graves have been opened. They lie in clusters, and are cut out of the solid rock, which here crops up to the surface. This field is bounded on the north by a ravine, beyond which the land bears the singular name of Δραπέτης,—"the Runaway."

From the quarry the district of Damos extends downwards towards Linaria, forming a sort of *lingula* of rock jutting out into the plain in a direction north-west by south-east: on each side is a ravine.

On this isolated tongue of land are foundations of houses, and two Hellenic cisterns, cut out of the solid rock, with steps in the sides, giving access to the water at the bottom. The ground is strewn with fragments of pottery and painted stucco. On the north side a staircase cut in the rock leads down into the ravine below.

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The neck of this peninsula is separated from the quarry by an Hellenic wall, the foundations of which still remain. It is evident that a small Greek town once stood on this rocky site.

On the south of the Damos the land becomes less rocky, and slopes more gradually to the plain. The land here takes its name from a small church dedicated to the Prophet Elias, but forms part of the cemetery already described. Here, about the year 1842, a peasant called Janni Sconi found in his vineyard a stone coffin or *soros*, covered with a marble slab so heavy that he could not lift it alone. Calling in the aid of a neighbour, he uncovered the *soros*, which was full of beautiful gold ornaments. On the discovery of this great treasure, the neighbour who had aided Janni Sconi to lift the stone claimed his share. Janni Sconi presented him with the magnificent sum of five piasters, or rather less than a shilling; on which the neighbour, out of revenge, informed the Turkish Governor of the discovery. The law of treasure-trove was instantly put in force, and Janni Sconi had to give up everything, and was presented with a sum of money very much below, as he assured me, the amount to which he was legally entitled. The gold ornaments were sent to Constantinople, and have since unfortunately been dispersed. The finest of them were obtained from the Porte by the Prussian Government.

According to information acquired at Calymnos by Ross, the whole treasure consisted of the following objects:—

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1. A diadem of massive gold about 1½ in. wide.

2. A necklace richly ornamented, from which hung two gold cornucopias suspended from chains.

3. A pair of fine gold earrings, the pendant of which was formed by a winged figure, probably a Cupid, holding in one hand a wine-jug, in the other a dish. The whole of these ornaments weighed 42½ Venetian ducats, and were valued at only 2,000 Turkish piasters, about £18.[129]

There were found with them in the sarcophagus a silver coin of Calymnos and a bronze mirror.

I commenced digging in the part of Damos which had anciently formed a quarry, and at the end of the first day came to three tombs of children, all of which had been previously opened and the contents broken. The next day I came to a much larger tomb, rather more than four feet below the surface. This tomb was covered with a stone lid in two pieces. The workmen, who are artists for this kind of work, having a great deal of practice at Calymnos, first removed every atom of earth from the lid of the tomb, taking care to stop up all the holes to prevent the earth running in. They then, with much care and neatness, and not with the clumsy impetuosity which English labourers would have shown, lifted up one of the two stones which formed the cover. On looking into the tomb, the first thing I saw was a jug of red pottery, the mouth turned downwards: between the handle and neck of the vase was a small earthenware lamp. Taking out these two, we came to the feet and legs of the skeleton. We then took off the middle stone,

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and found a glass bowl of very elegant form, turned over the pelvis, the mouth downwards; higher up, towards the head, was another earthenware jug, and a small vase of the sort formerly called lachrymatories. We then took out the bones and the whole of the earth of the skeleton; and lifting it with great care, found a silver coin, the ναῦλον, which was always placed in the mouth of the dead person, to pay his passage in Charon's boat. This proved to be an unedited coin of Cnidus, with a magistrate's name. The present Archbishop of Mytilene, who has been much in Macedonia, told me that in that uncivilized and remote part of the Turkish empire the Greek peasants still retain the custom of placing a ναῦλον in the mouth of the dead. Wishing to put an end to this relic of paganism, he explained to them that the coin they used for the purpose being a Turkish para, and being inscribed with a quotation from the Koran, was consequently quite unfit to be placed in a Christian tomb.[130] The skull was that of a woman; the teeth were very perfect, and as remarkable for whiteness and regularity as those of the Calymniotes of this day. The grave itself was a narrow bed, just large enough to hold a body, very neatly cut in the rock.

After we had finished this tomb, we dug on and came to a second close by. Here the head was towards the west, and lay between the two thigh-bones. We therefore concluded that this body had been in ancient times shifted from its place. This skeleton appears to be that of a man about thirty years of age. We found hardly anything in the

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tomb, and the workmen said that the defunct was a shabby fellow not to have left a coin to pay Charon with.

In the next field to the south I found another grave, containing similar common pottery and a bowl of thick well-preserved glass. Contiguous to this, on the south, was a grave lined with large square tiles with flanged edges, and covered with a stone. Outside the tiles were two rows of deep cups, placed one within the other, and lying horizontally on their sides. This grave contained many vases, all broken, two coarse terra-cotta reliefs, a silver ring, two silver *fibulæ* of very ordinary workmanship, a large calcedony polished for engraving, and a copper coin as *naulon*. Inside this grave were layers of shingle. I found in this field a whole cluster of graves, the bearings of which evidently followed no fixed rules. In one of them were a bronze arrow-head and a number of broad-headed iron nails, which may have served to hold together a wooden coffin or casket. I found one instance of the same mode of interment in large earthen jars, which I had noticed in the Troad two years ago. (See *ante*, p. 135.)

The contents of the graves up to this date are not very promising. The pottery is generally coarse and unvarnished. In one grave I found a cup of late black ware, ornamented with a Dionysiac subject in relief. This kind of ware is seldom to be met with, and belongs to the Macedonian period.

In spite of the small success up to this date, I find great pleasure in the kind of life I am leading here. I remain in the fresh air all day long, enjoying the

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beautiful view which stretches away towards Astypalæa and Carpathos, and watching the progress of the workmen at every stroke. My food is brought to me in the middle of the day, when we all sit down under the shade of the rock and eat rustic fare.

XXVII.

CALYMNOS, *December* 8, 1854.

THE first sheet of this letter has been at the bottom of the sea in several fathoms water. The caique in which it was despatched to Rhodes was capsized by the carelessness of the captain, and sank. The Calymniote divers, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, contrived to descend several fathoms, fasten ropes to the caique, and drag it into shallow water. The inhabitants of Calymnos, like those of Syme, Chalce, and other small islands near Rhodes, are celebrated as divers, and spend the whole summer in fishing up sponges on the coasts of Asia Minor and Syria. In the month of May a little fleet of caiques sets sail from Calymnos, manned by the greater part of the able-bodied male population. The profits of the sponge-fishery are very considerable. The divers in each caique enter into partnership. They are generally poor men, and the money for rigging out the caiques and for the maintenance of the crew during their voyage is lent to them by the richer Calymniotes, who stay at home and trade in sponges. On the return of the

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caiques in the autumn, the merchants who made the advances to the divers reimburse themselves by purchasing the produce of the season at a price very much below the real value of each cargo. The sponge-merchant then sends his sponges direct to Smyrna, Syra, or Trieste, where they are repurchased by the great traders who supply the European market; and thus, when the sponge arrives in England, the price, after passing through so many hands, is very much raised. But the cause of the dearness of sponges is the great risk of life and capital incurred in the first instance. The diver descends, holding a flat stone in both hands, to assist him in sinking, on which stone a cord is fastened. When he gets to the bottom, he puts this flat stone under his arm, and walks about in search of sponges, putting them in a net hung round his neck, as fast as he uproots them; he then pulls the cord as a signal, and is drawn up again. It is said that the best divers can descend to a depth of thirty fathoms, and that they can remain under water for as long a period as three minutes.[131] From inquiries which I have made, it does not appear that they are often cut off by sharks, though these monsters are not unfrequent in the southern part of the Archipelago. It is possible that the rapid descent of the diver may scare away this fish, who generally seizes his prey on the surface. A Calymniote told me that the most terrible sensation he had ever experienced was finding himself close to an immense fish at the bottom of the sea. Under the root of the sponge is a parasitical substance of a caustic nature. This

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often bursts when the sponge is suspended round the diver's neck, and the liquid it contains causes deep ulcers in his flesh.

Before the sponges are exported, they are cleaned and spread out in fields to dry. In fine weather, many acres of sponges may be seen at Calymnos thus exposed. Part of the process of preparing them for the European market is the filling them with sand. The reason assigned for this singular practice is that, the sponges being always sold by weight, it was the practice fraudulently to increase the weight of the fine sponges by surreptitiously introducing a little sand. To meet this fraud, the sponge-merchants require all sponges to be filled with as much sand as they can hold; and as the quantity which each sponge can contain may be calculated, this amount is always deducted from the weight. The sand thus serves as a common measure.

Rather more than half the sponges from Calymnos are exported to Smyrna, and the rest to Syra, Trieste, and Marseilles. The annual value of the export is reckoned at about two millions of piasters (about £16,949). The number of caiques which go to fish for sponges is about two hundred, with a tonnage of from one to three tons each.

Latterly a rich and enterprising Calymniote merchant, by name Antonio Maillé, has built a ship of 200 tons, which he sends out every year to the more distant sponge-fisheries laden with a number of caiques and their crews. On arriving at their destination, the caiques are launched from the ship, which remains there till the fishing-season is

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over, and carries them back. A great saving of time is thus effected, and the risk of shipwreck of course much diminished. On the coast of Crete the Calymniotes have to pay 600 piasters each for permission to fish in the Cretan waters. On the Syrian coast this permission is granted on payment of from 100 to 140 piasters each caique.

The finest and best-formed sponges in the Archipelago are found round the island of Astypalæa, near Calymnos. The sponges of the northern part of the Archipelago are fine, but not well-formed; above the Dardanelles, sponges are found in small quantities but of bad quality. The Cretan sponges are much esteemed for their fineness; those of Syria, known in the trade as Paracham, for their forms. The sponges of Barbary are difficult to cleanse, and are therefore not durable. Professor Forbes, in his account of the Archipelago sponges,[182] quotes Aristotle as stating that the best kinds grow on the coasts which become suddenly deep, and that the superior fineness of texture in these deep-sea kinds may be attributed to the greater uniformity of temperature of the water in such places. The Calymniotes do not agree to this. They think that sponges grow best where the bottom is level, but do not believe that they are affected by the change of temperature in shallow water. Where, however, they are subject to the action of the waves, this movement must affect their shape and growth.

The fine sponge without sand is worth at present from 100 to 250 piasters the oke (a weight equal to two pounds and three-quarters avoirdupois);

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the ordinary sponge from 15 to 50 piasters the oke. Before the Russian war, the fine sponge was worth from 70 to 80 piasters the oke, and the coarser sort from 10 to 25. The annual value of the sponges exported by the island of Syme is reckoned at about 2,500,000 piasters (£21,186). The small island of Chalce exports to the value of from 500,000 to 600,000 piasters (£4,237 to £5,084), and the island of Castel Rosso rather less.

The Calymniotes call the sponge frutta di Calymno. Their island, the greater part of which is very barren and does not produce more than one-third of the corn it consumes, has, since the Greek revolution, been constantly increasing in wealth and population from the development of the sponge trade. The present number of inhabitants is reckoned at about ten thousand, of whom about half are males. The roving and varied life of the sponge-divers, and the address and courage required in their calling, render them very much more intelligent than the ordinary peasantry of the Sporades. On the other hand, the large profits of the sponge fishery in good years rather lead them to despise agricultural pursuits, and they leave much of the operations of husbandry to be performed by women, passing their time in winter in the cafés, where they sit smoking over a pan of charcoal, and recounting the singular adventures which they have met with in the course of their rambles, and which give an Odyssean character to the lives of some of them. Most of the seafaring men bring back a pocketful of Greek coins after the summer cruise,

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and, from the variety of remote and unfrequented places which they visit, they often pick up very rare and curious specimens. There is no better place in the Archipelago to buy coins than this island immediately after the return of the sponge-divers in the autumn. I bought an interesting coin of Cilicia which was found in a cargo of wheat from Tarsus.

In the old times, when the Archipelago swarmed with pirates, the Calymniotes dwelt in a fortified city perched on the top of a steep rock, as the inhabitants of Astypalæa do to this day. Sentinels were perpetually stationed on the hills to give a signal in case of the approach of pirates. This custom is curiously commemorated in the names of two of the highest mountains in the island, one of which is called *Vigli*, "the watch," the other *Mero Vigli* (ἡμεροβίγλι), "the day-watch."

Since the Greek war of independence, the greater security of the Archipelago has led the Calymniotes to desert their old fortified city, and to build a new one a little lower down the mountain-side. This town is situated on the neck of land half-way between Linaria and the harbour of Pothia. At this latter place a second town is growing up, which will probably some day be the capital.

The houses are very studiously whitewashed outside, and from their extreme regularity and uniformity of size, look, at a distance, like those cubes of chalk which are given to beginners to draw from. Inside, I missed the neatness and comparative cleanliness of the Rhodian peasant's

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house. Generally the house in Calymnos has two stories, in order to have more room for the stowage of sponges. There are hardly any shops. Each man lays up his own stock of provisions for the winter, so that a stranger has difficulty in existing at all, unless he has some friend to purvey for him.

As from the scarcity of fodder there are very few beasts of burden, most of the necessaries of life imported into the island, such as corn, fuel, wine, and even timber and stone for building, have to be carried on the backs of men, and oftener of women and children, from the port to the higher town, a distance of about two miles. There are no fountains in the town of Calymnos; the wells are very deep, and at some distance from the town. When the supply of water gets low, the women descend to the bottom of the wells, inserting their hands and feet in the crevices between the stones on each side with great dexterity.

Nothing would be easier than to make a road for wheeled vehicles; but the Calymniotes are still very far from this stage of civilization. The constant labour of transport presses very heavily on the women, who are puny and undersized. They are usually married at the age of fourteen, and sometimes as early as twelve. It is a common sight to see a young girl, herself a mere child, tottering under the weight of a sack of flour or load of wood, under which, slung in a kind of scarf, is a *bambino* so tightly swathed as to be no more than a flexible cylinder. Many of these children die off when they are very young, from imperfect nourishment,

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dirt, and general neglect. Those who are strong enough to pass the ordeal of so rough a nurture are left to shift for themselves at a very early age, and very soon take to the water like young spaniels. On my first visit to Calymnos in the summer time, I saw four young ladies of about seven years old lying in a row on the sand, drying their bodies in the fierce midday sun, after having taken a plunge in the sea.

The women of Calymnos, from always remaining in the island, are very much less civilized than the men. Their dialect is very barbarous and difficult to understand; but since the establishment of schools is gradually disappearing. Their dress resembles that of the Rhodian peasantry; but the direct trade with Smyrna and Syra has introduced the printed cottons instead of the more picturesque homespun garments, and the sound of the loom is seldom heard in Calymnos.

Much of their time is spent in pounding barley in a mortar with an iron sharp-pointed pestle, which gradually removes the external husk. This process is called *κοπανίζειν*; and thus may be explained the expression, *ἄρτος τρισκοπάνιστος*, in the Battle of the Frogs and Mice. With the flour of this barley an excellent biscuit is made, which retains its crispness for many months, and is therefore very good provision for the Calymniote diver in his voyages.

Their industry is great: I find them excellent as an auxiliary force in my diggings. The monotonous toil in which they pass their days is occasionally relieved

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by the excitement of a death-bed, which is regarded as a public spectacle, where all have a right to be present who can elbow their way into the house. They seem to like it nearly as much as a play. Another occasional excitement is the punishment of a thief, who, when detected, is, by the custom of the country, hunted like a mad dog through the town, the whole population following him full cry up and down the steep narrow streets till they are weary of the sport. The punishment of a four-footed thief is also singular. One day I saw a man shoot three pigs in his field, and, inquiring what this meant, was told that, by the custom of the country, a pig found trespassing might be put out of the world, without judge or jury, by the person on whose land he had strayed. By the same rule, one ear of an offending donkey may be cut off.

XXVIII.

CALYMNOS, *February*, 1855.

SINCE my last report on the diggings, I have continued to explore cemeteries and other localities, with very chequered fortune.

After a great deal of trouble, I succeeded in obtaining permission from Janni Sconi to dig over the very field where he had found the treasure some years ago. I very soon came to graves, but not of a very interesting character. The outline of the grave was only marked by two or three rough slabs placed

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over it. The interior was always full of earth, in which small vases were imbedded.

In one of these graves, evidently that of a female, was a small marble circular box, with traces of colour outside. Such boxes, called *pyxides*, formed part of the toilet apparatus of the ladies of antiquity, and probably contained unguents or other cosmetics.

In another grave was a lamp on which was painted the head of Leda with the swan, in red on a black ground—the only vase with figures painted on it which I found in Calymnos. This grave also contained a large two-handled cup of plain black ware, a lamp, and three vases with covers. In the soil, when sifted, were some beads of a silver necklace, a silver *fibula* of very ordinary workmanship, and some small pearls from a necklace.

All these objects were found about 2 feet below the surface. I opened seven other graves in this field, several of which were very small, as if intended for children. In one of these was a terra-cotta relief, representing two female figures bidding adieu to each other. The material and execution of this relief were very ordinary. It was so imbedded in the soil that even the fine hands of my workmen failed to detach it, except in very small fragments.

Such terra-cottas are not uncommon in Greek tombs. I found no gold in Janni Sconi's field, except one small spangle, though the Greeks expected that much treasure would reward our diggings, in the course of which a curious domestic scene took place in my presence between Janni Sconi and his wife. The lady, who conceived that her consent ought to

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have been asked before we entered the field, stood over a grave which we were just going to open, and cursed her husband and our whole party very heartily, making mysterious gesticulations over our heads. All her own relations attended to back her up; and it is probable that, if we had found anything worth carrying away, a scramble would have taken place over the grave. Several other Greeks also made their appearance, claiming a part ownership in the field, and marking out the little plots which they claimed with heaps of stones. Great was the litigation between them and Janni Sconi as to the question of boundaries. The fields in Calymnos often contain within the same enclosure plots of ground belonging to several owners, and this division of property sometimes extends even to the olive and fig-trees.

Finding that the graves in Janni Sconi's field did not repay examination, I soon drew off my workmen to explore the fields all round this spot, which were equally unproductive. I then returned to the rocky part of the Damos, and tried a field adjoining the tongue of land on which an ancient town evidently once stood.

Across the neck of this tongue of land was a line of wall running north and south between the two ravines. This wall I traced continuously by excavation for about 165 feet. It is about 7 feet wide, with a casing of isodomous masonry on each side, the centre being filled up with rubble. The largest of the blocks were about 4 feet by 2 feet 5 inches. The stone appears to have been cut from the adjoin-

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ing quarry. At the distance of about 53 feet from its southern extremity, the wall throws out a square tower, probably intended to protect a gateway.

On the east side of this wall I found the ancient surface of the soil at depths varying from 3 to 8 feet. This surface was strewn with fragments of red coarse pottery, among which I found three handles of Rhodian *diotæ* inscribed with the names of magistrates, three grotesque heads in terra-cotta, a bronze fish-hook, part of a terra-cotta figure, and portions of stucco from ancient houses.

About 100 yards east of the wall is a natural platform of rock, in which I found several tombs very neatly cut in the bed of the rock, and closed by monolithic lids slightly ridged.

On the northern side of the same rocky platform I observed a square opening like a doorway cut through the rock, at the edge of the platform. The sides of this opening were lined with cement in which were fragments of tiles. At the end of this opening was a wall nearly concealed by earth which had accumulated against it. On removing this wall, I found a small natural cavern, at the bottom of which were three graves side by side.

The contents had evidently been disturbed and the wall at the entrance carefully replaced. In the earth, inside the cavern, were fragments of bones, of ordinary red pottery, and of glass vessels, two small portions of ornaments of beaten gold, and a glass bead. In one grave were two copper coins, one of which proved to be an unedited coin of Cos, struck in the reign of Caracalla.

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Ross states that another similar cavern was discovered in Calymnos some years ago, about half a mile to the west of the one opened by me. Immediately to the east of this field is another, separated from the tract called Δραπέτης by a ravine, where I found a great number of graves cut in the rock, but containing no object of value.

The entire strip of land over which my excavations had extended up to this date was about half a mile; the number of graves opened was about forty.

The pottery found in these graves was all of a late date, probably from B.C. 330 to B.C. 150, or later. The forms were deficient in elegance. The ware was for the most part black varnished ware, red varnished ware, and unpainted drab ware. The black varnish, as is often the case in the later ware, had not resisted the action of wet. Bones were seldom found; many of the graves contained the ναῦλον, or copper coin. The accumulation of soil over the grave was generally from three to four feet. A lamp or cup was constantly found in the soil, a few inches distant from the side of the grave. These were doubtless left there by relations who came to bring offerings to the tomb, as we see in those vase-pictures which represent *Heroa*, or architectural tombs, on the steps of which rows of cups or vases are placed by female figures offering libations.

To this day the Greek peasant does not forget to make periodical libations; and as I return from my diggings on Saturday evenings here, I generally meet a procession of peasant women on their way to

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the churchyard, swinging censers full of incense, and bearing in their hands a small tin can of oil to replenish the lamps, which they keep constantly burning in the tombs.

I next explored part of the site of the Temple of Apollo, where, on first arriving at Calymnos, I had been unable to obtain the right of digging. This site is at present occupied by the small church of Christos, which is built in a great measure out of the ruins of the Temple of Apollo. It is situated about half-way between the harbours of Pothia and Linaria, on a kind of neck of land shut in by hills on each side, and connecting the two valleys of Pothia and Linaria.

A ground plan of the church of Christos may be seen in Ross, ii. p. 96. The apse at the east end is entirely built of Hellenic blocks. In the space in front of the west door a Corinthian column is still standing. On the south side of the church is the smaller church called Hypakoe, attached to it like an aisle.

I commenced digging in a field adjoining the church on the west, which had been partially explored by the proprietor about two years ago, on which occasion he found two cubes of marble containing decrees for the manumission of slaves, and the name of an artist from Crete previously unknown.

Making an excavation in front of the church within about 12 feet of the western wall, I found that formerly it had been continued farther in this direction, the pavement still remaining. This was

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composed of large square slabs of marble from the original pavement of the temple, which had been laid down a second time irregularly; the chasms where slabs were missing having been filled up by tessellated pavement.

Immediately to the front of the single column still standing, are two large blocks. One of them measured 3 feet 1 inch by 2 feet 5 inches by 1 foot 9 inches, and was inscribed with the name Nikokles; and below, in smaller characters, the names, Nikokles and Aratogenes. Side by side with this was a second block, extending to the base of the column. These seemed, from their size and position, to be a portion of the southern stylobate, still remaining in its original place, though I do not feel quite sure of this. Ross states that at the time of his visit there were persons in Calymnos who remembered eight of these columns in a row.

Continuing the line of the western wall of the church, at the distance of 6 feet 10 inches to the south of the supposed stylobate, was a parallel row of blocks, one of which seemed to be the threshold-stone of a doorway 3 feet 5 inches in width. I found no trace of stylobate or other foundations on the north side, as the proprietor of the field had dug here previously to my visit. In the Byzantine foundations on this part of the site I found a wrist and part of a hand, part of an arm, and fragments of two feet of a colossal figure in white marble, and in a good style of sculpture. It is not improbable that they formed part of the statue of Apollo himself.

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A little to the south of the church of Hypakoe I found five very well-preserved *stelæ* lying in the soil, one of which was covered with a deeply-cut inscription on both sides, relating to a civil action between the people of Calymnos and the heirs of a certain Cleomedes, who appear to have been citizens of Cos. This suit seems to have been referred to a tribunal at Cnidus.

On one side of the *stelè* the mode of procedure in the trial is set forth, with the form of the oath to be administered to the Dikasts and the witnesses: on the other side is the sentence, which is decided by a court of Dikasts. The number of votes for the plaintiff were 78; for the defendant 120.

In case any of the witnesses residing either in Cos or Calymnos should be prevented from appearing in court, it is ordered that their depositions be taken in either island before the magistrates, called *Prostatæ*, copies of which, attested by the seal of the State as affidavits, are to be then transmitted to the adversary in the suit. The length of time for the pleadings is measured by the *klepsydra*, ποτὶ χόας: for the first pleading each party is allowed eighteen of the measures called χόες; for the second, ten. Such a trial was technically called δίκη πρὸς ὕδωρ.[133]

Beyond this field to the west, the ground slopes down towards two wells. I thought it probable that, as the drainage from the temple must have been carried down this declivity, some small relics and votive offerings would be found in the soil here.

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I was not altogether disappointed in this hope. A few feet below the surface I came upon an ancient paved road, which had led evidently from the wells to the temple. I removed every stone of the pavement carefully, and thus found a great number of Greek copper coins, several of which were from distant places; such as Miletus, Sigeum in the Troad, Macedonia. I also found a bronze netting-needle and other small objects in the same material, and such a number of bronze arrow-heads as to lead me almost to suppose that a shower of arrows had fallen here. The points of some of them were blunted. Along the sides of the road were traces of an ancient water-course, in the bed of which I found two or three interesting terra-cotta reliefs; and, higher up the slope, the tooth of a horse, bound with a bronze loop, by which it had been suspended; a tress of hair in bronze; a colossal thumb in marble: all these had evidently been votive objects offered in the temple.

In the upper part of the field, nearer the temple, I found a few fragments of sculpture in white marble; an archaic male head in the Æginetan style, greatly defaced; part of a thigh, from a male draped figure; and the torso of a female statuette, perhaps a Venus, tying her sandal.[134]

Here also was a stone forming the angle of a small pediment, with dentils coarsely executed. (*See* the cut, *infra.*)

At the top of this field and on the south side of the temple I came upon the angle of an Hellenic

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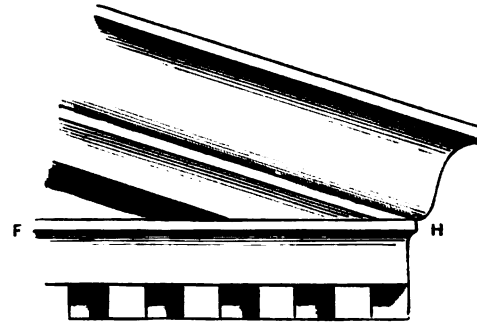
building of isodomous masonry. Within the walls there was no pavement, and I found no antiquities except a large ball of lead, perhaps from an ancient steelyard.



Length on F H, 2 feet 6 inches.

In the field to the south of the church of Hypakoe, at the distance of 13 feet 8 inches from the wall of that church, I found Hellenic foundations running from N.W. to S.E. at a depth of from 7 feet to 8 feet below the surface. On laying these bare, I discovered three chambers arranged as in the annexed plan. The space marked by the walls ABCD was paved with rough stones, as if it had formed an outer passage. It was 12 feet wide, and we traced it to the N.W. 44 feet: how much further in this direction it ran could not be ascertained. On removing the stones of the pavement carefully, we found in the interstices many Greek coins, bronze arrow-heads, glass *astragali*, or knuckle-bones, small glass counters of different colours, bone hair-pins, and other small objects such as might naturally have been dropped there from time to time.

At F I found under the pavement a Greek sword-

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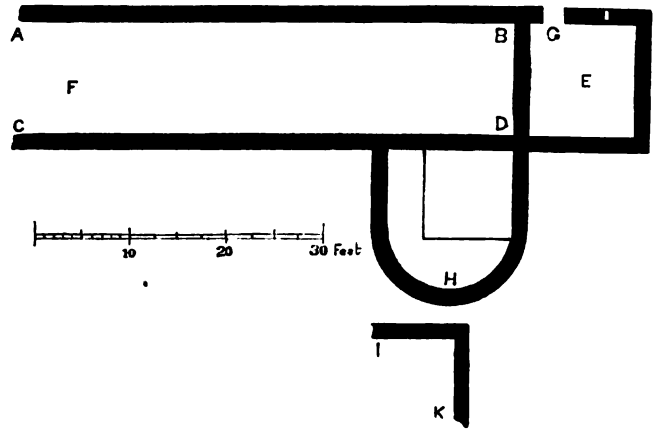
handle of bronze in the form of a gryphon's head. The sockets for the eyes were empty, and probably contained some vitreous composition. This bronze belongs to a good period.



The area of the smaller chamber E was 14 feet 10 inches by 11 feet 2 inches; the pavement was composed of rough stones like that of the long passage, but was raised above it 10 inches. At G was a doorway with the stone sockets for the hinge and the bolt, and near it a window about 6 inches wide.

The third chamber, marked H, branches out from the long chamber to the S.W. It terminates in an apse: its length, the apse H included, is 16 feet 7 inches; its width 14 feet 8 inches. The semicircular end, and one side of the chamber, were paved with large squared blocks very firmly fitted together; on removing which, I found a second pavement of similar blocks.

Between the interstices of the upper pavement

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were several copper coins, arrow-heads, and glass *astragali*. Beyond this chamber are foundations of other Hellenic walls stretching to the S.W. from the angle IK. These I was unable to explore. The largest of the blocks which formed these courses measured 3 feet 10 inches by 1 foot 8 inches.

The foundations I have here described were in the same line as the angle of Hellenic wall which I had found to the W. of the temple, and probably formed part of the same series of buildings. We know that within the precinct of an ancient temple were often buildings for various purposes, such as treasuries to contain votive objects, houses where the priests dwelt, and where strangers who visited the temple might be lodged.[185] In the case of the Temple of Apollo, it is certain, from the evidence of an inscription, if I have rightly deciphered it, that a theatre stood within the precinct of the *temenos*.

This inscription records a grant of land decreed by the Senate and People of Calymnos to a public benefactor. The land is granted by the State to Aratokritos, the son of Aristias, to enable him to build in it, at his own expense and for the public benefit, a *proscenium* and Scene, and to surround the *temenos*, or sacred precinct, with a wall. The line which mentions that the theatre stood within the precinct of the temple is so nearly illegible that my reading of it may not be generally admitted; but it is confirmed by a very curious discovery which I made in the course of examining the church of Christos.

At the end of the decree, the form of the dedi-

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catory inscription to be placed on the *proscenium* is prescribed to be as follows :—'Αρατόκριτος 'Αριστία τὰν σκανὰν καὶ τὸ προσκάνιον στεφαναφορήσας 'Απόλλωνι,—"Aratokritos, the son of Aristias, being Stephanephoros, [dedicates] to Apollo the Scene and the Proscenium."

Now it is a curious coincidence that over the doorway of the church at Christos is a fragment of architrave on which is inscribed in majuscule characters :—

....ΝΑ..ΡΗΣΑΣΑΠΟΛΛ...

This fragment was noticed by Ross, who remarks that it was probably part of a dedication inscribed on some monument in the vestibule of the Temple of Apollo. With the aid of the decree relating to Aratokritos, it is obvious that the words in the fragment must be restored στεφα]να[φο]ρήσας 'Απόλλ[ωνι]; *and there can hardly be a doubt that the architrave of which this is a remnant actually formed part of the proscenium dedicated by Aratokritos.*

It is possible that further excavation to the south of the church of Christos would bring to light some trace of the theatre mentioned in the inscription, with which the Hellenic foundations explored by me may be connected. When I first saw this inscription, it was built into a tomb in the modern cemetery. As it was inserted upside down, the letters were in some places nearly effaced, the copying it was a very painful and tedious process, and occupied me several days.[136]

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To the east and S.E. of the temple I found the foundations of two large Byzantine monasteries, which had been built close to the church. Some time in the Middle Ages they must have been destroyed; and afterwards the deposit of alluvial soil from the hills completely obliterated all traces of their walls. In these foundations, and in the soil about them, I found many fragments of Greek inscriptions which had been broken up and laid like tiles in the masonry to give it more bond. The labour of breaking up these walls was very considerable; and, as one of my Greek workmen observed, with Homeric simplicity, the work of demolition required "a brazen man with iron hands." Some small fragments of statues of a good time were intermixed with the rubble of these walls; and in the soil of the field I found a small marble term with a Satyric head, the only object in the shape of statuary which had escaped the iconoclastic zeal of the monks of Calymnos. In the course of the excavations in this field, I dug up several fragments of vases with red figures on a black ground, of the best period of fictile art, and very superior in fabric to any which I found in the tombs. In the foundations of the monasteries were many coins, and a few bronze implements of the Byzantine period.

While I was gradually forming a collection of inscriptions from these excavations, I employed all my leisure time in copying the inscriptions inserted in the walls of the various churches in the town of Calymnos and the neighbourhood. Nearly all

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of these originally belonged to the Temple of Apollo. After spending much time in deciphering these inscriptions, I find that there were in all sixty-four decrees made by the senate and people of Calymnos.

Of these decrees, nineteen grant the *politeia*, or citizenship, to foreigners, for services rendered to the people of Calymnos; eleven grant the *proxenia* to foreigners for similar reasons; thirteen relate either to *politeia* or *proxenia*, but from their mutilated condition their import cannot be precisely ascertained; two relate to judicial proceedings; two confer crowns; two bestow honours on physicians; two honours for services in war; and one an honorary grant of land. Eleven are mere fragments, of which the subjects cannot be ascertained.

All these inscriptions probably belong to the period between B.C. 350 and B.C. 250. In one of them occurs the mention of a king Antigonos, who is most probably Antigonos, the father of Demetrios Poliorketes.

It is interesting to observe, that in this list the grants of *politeia*, or full citizenship, are far more numerous than those of *proxenia*. The right of full citizenship was bestowed very liberally by the Asiatic cities; and it is probable that the small and rocky island of Calymnos was very glad to increase its population through such means. Judging from inscriptions, it would seem that such grants of *politeia* were very rarely made by the cities of Greece Proper, though the more restricted rights of *proxenia* were very generally given. Among

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the inscriptions I copied, was a list of citizens and *metoikoi*, contributors to some tax.

One of the honorary decrees confers a crown for services rendered in a maritime engagement off the island of Cos, between the Calymnians and the people of Hierapytna in Crete. These hostilities probably took place about the 2nd century B.C., when the Archipelago was much infested by pirates.

Besides the inscriptions of the Macedonian period already enumerated, were a number which may obviously be referred to the time when Calymnos formed part of the Roman empire. The earliest of these was a dedication to Apollo by Publius Servilius Isauricus, when Consul, by which the date of this inscription is thus fixed to B.C. 79. This I dug up among the Byzantine foundations. Another dedicatory inscription by the same Servilius is built into the western wall of the church of Christos.

There were of the Roman period several other dedicatory inscriptions, one of which has been the base of a statue of Caligula, and twenty-five records of the manumission of slaves, a rare and curious class of documents. Some of this latter class were dug up in a garden called Blyko, near the harbour of Pothia, amid the ruins of an old Greek church, and were noticed by me in my visit in 1853.

The magistrates whose names appear at the head of the decrees of the Macedonian period are always the *prostatæ*. In the manumissions, the Eponymous magistrate of Calymnos is the *Stephanephoros*, a title adopted in many Asiatic cities. In the grants of citizenship, we get the names of several *Demi*, or

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burgs and tribes (*Phylæ*), to which the new citizens were assigned by lot. Among the names of the Demes is that of Pothoi. The resemblance between this name and that of the harbour Pothia is curious. I am assured that in the small island of Telendos, lying off Calymnos, is a place called Potha.

The list which I have here given of inscriptions, and which does not include all the fragments found, will serve to give some idea of the rich collection of historical and municipal records which must have once existed in the Temple of Apollo. It is curious that, till the time of Ross's visit, hardly any inscriptions of Calymnos were known to exist.

The excavations on this site show very clearly what has been the fate of the greater part of the Greek temples in the Archipelago. The sculptures in marble must have been at a very early period broken up by the Iconoclasts, and the fragments built into the walls of monasteries, or made into lime; while the works in bronze or more precious materials were melted down and probably converted into Byzantine money at Constantinople. The inscriptions being generally on thin slabs very serviceable in masonry, have not been so ruthlessly destroyed as the statues, and many probably will be found in the walls and pavement of ruined monasteries.

At a place called Argos, near the upper town of Calymnos, are two portions of a frieze of gryphons, in relief, which, doubtless, once ornamented the Temple of Apollo. One of these fragments was

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inserted in the wall of the church called Kyria, the other in that of the church of St. George. The sculpture, which is covered with whitewash, is coarse and late. In the wall of the church Kyria is a relief representing a funeral feast, and in the pavement the fragment of a decree.

Between the port and the upper town is a castle, which stands on a height a little way inland, and is called τὸ πέρα κάστρον. In one of the walls is an escutcheon with the arms of the Grand Master, John de Lastic.[137] Within the castle is a little church dedicated to the Panagia. The jamb of the entrance doorway to the castle is a block of marble, inscribed with a dedication of a temple and certain statues by Nikodamos, son of Aratogenes, priest of the Dioscuri.[138]

To the west of Damos is a small valley leading down to the shore. Here is a church dedicated to St. Michael (Taxiarches), and close by it a well of excellent water, with a square aperture built of marble. This well appears ancient. Near this well is a cave, called 'μπρόστινα μέρη, which extends, as I was told, for about 450 paces into the earth. Out of it has been dug, probably for centuries, a red clay, which supplies material for a pottery at the mouth of the cave. Here I found a potter at work with a wheel, which has, probably, not changed its form since the time of the ancients. It consisted of a lower disk, τροχός, turned by the foot, and connected with a smaller upper disk, μικρὸς τροχός, by a spindle, ῥόκα. A lump of clay having been placed on the upper disk is fashioned as it revolves by a wooden lathe held in the hand. On a Greek

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cup in the British Museum a potter is represented at work with a similar wheel.[139] After the shape has been thus formed, the handles are put on when required, and the ware is left to dry in the sun till it hardens. It is then baked in a furnace for a whole day. All the modern Greek pottery which I have seen is of a very coarse kind, though in many islands the ancient shapes of the *amphora* and other larger vases are still retained, with little deviation. This is particularly the case at Rhodes. The fine tough clay used by the ancients is either unknown or the process by which it was tempered and wrought to such tenacity is no longer understood: glazing is seldom employed. Many of the ancient names of vases are still retained. At Calymnos saucers are called πινάκια, and large pails for milk, ἀρμέγοι, from ἀρμέγω, the Calymniote corruption of ἀμέλγω, "to milk."

On the shore at Linari is a harbour formed by a small bay. Here I saw a column of blue marble, inscribed with a dedication by the people of Calymnos to the emperor Claudius, styled Saviour and Benefactor of the island.[140]

North of Linari and opposite the small island called Telendos is a ruined church on a hill, which contains fragments of columns. A temple perhaps stood here; and a little to the south of this church is a place called Periboli, planted with vines, where many pieces of ancient marble have been dug up. These remains may mark the site of an ancient city. The channel between the shore and Telendos here is very narrow, and affords good anchorage for large ships.

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I crossed over to Telendos, where I found little to interest me. On the shore opposite Calymnos are the ruins of a village, where I noticed in the walls of the houses squared blocks from some ancient edifice. Here are several ruined churches, but I could find in them no inscriptions.

A steep mountain rises from the shore, on the summit of which is a mediæval castle with cisterns. I did not examine this, but my companion, the Greek schoolmaster of Calymnos, assured me that there were no inscriptions there. I was told that on the north side of Telendos is an Hellenic fortress built with very large blocks of stone. This we had not time to examine.

Hearing that there were Hellenic tombs at a place called Vathy, Βαθύ, to the north-east of the town of Calymnos, I visited this spot. The road to it, leaving the old town on the right, leads up a steep mountain-pass to a rocky crest, connecting the mountains Agios Elias on the right and Milianos on the left. On crossing this ridge, we descended by a road as abrupt as the ascent into a narrow valley, which still retains its ancient name *Temenia*, and where, according to Ross, a quantity of silver coins were found some years ago.[141]

This valley is bounded on the N.E. by the mountain Parasebaste, which extends across the island in a direction S.E. by N.W. At its eastern extremity the valley of Temenia widens into a little plain, extending as far as the sea, where is a small harbour, very suitable for ancient shipping. This plain, the richest part of the island, is called Vathy. It is

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planted with olives and studded with houses, which form a cluster round a *metoche*, or farm, the property of a church.[142]

Proceeding in a south-eastern direction towards the sea, we came to a plateau rising out of the plain, very similar to that of Damos. On the south, a wall of Hellenic masonry runs continuously along the rocky edge of this plateau for several hundred yards. Within the precinct of this wall is a ruined church dedicated to St. Michael (Taxiarches), and built entirely of Hellenic blocks; and further on another church, Agios Georgios, where Ross copied a sepulchral inscription of the time of the Antonines.[143] The whole of this part is called Encremea. In the plain south of the Hellenic wall have been found tombs. Immediately below the southern edge of the platform is the bed of a small stream, crossing which we came to a plain planted with olives. Beyond this plain, to the south, are small natural mounds. The tombs are said to be in a sandy level between these mounds and an old church, called Panagia Calliotissa. In a field close to this church I found several Hellenic blocks and a large mortar or basin made of ordinary stone. These remains had been recently dug up. On the shore of the harbour of Vathy, Ross found ruins of built tombs, most of them vaulted.

To the N.W. of Encremea is Castello, where I was told there were Hellenic walls, supposed to be those of a Greek acropolis. I had not time to visit this place. From the number of ancient remains in the valley of Vathy, it is evident that a town must have stood here, probably on the plateau where I

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remarked the Hellenic wall. The fertility of this valley and the convenience of the harbour of Vathy would account for the choice of this site. Here probably stood one of the three towns in this island mentioned by Pliny.[144]

XXIX.

MYTILENE, *March* 20, 1855.

AT length I have succeeded in getting away from Calymnos, where I was detained so long that I got utterly weary of such a monotonous life. You cannot imagine any isolation more complete than that of an European compelled to sojourn in such an island in winter time. It is something like living at the bottom of a well and seeing the same bit of sky every day. The winter has been an unusually severe one. The house I lived in, though once the residence of a Greek archbishop, was a wretched squalid barrack with no glass in the windows. The roof being flat and covered with earth, the rain in wet weather dripped through on to my pillow. There being no fireplace, I could only keep myself warm by cowering over an earthen pan just 8 inches in diameter filled with charcoal.

After standing all day watching my workmen in the field, I was generally obliged to take an active part in the cooking of my own supper, in which I had the assistance of my trusty Albanian cavass.

To obtain every day wholesome food and fuel was

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a business requiring much forethought and trouble; and the absolute necessity of exerting myself in order to exist kept my mind from the utter stagnation into which it would otherwise have fallen, from the extreme monotony and eventless character of the life I led. My communications with the outer world of civilization were carried on by stray caiques which sometimes wandered about the Archipelago for many days unable to pass Cape Crio, but which ultimately succeeded in conveying to me huge packets of letters and newspapers from Rhodes, containing the only authentic intelligence of what was passing in the Crimea which ever reached the island of Calymnos.

Christmas and New-year's-day were particularly doleful times *to me*. These festivals are celebrated by the Greeks twelve days after ours; and for about a fortnight we had a series of processions and feasts, in which the population take the greatest delight, but which were singularly tiresome to an indifferent spectator.

The constant recurrence of festivals, in which perfect idleness is enforced on the whole population, made the progress of the excavations very slow. My labourers were anxious to work as many days in the week as they could; but the Archbishop intimated to them one morning through a priest, that they must on no account work on any feast-day, of which there were constantly two in each week. Bread was so dear, that this restriction was a great hardship to the poor. Fasts are kept in Calymnos with extraordinary rigour. When the caique was shipwrecked in which my former letter was sent,

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two of the passengers were drowned; the rest, who happened to be Franks, were fished out of the water and brought more dead than alive on shore into the house of a rich Greek merchant. It was bitterly cold December weather, and the Italian doctor, on being called in to restore the half-drowned survivors, immediately ordered some substantial food to be prepared for them. Their host then observed that, as it was one of the most strict fasts in the whole year, he had the greatest scruple in allowing animal food to be cooked in his house; but that, as a great favour, he would allow them *a broth made of butter stirred round in hot water.*

The feeling that one is alone in a Greek community, who look upon us as heretics, is more depressing even than absolute solitude. The sympathy with which certain people in England regard the Eastern Christians is by no means reciprocated by the Greeks, who, if led on by Russia, would be capable of a crusade against Western Europe. So far as I have observed, wherever Roman Catholics are found isolated in Greek communities, they are more or less exposed to insults and annoyances, as nonconformists to the religious discipline of the place. The Italian doctor here during the last great fast ventured to eat meat every day. This was an offence not to be forgiven. Stones and pieces of iron were thrown over the wall of his courtyard, with the remark that he might as well eat them as meat in Lent. One of these pieces of iron struck, his wife on the breast; and the family were kept in such constant fear that the doctor, being the pos-

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sessor of a British passport, appealed to me for protection. I had no jurisdiction whatever in the island; but I did not hesitate to summon the Demarchia to my own house; and, rather to my surprise, they came. I remonstrated with them in very decided language, and told them that, after so much had been done by the Western powers for the protection of the Christians in the East, no one sect of Christians would be permitted to annoy or persecute another, and that religious toleration was the principle which we were resolved to maintain in the Turkish empire. The sleek primates listened with an air of extreme contrition, and apologized for the insult offered to the Italian doctor, which, they said, had been the work of some boys. I remember, when the Turks at Rhodes last year took to menacing the Christians, the same excuse was offered. It is always the children who are put forward on these occasions in the Levant to commence a war of petty insults and annoyances.

About the time when this took place, I made another not very agreeable discovery. On my first arrival at Calymnos, I asked the most respectable inhabitants of the place to recommend me a person as foreman of my workmen. I was accordingly introduced to an individual called Manoli the Cassiote, who, I was assured, was a τίμιος ἄνθρωπος, an honourable man, as Antony says of Brutus. Manoli the Cassiote, at the time of my arrival, occupied the distinguished position of cavass, or chief constable of the whole community. He was a man over six feet high, of Herculean

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frame, and great activity. When he stood among my workmen, he overtopped them all like Saul, and he surpassed them in intelligence as much as in bodily stature. He had been much at sea, and had been tossed about the Mediterranean and the Black Sea from Marseilles to Odessa; every now and then he recounted little romantic bits of his adventurous life, from which I inferred that his Odyssey must have been a singular one,—a suspicion which was further confirmed by the study of his countenance, which to my mind was one of the most diabolical I ever beheld.

He was always armed to the teeth with a long gun, a formidable knife, and a brace of pistols. When I first took him into my service, I begged him to prevent any one from visiting the places where I was excavating at such times as work was not going on there. "Make yourself quite easy on that subject," said my friend Manoli; "I have told all the boys that if I catch any of them in our diggings I shall put a ball through them." The quiet way in which he said this, and the profound respect with which all the inhabitants, from the Archbishop downwards, treated him, made me feel that Manoli the Cassiote was no common man; that he had a mysterious influence in the place, which, so long as it was exerted in my behalf, would be particularly favourable to the success of the expedition.

One day, during a temporary cessation of the diggings, I thought of making a visit to the opposite coast of Asia Minor and taking Manoli

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with me. On mentioning this project to one of the highly respectable gentlemen who had recommended him to me, he let out that Manoli could not go quite where he liked about the Turkish empire; that, in fact, having been concerned in a little affair of *vendetta* some years ago at Cos, he was an outlaw. On making further inquiries, I learnt the particulars of the crime for which he had been so outlawed.

It happened that travelling in Cos about a year ago I slept one night at a wayside house, which stands near the sea-shore at some distance from any village. My host was a lonely old man, with no companion but a daughter about nineteen years old. I asked if he had no other family, when he told me how, some years ago, while he was absent at Constantinople, two Calymniotes, one of whom had been his servant, landed at Cos suddenly in the night, and murdered his wife and all his children, except the daughter, who being then about nine years old hid herself under a rug. The murderers being alarmed at the approach of some neighbours, tried to make off before they had time to plunder the house; and, whether by design or accident, in the confusion of their flight one of them shot his accomplice and then escaped. "And what became of him?" I asked, and was told that he got back to Calymnos, that when the Turkish police came to arrest him, he concealed himself in the mountains with the connivance of the local authorities; and that he had remained at Calymnos ever since.

I little thought, when I listened to this tale of horror, that one of the perpetrators of the deed

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would one day be in my employ; but so it was. The murderer who escaped in so singular a manner was Manoli the Cassiote.

This very unwelcome discovery explained to me why the chief constable of Calymnos is treated with such profound respect by the authorities and people of his island. He is one of those men who, by a combination of great natural force of character and physical strength, has succeeded in putting himself above the law. No one in Calymnos dares take the initiative of bringing him to justice. He is in league with a band of about twenty desperate characters, whom he calls the police of Calymnos, who patrol the streets at night, and take care that nobody commits any act of violence except with the full knowledge and consent of the head constable. Now and then, this functionary, finding himself in want of ready money, favours some rich Greek of his acquaintance with a visit, and requests a loan, which, it is hardly necessary to observe, is never refused; for the consequences of the refusal would be such as few would care to encounter. Last year, about the month of May, Calymnos was suddenly invaded by a band of pirates from Samos, about thirty in number. This small party being well armed, and choosing for the moment of their attack a time when the greater part of the male population was absent for the sponge-fishery, surprised and captured the lower town in open day, and sacked the houses and magazines of all the richest merchants without meeting with the smallest resistance. Acting on Robin Hood's principle, they invited the poor of Calymnos to a share of

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their booty, and then went on their way back to Samos rejoicing. Manoli the Cassiote, when he told me this story, observed, with a grim smile, that such an invasion ought never to have happened, and that the Calymniotes well deserved the loss they sustained for not taking his advice. "I offered," said the head-constable, "to protect the island during the summer months, on condition of receiving an increase of salary. The primates refused my demand; and see what happened."

In Italy, in the 16th century, Manoli the Cassiote would have made an accomplished bravo; and in the service of such a man as the Don Roderigo of the Promessi Sposi, would have distinguished himself above his fellows; for there is in his character a happy mixture of cunning and audacity. In the Greek revolution he would have been equally renowned as an Archipelago pirate; for his natural element is the sea.

Living as he does in the midst of a community which is slowly emerging out of lawlessness and crime into the state of order engendered by regular industry and commercial prosperity, he seems singularly out of place. Every well-disposed and respectable person in Calymnos would be delighted to get rid of Manoli the Cassiote, because this sort of cut-throat represents that kleftic element which, having once predominated in the Archipelago, is now gradually giving way to civilization; but nobody has the courage to "bell the cat."

It is difficult to find an excuse for this pusillanimous fear of one man in a population of 10,000 persons. It may readily be conceived that in the first

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instance hatred of their Turkish rulers led the Calymniotes to screen a known murderer from justice; but why was it necessary to elect him head-constable,—to invest him with all the outward signs of respectability, to pay him a high salary, and to permit him to levy black mail as much as he pleases?

I was told that this is not the only case in which the Calymniotes have deliberately harboured murderers, nor is Calymnos the only place in the Turkish Archipelago where such felons are allowed to dwell in happy impunity.

In towns like Rhodes or Mytilene, where Pashas and Consuls reside, the authors of great crimes seldom venture to show in public; but in the smaller islands and in the seaports of Asia Minor there are generally to be found among the population one or more known murderers, who, like Manoli the Cassiote, contrive to maintain a very respectable position in society. It is in vain that the Greeks try to civilize themselves by schools and commerce, so long as they permit this canker of unpunished crime to remain in their communities.[145]

The unpleasant discovery as to the real character of Manoli the Cassiote was made by me at the beginning of the month of February, after he had been a long time in my employ. Immediately afterwards, the old Ionian in whose house I lodged came to me with a face of utter consternation, with the intelligence that the whole allied army was cut off to a man in the Crimea.

I had had no letters or newspapers for a whole month; and the last mail had brought me news of

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the battle of Inkermann; so that it was not without a shudder that I received this rumour from my Ionian host. He had drawn me aside from my workmen, so that our conversation might not be overheard; and from the dismayed expression of his countenance, I inferred that he did not feel at all reassured as to my personal safety if the news were true. I had then a considerable sum of money in my house, and thought that if the people were to rise, depose their Turkish Governor, and declare their independence, which they would probably have done had the news been confirmed, it would not be an easy matter to get out of Calymnos in safety. However, I put a bold face on the matter, and assured the Ionian that the news could by no possibility be true, or I should have had an express to announce it from the Consul at Rhodes.

As the time drew on for bringing the expedition to a close, I found that the quantity of inscriptions and other spoils from the tombs and diggings would form a cargo too bulky to be contained in any caique; and it was not easy to find a seaworthy ship at Calymnos to take me and my hardly-earned freight to Rhodes, in a season so uncertain as the vernal equinox. Lord Stratford relieved me from my difficulty by persuading the Turkish Government to send me a war steamer then stationed in the Archipelago.

Having had notice that I might shortly expect this steamer, I closed my diggings at the Temple of Apollo; and reserving only a very small party of workmen, made one more venture in the district of Damos, in a field lying between the church called

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Prophet Elia and the Temple of Apollo. My only reason for trying this field was its vicinity to that of Janni Sconi.

I commenced digging in a spot where the outline of two graves might be still distinctly traced on the surface of a footpath. While I was at work, a Greek, whom I had never seen before, came up to me. "I think," he said, "if you dig here" (pointing to one of the graves), "you will find something good." I took his advice; and the workmen had hardly broken the ground with their pickaxes, before they found a small circular ornament in bronze so finely wrought that I was at once led to hope for some work of art of a better quality than what I had been discovering.

I therefore immediately took the pickaxes from the hands of my workmen, and made them scratch the ground with the small scraping-irons which we were in the habit of using. I very soon found three more of these bronze disks, the handle of a large bronze vase with rich floral ornaments, and lastly, at the very bottom of the grave, but not more than eight inches below the surface, a beautiful bronze group in high relief, representing Boreas carrying off Oreithyia. This group forms the subject of plate 15. Boreas is represented with buskins and large wings as a wind-god; Oreithyia seems to be looking back to the world from which she is snatched away.

Standing over the grave with this group in my hand, I thought of the Eurydice of the fourth Georgic: —

"Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu! non tua, palmas."

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Pl. 15

M. Nieuwe del. F. Bogard Photog.

BOREAS CARRYING OFF OREITHYIA

RELIEF

FROM BRONZE HYDRIA

London, Published by Day & Son, Lithotheca Queen
(LIMITED)

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Two other smaller bronze handles were found with these remains; and it was evident that the whole had belonged to a large *hydria* of the same metal, the body of which had decayed, all but the mouth, which on account of its greater solidity had not been decomposed.

The bronze group had been placed at the lower insertion of the principal handle. It is in embossed or *repoussé* work, and had been anciently gilt. When I found it, minute portions of gilding were still adhering to the hair of the female figure; and the earth of the grave, on being sifted, yielded many particles of gold leaf. The composition of this relief is exceedingly beautiful, the execution rather inferior to the design; and we miss in it the refinement and delicacy of modelling which distinguishes the bronzes of Siris in the British Museum beyond all other works of the same kind. However, bronzes in embossed work of a good period are so exceedingly rare that the group of Boreas and Oreithyia may fairly rank among the most precious objects of this class which have been discovered.

Sifting the earth, I found a number of small pearls and other fragments of a necklace. The presence of these remains shows that the grave was that of a female; and the subject of the bronze group was probably selected to commemorate allusively the untimely fate of the person in whose grave it was found; just as in ancient sarcophagi we often find repeated the Death of Meleager, the Rape of Proserpine, and other kindred subjects, suitable for the commemoration of the death of the young.

On my making this remarkable discovery, the

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Greeks present congratulated me with the most unfeigned satisfaction, all, except the proprietor of the field. He became utterly downcast, and was suddenly troubled with doubts as to the boundaries of his property; and when he found on which side of the footpath I intended to pursue my diggings, declared that the ownership of that half of the field had always been a matter of dispute between him and his father-in-law. This statement was evidently an invention of the moment, put forth as the ground of a lawsuit, in case I discovered a great treasure.

How I should have disposed of this unexpected difficulty I know not, but just at this moment a messenger came up from the harbour in hot haste, to tell me that the Turkish steamer which was to take me away had arrived, and that, the anchorage being dangerous, the captain was anxious that I would embark as soon as possible. Here was an end of all my excavations, just at the moment when I seemed to have hit upon the track of a more promising part of the cemetery; but the opportunity of getting away safely was one which I was not likely to have again; so I reluctantly left the scene of my last discovery, and embarked with all haste.

Before I left Calymnos, the Greek who had recommended me to dig in that particular spot waited on me for a *bakshish*, and told me that about twenty years ago he opened that very grave in the early morning, and without the permission of the owner, who surprised him at his work. He would not tell me what he had found in it; but I gathered from

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his manner that it had contained gold ornaments. It would appear, then, that, being interrupted before he had finished his work, he left the few inches of soil at the bottom of the grave unexplored, and thus missed the prize which I found. Such are the chances of excavation.

On leaving Calymnos in the Turkish steamer, I took the opportunity of crossing over to the opposite coast, for the purpose of visiting Budrum, which I had long wished to explore.

The steamer took us rapidly across to the Asiatic shore; and after having been so long accustomed to the noisy streets of Calymnos, thronged with Greeks and pigs, it seemed strange to find myself in the stillness and seclusion of the picturesque old Turkish town, which stands on the site of Halicarnassus. I was very kindly received by the authorities at Budrum, and an application to see the interior of the castle was instantly assented to.

This castle stands on a peninsula forming one side of the harbour, and is a fine specimen of military architecture in the 15th century.

It is well known that it was built by the Knights of St. John out of the ruins of the Mausoleum; and that twelve slabs of frieze from that famous monument were extracted from its walls and sent to the British Museum in 1846, an acquisition for which the public is indebted to the influence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe with the Porte, and not less to the zeal and enthusiasm with which he has always promoted archæological researches in the Levant for the benefit of the National Collection of Sculpture and Antiquities.

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In my Memoir on the Mausoleum, in 1846,[146] I have expressed the hope that a careful examination of the castle might lead to the discovery of more sculptures of the Mausoleum built into the walls. I have never ceased to entertain this hope; but, since my arrival in Turkey, various circumstances have prevented me from visiting Budrum till this year. It was with a feeling of eager curiosity that I passed over the old drawbridges, once so jealously guarded, into the interior of this celebrated fortress. Very few travellers had ever enjoyed this privilege before,—indeed, there is a story that an adventurous Englishman once obtained a firman at Constantinople authorizing him to visit the castle; but that on presenting it at Budrum to the commandant, he got a hint that the firman only authorized his entry into the castle, but said nothing about his exit. On walking round the ramparts on the side overlooking the harbour, I made a sudden halt. What I saw was so surprising that I could hardly believe the evidence of my own eyes. In the embattled wall, between the embrasures, was the head and forehand of a colossal lion, in white marble, built into the masonry and looking towards the interior of the castle. I saw at a glance that this lion was the work of a Greek chisel, and that it belonged to the finest period of ancient art.

There could be but one mode of accounting for its presence in the castle,—the supposition that it originally formed part of the Mausoleum. On looking over the battlements, I saw in the face of the wall below, five other lions, inserted at intervals as ornaments, all of the finest white marble; and

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in another part of the castle two more, placed on each side of an escutcheon as supporters.

On making this most interesting discovery, I felt, as you may suppose, much surprise that these lions had never, to my knowledge, been noticed by any of the English travellers who had visited Budrum.

The reliefs in the walls of the castle were drawn *in situ* by Dalton in the last century, and by Captain Devereux a few years back;[147] and the gentlemen charged with the removal of these pieces of frieze in 1846 were engaged in that operation for a whole month, during which time they must have had the

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opportunity of seeing these lions every day. Whether they supposed them to be mediæval or Turkish I cannot say, but they seem to have considered these sculptures of too little account to be worth drawing public attention to.

On referring to Ross's travels, I found that he had not failed to observe these lions on his visit to Budrum, and though he only got a distant view of them from a boat, at once guessed that they belonged to the Mausoleum. On leaving Budrum, I took the first opportunity of reporting this discovery to Lord Stratford, and I have no doubt that he will take advantage of the first favourable occasion to obtain a firman from the Porte.

From Budrum we returned to Mytilene, anchoring on our way at Chesmah, opposite Scio, where I inquired for coins of the neighbouring city of Erythræ, but without success.

We arrived at our destination after a very prosperous voyage. It was fortunate that we had fine weather the whole way; for, as I had no means of packing the inscriptions at Calymnos, they were stowed away in the hold of the ship like so much ballast.

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APPENDIX.

A TOUR IN LYCIA BY MR. D. E. COLNAGHI.

Thursday, March 16, 1854.—Accompanied by Mr. A. Berg, left Rhodes this evening in a sailing vessel for Castel Rosso, on our way to Lycia. A favourable breeze carried us on briskly, so that we soon left the moonlit towers and walls of the old town behind us. Castel Rosso, the ancient Megiste, is a small island, situated about sixty miles east of Rhodes, and very near the coast of Asia Minor. The town is placed partly on a promontory, which juts out into the sea, and partly at the end of the bay formed by this cape and the opposite coast of Asia. On the summit of the promontory is a fine old castle built of a red stone, a memorial of the time when the Knights of Rhodes possessed the island. The houses of the modern town are mostly built of the same red stone, and present a very picturesque appearance. The population of the island is from six to seven thousand. The men are nearly all sailors, and a fair number of vessels belong to the island. Though rich and prosperous, the Casteloriziotes bear a bad character, and are noted pirates. The island, which is about 18 miles in circumference, is very barren, being formed of rugged limestone mountains. The only water the inhabitants drink is collected in cisterns outside the town.

On the mountain side, by the harbour, is a small Doric rock tomb. I walked to the top of the mountain behind the town. On the summit are two or three Greek chapels, and the remains of a mediæval fortress. To the left of the fortress are the remains of some Hellenic walls, composed of large and beautifully squared blocks of limestone. The ruins seem to form the corner tower of a walled *enceinte;* the rest of the building is buried under a mound of earth. There are several cisterns within these fortifications, and a well, the only one on the island. I now crossed the mountain ridge, and descending between two hills into a small

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valley, found a small mediæval tower, now used as a chapel. In a valley beyond this were some carefully squared Hellenic blocks, near which is a monastery. We then rounded the hill. On the plain were several ancient blocks, and by the mountain side the remains of a built tomb for two people. It must have been a lofty structure, but, even while I was there, some boys were engaged in breaking up the blocks and carrying them away for some more modern building.

Saturday, 18*th*.—From Castel Rosso to Antiphellus (Antiphilo) is a pleasant sail across a land-locked bay. Before us rose the fine mountainous coast of Asia Minor, with the beautiful bays of Vathy (the deep) and Sevedo; behind us were the rocky mountains of Castel Rosso. As we passed on, we made out first the ruins of the theatre, then some Hellenic walls, and as we neared the shore groups of sarcophagi were visible.

The modern village of Antiphilo consists of a few cottages and storehouses for the Valonea which is brought down for exportation from the forest of Œnium. The ancient ruins consist of the theatre, which is of Hellenic architecture, and contains twenty-six rows of well-finished seats. It is built of large squared blocks of limestone well fitted together, and has no *proscenium*. Large limestone sarcophagi are scattered all over the valley: sometimes they are hewn out of the rock itself. The only ornament on them is a square tablet with a Greek inscription, setting forth the name and titles of the deceased, whose bones have long since been scattered to the winds, for all these sarcophagi have been broken open. On the side of the hill facing the sea are two rock tombs—one is square, and entirely hewn out of the rock. On either side, as you enter the tomb, is the couch for the dead, having an ornament in bas-relief round the recess. At the head of the tomb is a frieze of little figures about 6 inches high, holding each other's hands. The other tomb is cut out in the ordinary Lycian style, with a projecting roof. The rock is cut so as to represent a beam supported on logs of wood, an imitation, probably, of the ordinary houses of the period. The houses of the modern peasants, in many instances, are built on the same plan. Below, on the front of the tomb, panels are cut in the rock with projecting mullions on either side. On this tomb is an inscription in Lycian as well as Greek. In the valley near Port Vathy are two more tombs; the largest of Ionic, the second of Lycian character. To the east of the modern village are other groups of sarcophagi in picturesque posi-

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tions, and, where the rock permits, a tomb is hollowed out. One sarcophagus towers above the rest: it is of limestone, supported on a hollow pedestal, on which is a long Lycian inscription. The sarcophagus is plain, except at either side, where it is panelled. In the panels of the lid are bas-reliefs. The knobs, which are usually left on the lids of sarcophagi, are here sculptured into lions' heads. There is a fine group of rock tombs on the mountain behind the village. One has an arched roof, and has a Gothic look; the front is cut into panels. A Roman and a Lycian inscription are cut over the portal, but they have no connection the one with the other. From this point the view is magnificent: across the bay rises the rock of Castel Rosso; on the right, surrounded by lofty mountains covered with dark green shrubs, lies Port Vathy; on the low hills below are the rock tombs, the theatre, and picturesque groups of sarcophagi; on the left the promontory which forms Sevedo Bay sweeps boldly round.

Tuesday, 21*st*.—From Antiphellus to Cyaneæ is a ride of about seven or eight hours. The road leads in an easterly direction over the mountain behind the village. The vegetation in the valleys and ravines we passed was luxuriant, but the mountains rocky and barren. The country soon becomes more open, and we passed several encampments of Yuruks, or nomad Turks. They live in tents formed of bent twigs covered with skins, matting, or branches, or else in little wooden huts raised on poles above the ground, and with a door about 2 feet high, through which they manage to creep. They encamp in the winter in the valleys, and in summer remove with their flocks and herds to the mountains. They seem a simple and hospitable people. The women do not veil their faces, but wear a loose cloth veil which falls on the shoulders over a high turban. Sometimes this veil is tucked round the face under the chin as a protection against the sun.

At the end of a valley about three hours from Antiphilo we found a single sarcophagus, with a Greek inscription much defaced. Crossing a low hill, and passing two cisterns, we soon reached the end of the mountain. Below us lay an immense fertile plain, and beyond it mountain rose above mountain, the highest peaks of which were thickly covered with snow. We descended part of the way down the mountain, but, instead of coming to the plain, turned off to the east, and passed through a small stony valley

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separated by a range of hills from the plain. In an open space near this we saw some plain limestone sarcophagi with inscriptions. Hence we descended into a fertile plain, and passed by the village of Sarla, about ten minutes distant from which we observed the ruins of a mediæval building. We now ascended a small gorge between two hills, with pine trees on either side. This soon opened into a plain, and on a mountain opposite we saw the ruins of one of the three cities of Cyaneæ. The fields were covered with a little blue flower, from which the name of Cyaneæ (κυάνεα) may have been derived. Jaghù is a small village situated in a little valley beneath the ruined city, where we halted.

Wednesday, 22nd.—From Jaghù the road to Cyaneæ is by a steep and stony mountain path. In parts the road is ancient, and, half-way up, cut in the rock, on the right hand side of the pathway, is a small bas-relief representing two groups of horses. In the upper division are two standing still; in the lower, one galloping towards another standing still. This bas-relief is much defaced. There are three rock tombs—mere holes cut in the rock just above this bas-relief. A little further on we came to a group of sarcophagi of the Roman period. One of them is much ornamented; the lid is cut so as to represent overlapping leaves. In a few minutes more we reached the walls of the city, which are for the most part Byzantine or mediæval. The foundations of the houses and the directions of some of the streets of the old city can still be made out, though the whole is thickly overgrown with brushwood. There are some large vaulted buildings, and the walls and doors of temples formed of large blocks of limestone beautifully squared. One gateway is very beautiful, ornamented with a rich pattern of the Roman period. The ground is strewn with columns fluted and plain, dentils, and fragments of all kinds, including one or two inscriptions. None of the ruins inside the city walls appear to be of earlier date than the Roman empire. Outside the city gates on the north side of the hill the walls are partly of Hellenic masonry. On a lower hill is a long street of tombs, with sarcophagi picturesquely placed in the midst of brushwood. Here are also the ruins of some large public buildings. The theatre is situated on the south face of the lower hill; it is of Greek form, and measures 165 feet in diameter; there are twenty-four rows of seats, twelve above the *diazoma*, ten are visible below it.

On the perpendicular and rocky side of the city hill which faces the south are many rock tombs. Among them a group of three

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together is remarkable. They consist of a square tomb with a projecting front between two arched tombs; the rock out of which they are cut is painted blue and red. Close to these is a rock tomb and sarcophagus. The tomb is a square one, and is cut out of the solid rock; the sarcophagus is placed on it. In the panels of the lid are bas-reliefs, on one side a draped male figure seated, on the other a draped female figure with a girl standing before her and holding her by the hand. The knobs on the roof are sculptured into lions' heads. A little to the right, below these, is a very fine Ionic tomb, cut in the red limestone. It consists of a portico surmounted by a pediment, supported in the centre by a graceful Ionic column. The front inside the portico is panelled in the usual way. On the architrave above the door is a long and well-preserved Greek inscription of a good period. Above the tomb is a small sarcophagus.

Friday, 24th.—From Jaghù to Deriaghassy,* at the mouth of the Dembra Gorge, the road leads over the mountains in an easterly direction; the fields at first covered with the little blue flowers we had observed on approaching Cyaneæ. In about two hours and a half we reached the end of the mountains on this side, and began to descend into a magnificent plain, through which a silver river wound its way; on its banks fine myrtles and oleanders were growing. Beyond, the dark and stern-looking mountains in the distance formed a fine contrast with this rich plain. In about three hours from the top of the mountain, and having crossed the river, which was both wide and deep, we reached the water-mill where we intended to take up our quarters.

The cathedral at Deriaghassy is a fine building of Byzantine architecture, and rises in solitary grandeur from the plain. All the interior decoration is gone, but the walls remain, and the plan of the church is still perfect. The porch, the *pronaos*, the body of the church covered with a dome, the *apsis*, and the stairs which led to the women's gallery, may all be traced. Baptisteries of octagon shape stand on the north and south side. An accurate plan of this cathedral is given by Spratt and Forbes (Lycia, i. p. 105), so I contented myself with making a few photographs of the interior.

On a summit of a lofty mountain at the mouth of the Dembra Gorge are the ruins of a small city. The greater part of the walls

* Called Tchesemay in Spratt's Map of Lycia.

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are Byzantine or mediæval, but there are some remains of Cyclopean and Hellenic architecture. The view from the top of the mountain looks down on one side to the dark and grand gorge, on the other across the plain. There are two or three rock tombs on the sides of the mountain, and two rock tombs and a sarcophagus cut out in a point of rock behind the mill.

Tuesday, 28th.—From Deriaghassy we proceeded to Myra, about seven hours' journey, on camels. We passed through the Dembra Gorge; the river was too full and rapid to permit of our proceeding on horseback. We crossed and re-crossed the stream at least twenty times. The scenery was very grand. At one place the mountains are rocky and barren, at another covered with shrubs and trees; at intervals fine pine-trees lined the path near the river bank. Sometimes the mountains curved in on either side, thus widening the gorge; at others spurs of the hills stretched out nearly across the narrow ravine. We saw three bears, a mother and two cubs, gently trotting along the side of a barren mountain. We halted at a mill near the centre of the gorge, not far from which are some ancient ruins. In six hours we reached the end of the defile. A ruined Hellenic watch-tower commands the entrance on the left. We took up our lodgings at the Monastery of St. Nicholas, about an hour further on, in the plain of Myra. It is situated in the centre of a large square, formed of walls composed of large cushioned blocks of stone of the Roman period; each wall is about 300 feet in length. Spratt conjectures that this building may have been an *agora* or market-place. The two gateways face the sea and the ancient port. The monastery formerly contained the bones of St. Nicholas, the patron of Greek sailors; but these relics were taken away by the Russians during the Greek revolution, the Emperor Nicholas sending in exchange a portrait of the saint, which is placed in the church and held in due veneration. The old priest who attended to the church, and was well known to travellers, died six months before our arrival.

The ruins of Myra are most interesting, but are well known. The theatre is situated on the western edge of the plain at the foot of the mountain, and close to a fine group of rock tombs. It is an immense building, the diameter of which, according to Mr. Cockerell, is 360 feet. It is of the Roman period: nearly all the seats are perfectly preserved, and on either side are vaulted entrances, through which galleries conducted the spectator to the body of the building. Part of the *proscenium* is preserved. The

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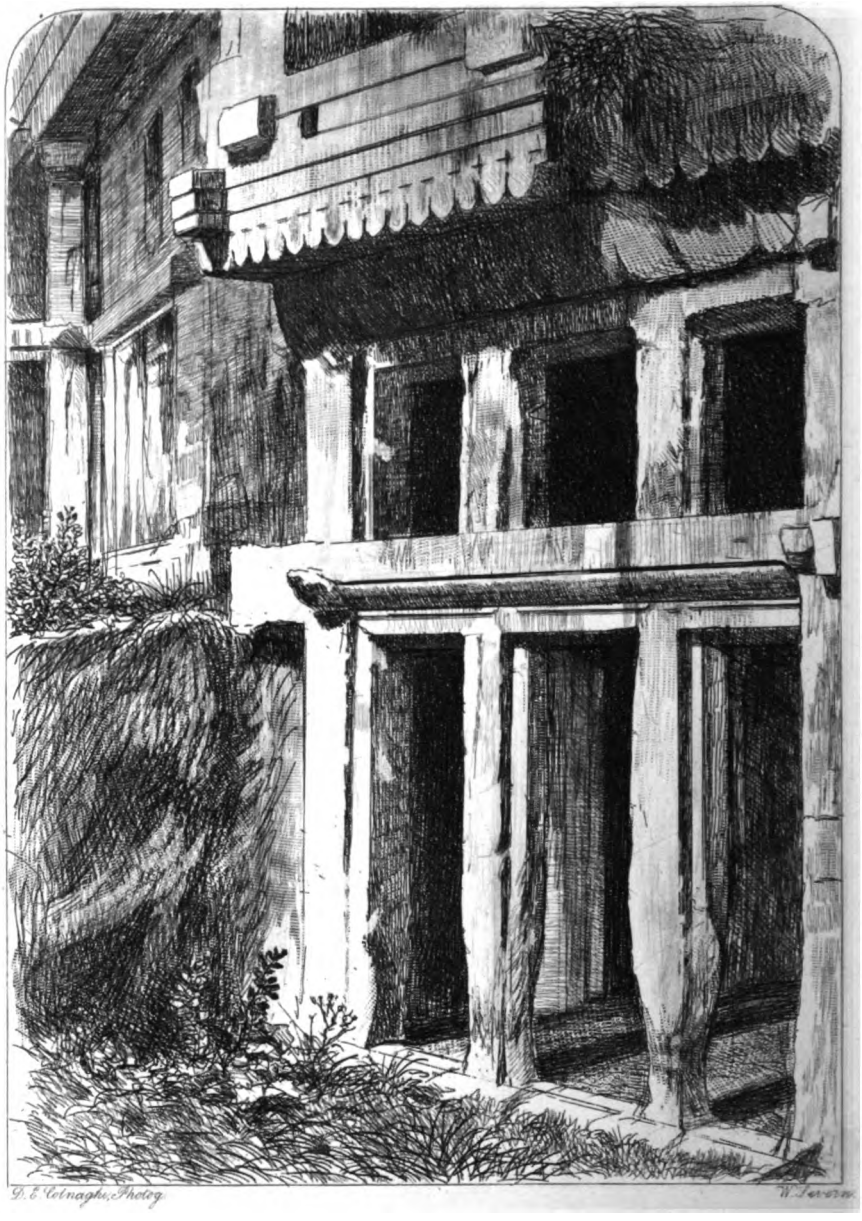

MYRA . ROCK TOMB

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doorways have a rich ornament round the architraves and lintels, of the same character as that on the temple gate at Cyaneæ. The column standing at the side of the *proscenium* has a rich Corinthian capital.

The rock tombs at Myra are divided into two groups,—those by the theatre, and those on the side of the mountain leading to the entrance of the Dembra Gorge. The first group is very rich—tomb rises above tomb halfway up the mountain side. Some of the tombs have pediments and bas-reliefs, others again are of the simple Lycian form, with projecting roofs, panels, and mullions. (See Plate 16.) One or two stand entirely out from the rock. Inside the portico of a large tomb, called by Spratt "The Lover's Tomb," of the Lycian form, the following inscription is roughly scratched on the wall :—

ΜΟΣΧΟΣ ΦΙΛΕΙ ΦΙΛΙΣΤΑΝ
ΤΗΝ ΔΗΜΗΤΡΙΟΥ.

"Moschus loves Philiste the (daughter) of Demetrius."

The second group contains those tombs with sculptures so fully described by Sir Charles Fellows, in his interesting work on Lycia. Among these tombs is a fine one with a pedimental *façade* of the Ionic order. The body of the tomb is entered by a square doorway, on either side of which is a square half-column with mullions, which have been surmounted by a lion's head. Beyond these were round columns; above the doorway runs a frieze of draped male and female figures, reclining and standing in various attitudes—apparently a funereal subject. The sculptures are of a good period. On the pediment is sculptured, in low relief, a spirited combat between a Lycian lion and a bull: the lion has seized his adversary by the neck, and the bull is butting at him with his horns.

The Turkish burial-ground near the small village in the plain is full of ancient fragments.

Passing above the second group of rock tombs, and having ascended a few steps cut in the rock, we came to a wall composed of Hellenic blocks, which supports the narrow pathway; a little further on are more steps, and a small sarcophagus cut out of the rock. On the rock on the left are some niches. The top of the mountain is reached by a steep and stony path on the north side. On the summit is a castle of an oblong form, and, for the most part,

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of mediæval architecture; but here and there are the remains of Cyclopean walls. The square tower on the north-west side is partly built of large square blocks. The whole length of the castle is about 180 paces.

Monday, April 3rd.—From Myra we proceeded in a country boat to Deliktash. We embarked from a little bay; on the promontory which formed it are the ruins of a Byzantine watch-tower or lighthouse. Till sunset the wind favoured us, but, as it failed then, we lay to for the night in a beautiful little creek, this side of Cape Chelidonia. In the morning we doubled the cape and entered the Gulf of Pamphylia. At noon we passed the Bay of Adrasan, with its fine pine-covered mountains, and soon after saw Mount Chimæra with its snow-capped summit towering among the clouds. We anchored near Deliktash at 3 P.M. There are only two or three huts near the shore, inhabited by Greeks. The Yoorouk village, situated about ten minutes from the shore, consists of a few wicker tents covered with skins, and two or three huts. There is a large export of pine-wood from this place—either in planks or logs.

Wednesday, 5th.—The road to the Chimæra fire lay across the plain, over a winding stream by the Yoorouk village. Near the burial-ground, which is filled with ancient fragments, we found two sarcophagi hollowed out of the rock; one full size, the other for a child. We still passed along the plain through the most luxuriant vegetation; carub trees, and myrtle and laurel bushes abounded. In about half an hour we came to a point where the level ground is terminated by the mountains, which on one side are of limestone, on the other of serpentine. The hill sides were covered with beautiful shrubs, and there were several varieties of orchids among the wild flowers. We ascended the mountain side on the left, rather before coming to the den of the plain, and in a quarter of an hour arrived at the remains of a Byzantine chapel, to which a monastery was probably attached. Large blocks with inscriptions, which may be portions of the Temple of Vulcan, are lying about, and here issues out of the rock the Chimæra fire. The principal flame proceeds from behind an arched opening in the rock, and smaller flames dart out from crevices round the larger. A second flame issues from a little pit close by. The flame burns steadily, and was of, when we saw it, about the same volume as would issue from a moderate fireplace. It is of a dark colour, like a wood fire. The smell resembles that of a mixture of sulphuric ether, spirits of wine, and iodine. The soot

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which is made by the flame is said to be good for sore eyes. This fire has been known to burn for 3,000 years. According to Greek mythology, it was on the lofty mountain close by that the Chimæra, with lion's head, goat's body, and serpent's tail, dwelt; and it was on this spot that the monster was killed by Bellerophon. The shepherds cook their dinners by this natural fire, which it is reported will not cook stolen goods. Down the side of the ravine, near the flame, there flows a beautiful little mountain stream.

The ruins of the city of Olympus are situated close to the village of Deliktash. We passed along the seashore for five minutes to the south till we came to a lofty rock covered with the ruins of mediæval buildings. This rock was probably the ancient acropolis. The rock here forms an arched entrance, which, when the sea is high, forms the only passage to the ruined city. From this rock the modern village takes the name of Deliktash, or perforated rock. We were now in a beautiful little valley, almost choked up with bushy bay-trees, among which are the ruins of Olympus. For the most part these ruins are Byzantine or mediæval; but here and there we saw large blocks and the foundations of ancient buildings. We at length reached a fine gateway about 18 feet high, with a beautiful ornament round the architrave. Close by is a perfectly preserved inscription, setting forth all the titles of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Large columns and capitals (one of the latter I measured 2½ feet in diameter), and other blocks are lying about in confusion. The inscriptions we found were mostly Byzantine Olympus flourished chiefly under the Romans.

Saturday, 8th.—We now retraced our steps, and proceeded by land to Phenika, where we took ship for Rhodes. Our road lay first through the ruined city. The narrow valley in which it is situated terminates in a fine gorge, which opens out into another valley. We turned from here to the right, leaving Mount Chimæra on our right, and the Bay of Adrasan on our left. Sometimes we passed over an open rocky hill, and at others the road led through lanes of laurel; then we reached a fountain by a plane-tree, near which a body of Yoorouks were encamped under a tuft of cypresses. On the mountain side was a rock tomb. After an ascent of two hours and a half we reached the top of the mountain, and, passing through the pine woods which cover the summit, had a magnificent view of the Plain of Phenika, bounded on three sides by mountains, on the fourth by the sea. We saw the ruins of Rhodiopolis in the distance.

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In two hours more we emerged on to the plain, and had a fatiguing ride to Armootlee. From Armootlee we crossed a river over a long stone bridge, and passed along the road by the mountain side. Here were several rock tombs. Near this spot is the source of a stream which issues in its full volume from the earth. We now pass more rock tombs, and at length reach the ruins of Limyra. Here is a fine theatre, resembling the one at Myra, only smaller. A little further on is the walled town. The city walls are of Byzantine architecture, but in part composed of ancient blocks. The plain near Phenika has a rich and beautiful aspect, and is well cultivated in parts, but the miasma renders this district deadly in summer. Even now at this season the heat was excessive.

At the Port of Phenika is a dilapidated modern fortress. The lower part of the square tower and part of the walls are of Hellenic architecture. Phenika is the port of the Turkish town of Almalee. Valonea is loaded here for Europe.

Tuesday, 11*th*.—Sailed for Rhodes, where we did not arrive till the 18th, owing to contrary winds.

The district of Asia Minor which we visited is at present in a very bad state. The greater part of the country is in the hands of the Zebecks, or mountain robbers, and in many cases the local authorities have left their posts. On the mountains near Almalee a band of 80 Zebecks are out. Near Adalia, on the Gulf of Pamphylia, some of these robbers have killed a Moriote merchant. At Daliani, nearly opposite Rhodes, the country is in the hands of a band of 400 Zebecks, commanded by Ali Bey, son of the Aga of Chorgies, who has quarrelled with the other agas of the district, and is consequently in rebellion. In the skirmishes that have taken place, the authorities, in most instances, have been worsted. A boat sent from Rhodes to Phenika by a merchant, to pay for some corn, with £400 on board, was attacked by pirates near Myra, and the money taken. The same band, seventeen in number, the day before yesterday attacked and sunk a small boat from the island of Symi, and murdered the crew.

There is great scarcity of food in the country. At Daliani the people would not let a Sardinian merchant load a cargo of corn, but threatened to kill him if he persisted.

Though the weather was not favourable during great part of our journey, I have been enabled to take about thirty photographs —at Antiphellus, Cyaneæ, and Myra.

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A TOUR IN MYTILENE BY MR. D. E. COLNAGHI, IN 1854.

On the 20th of April last, I made a little excursion on the northern coast of the island, accompanied by the dragoman of the Consulate. We slept the first night at Mandamatha, whence we proceeded to Molivo, taking Mount Lepethymnos in our route. We passed through the villages of Kappi, the inhabitants of which are chiefly Turks, and Gelia, where we took a guide for the ascent of Mount Lepethymnos. After climbing up a steep and stony road for about an hour, we reached the summit, which is formed of two peaks, of which the highest, according to the Admiralty chart, is 2,750 feet, rising like a tower out of the rest of the hill. Here is a little Greek chapel, but we looked in vain for any ancient remains.

On this mountain in antiquity was a temple dedicated to the hero Palamedes, who is said to have been buried here. A temple of Apollo and a shrine of the hero Lepethymnos also stood here.

The view from the summit is very fine, embracing in the distance Tenedos, Imbros, Lemnos, and Samothrace. On the south a foreground of bold mountain-lines shuts out from view Port Iero. On descending, we went to Molivo, whence, taking a boat, we rowed to a small rocky island opposite Petra, in the hope of identifying it with the ancient Antissa. Here, however, we could find no traces of an Hellenic occupation.

On the summit of the rock at Petra is a small church, in which is a curious mediæval bas-relief with a Byzantine inscription, of which the last word is BATATZI. Beneath are portraits of the person named in the inscription. On the right are his wife and child, on the left the Madonna and our Saviour. The Batatzi mentioned in the inscription may possibly be John Ducas Batatzis, who was Emperor at Constantinople from 1222 to 1255. Near the church is a fountain, and two or three houses inhabited by nuns. There is a fine view from the top of this rock. The women of Petra wear a curious old-fashioned head-dress, rising like a cone from the crown of the head. The face is bound round with a handkerchief.

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From Petra we went to Telonia, passing on our way through the village Skalochori. In the first part of our route we traversed a barren and mountainous country with little vegetation. In the latter part were rocks of strange fantastic forms, mostly composed of pudding-stone.

The village of Telonia is well situated on the slope of a rocky mountain overlooking a fertile valley, where are the country houses of the rich inhabitants peeping out among the valonea oaks. It contains about 500 families.

Two hours north of the village is a ruined church dedicated to St. George, which I visited to find an inscription, which, after all, did not exist. The country through which we passed was rich and beautiful. The slopes of the hills were covered with corn, and in the valleys were well-cultivated gardens. At a place called Refikia, about ten minutes from the church of St. George, but nearer the sea, is a watercourse, which appears of ancient workmanship.

The next day we left Telonia at 6.30 a.m., and arrived at Batousa at 8. At a short distance from Telonia we came to two lofty rocks which rose as gates in the centre of the ravine, and seemed to shut out this part of the island from the other. We passed through, and soon entered a beautiful valley, at the end of which is Batousa, chiefly remarkable for a fine modern church. The columns in the interior had all belonged to some ancient building. In this part of the country the small ponies for which Mytilene is celebrated are bred. From Batousa we went to Kalloni by the Ereso road, arriving at the village of Acherona at noon.

In the afternoon I visited a bridge built across the river Prines, which flows through the plain of Kalloni to the gulf. The bridge is about two hours distant from Acherona. It consists of a single arch thrown across the stream; the width of the arch is nearly 40 feet. The arch is formed of blocks of rough sandstone, which are carefully fitted together without cement. The lower blocks are cut in the rustic style. The workmanship is evidently Roman, of perhaps about the same date as the aqueduct at Morea. The bridge has been restored in modern times; the arch is all that remains of the ancient structure.

Near the bridge is the little chapel of St. Therapon, a medical saint. The country people, when ill, come here with a priest, and remain one or two days. The priest performs a mass, and the

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patient crosses himself abundantly. When he leaves, he hangs up a shred of his garment on a tree near the chapel, as a token that his malady is left behind. A little bush close by was quite covered with patches of old clothes. The Turks have the same superstition. Before the chapel is the fragment of a granite column which appears *in situ*, and near it is a simple capital.

Thursday, 28th, the Holy Thursday of the Greek Church. On this day we saw the Archbishop of Methymna wash the feet of twelve priests, in commemoration of our Saviour washing the feet of the Apostles. This rite, which is called νιπτῆρα, is only performed once every seven years. At an early hour in the morning all the nuns from the neighbouring convent had arrived, and crowds of peasants from the villages were continually pouring in, all dressed in their gala clothes. The women from Ereso wore white hoods with crimson borders, which hung down on their shoulders. In the courtyard of the metropolis, or Archbishop's palace, a stage covered with green branches had been erected, and lamps were placed in the four corners: from the centre hung a brass chandelier. At one end was the bishop's throne with a canopy of roses over his head: on either side of the platform were six chairs. At the other end, steps led up to the stage. On one side of the courtyard was a reading-desk, on the other a fountain was decked with green boughs to represent a grotto. In the palace itself, the preparations were great. Priests were tying candles together with particoloured ribbons; monks, in blue serge dresses, were running about with gorgeous clerical vestures in their hands. In the passage were a crowd of laity and clergy. The chief psalm-singer of the diocese was in his glory, collecting his choir, and directing everybody. When the appointed hour, 10 a.m., arrived, there was a general rush into the courtyard.

The Reader, in a magnificent crimson silk robe, now advanced to the reading-desk, accompanied by the Psalm-singers, whose chanting continued throughout the ceremony. Twelve priests, in pairs, attended by two deacons, who held in one hand lighted candles, in the other a censer, advanced from the palace, and took their seats on the stage. They were all dressed in brilliant robes. The abbot of the neighbouring monastery, a portly personage, personated Peter; a mean, ugly-looking man represented Judas. He was dressed in green, and was distinguished from the others by being without the black priest's cap, and only wearing the hood. Last of all came the Archbishop, preceded by three

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deacons. He was dressed in a magnificent purple satin robe, richly embroidered. On his head was the round black cap and bishop's hood. His Eminence was now unrobed by the attendant deacons, and clothed in more gorgeous garments. First, there was a rich purple and gold robe in stripes, covered with small flowers. Over this was thrown a blue satin surplice with damasked flowers, bordered with a heavy gold fringe. Gold embroidered gauntlets were fastened round his wrists, and by his side hung a square purse, embroidered with gold on a green ground. Over this he wore a white satin stole with a gold fringe. On either side of his breast was an enamelled miniature, representing a subject from Scripture. His mitre was next placed on his head. It resembles in shape an imperial crown, above which is a round red cap, richly embroidered with diamonds and other precious stones; on the top was a diamond cross. The Archbishop was a fine-looking man with a long black beard, and wore his gorgeous vestments with a certain dignity.

The real business of the ceremony now began. A conversation was carried on between the Archbishop and priests, from the New Testament, as between our Saviour and the Apostles. It ended by the Archbishop saying, "I know that one of ye shall betray me." Each priest asked in turn, "Lord, is it I?" The deacons then took off the Bishop's stole, and tied an embroidered napkin round his waist; which done, one of them knelt down before the representative of St. Peter, with a silver basin in one hand and a ewer in the other. He poured a little water over the towel, which the Archbishop, kneeling, held in his hand. His Eminence just wetted the priest's foot, which had had a preparatory washing. The priest kissed his mitre. This was repeated to each in turn. Having resumed his robes, the Archbishop, accompanied by Peter, James, and John, left the platform. The three pretended to fall asleep, and the Bishop went to the grotto and prayed, in the words of our Saviour. He returned thrice to the sleepers, and then said, "Arise, let us be going." And so ended the sacred drama. All that remained was to kiss a sacred picture of our Saviour, exhibited by the Archbishop from the platform; and great was the rush of peasants to do this. Both actors and spectators seemed to witness this strange ceremony with the utmost reverence, and all went through their parts seriously and with apparent devotion. We returned the same day to Mytilene.

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NOTES.

[1] Engraved, C. Vassallo, Monumenti Antichi nel gruppo di Malta. Periodo Fenicio. Valletta, 1851, p. 17.

[2] In E. Gerhard's Archäologische Zeitung, Berlin, 1848, pp. 346-50, 362-67. See Archæologia of Soc. Ant. London, xxix. pp. 227-40, where views of these ruins are given.

[3] Tacit. Hist. ii. 3. Maximus Tyrius, Dissert. viii. § 8.

[4] Della Marmora, in Nouvelles Annales de l'Institut de Correspondance Archéologique à Rome, i. p. 18.

[5] G. Scharf, in Museum of Classical Antiquities, London, 1851, i. p. 190, where this statue is engraved. Lebas, Voyage Archéologique, mon. fig.

[6] Laborde, Le Parthenon, Paris, 1848, ii. pl. 25-27.

[7] Revue Archéologique Paris, 1844, i. pl. i. Laborde, Le Parthenon, ii. pl. 4.

[8] Engraved in the Monumenti of the Roman Archæological Institute, iv. pl. 44. Annali dell' Inst. Arch. Rom. 1847, p. 305. This statue was found at Tenea, near Corinth.

[9] E. Gerhard, Sur les Monumens figurés existant en Grèce. Rome, 1837.

[10] See my remarks on these coins, Numismatic Chronicle, 1854, p. 29.

[11] For a fuller account of the Amphiaraïon, see Transactions of the Royal Society of Literature, New Series, v. pp. 107-52; Dr. Preller, Oropos und Amphiaraeion, in Berichten d. k. Sächsischen Gesellschaft d. Wissenschaften, Philol. Hist. Classe. Leipsig, 1853, pp. 140-88; Rangabé, Antiquités Helléniques; Leake, Northern Greece, ii. p. 441.

[12] Göttling, Neue Rhein. Mus. i. p. 161. Mure, Tour in Greece, ii. p. 167. Annali dell' Inst. Arch. Rom. xvii. p. 168.

[13] For the tombs at Doganlu, see J. R. Steuart, Description of some Ancient Monuments in Lydia and Phrygia, London,

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1842, and other authorities, cited K. O. Müller, Handbuch d. Archäologie d. Kunst, ed. Welcker, p. 304.

[14] Zosimus, Hist. ii. 30 seq., 35 seq.

[15] H. E. Dirksen, On the Building Act of the Emperor Zeno, Museum of Classical Antiquities, i. pp. 305-52.

[16] Travels of Bertrandon de la Brocquiere (translation by Johnes), Hafod, 1807, p. 220.

[17] Von Hammer, Constantinopolis und d. Bosporos, Pesth, 1822, i. p. 385, calls this Kahrije Djamissi, and states that it was built by Justinian and restored by Theodore Metochita, Chancellor of Andronicus I.

[18] For the history and topography of Lesbos, see S. L. Plehn, Lesbiacorum Liber, Berol. 1826, an excellent work; Zander, Beiträge zur Kunde d. Insel Lesbos, Hamb. 1827; Tournefort, Voyage du Levant, Lyons, 1727, ii. pp. 81-87; Pococke, Description of the East, London, 1745, ii. pt. 2, pp. 15-21; Prokesch von Osten, Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Orient, Stuttgart, 1837, ii. pp. 771-79, iii. pp. 341–407; Boutan, Memoir sur Metelin, in the Archives des Missions Scientifiques, Paris, 1856, vol. v. pp. 273–364; Ἱστορικὸν ἐγκώμιον τῆς νήσου Λέσβου, by Stavraki Anagnostes, Smyrna, 1850. This last work, written by a native of Lesbos, contains some bad poetry in praise of the island, and a list of its villages, with occasional information about the antiquities.

[19] Strabo, xiii. p. 617. Diodor. xiii. 79. Longus, Pastoral. I. init.

[20] As for instance, Cnidus, Halicarnassus, Myndus. See Thucyd. i. 7.

[21] Strabo, xiii. p. 617.

[22] Aristotle. Thucyd. iii. 4, ὥρμουν ἐν τῇ Μαλέα πρὸς Βορέαν τῆς πόλεως. Cf. 6, ibid., and Grote, History of Greece, vi. p. 305, note 1.

[23] Plutarch, Vit. Pomp. 42. Longus, Pastor., init.

[24] Vitruv. i. 6.

[25] Cic. contr. Rull. ii. 16.

[26] Such towers were probably used in the Greek islands from an early period. In Andros is a round tower certainly of the Hellenic period, with five stories above a chamber in the basement, a view of which is given in the folio plates to Lebas' Voyage Archéologique. See the description of it, L. Ross, Reisen auf d. Griech. Inseln, ii. p. 13. There is a similar one in Naxos (*ibid.* p. 43).

[27] Böckh, Corpus Inscript. Græc. Nos. 2172-4.

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[28] Compare the Athenian dedication to the Nymphs by the πλυνεῖς, Böckh, Corp. Inscript. No. 455.

[29] Xenophon, Hist. Græc. i. 6.

[30] Thucyd. iii. 3.

[31] Pococke, ii. pt. 2, p. 15. Böckh, C. I. No. 2182. Plehn, p. 218.

[32] In the Dionysiac theatre at Athens several rows of chairs inscribed with the names of chief magistrates and priests have been recently discovered; casts of two of these may be seen in the Elgin Room of the British Museum. See also Böckh, C. I. 5368, 5369, for the inscriptions in the theatre at Syracuse.

[33] Suidas, *s. v.* Λεσβώναξ. Strabo, xiii. p. 617.

[34] See my History of Discoveries at Halicarnassus, &c. p. 712.

[35] Ælian, Var. Hist. vii. 15.

[36] No. 2166.

[37] Strabo, xiii. p. 618. Plin. N. H. v. 31, § 39.

[38] See the description of this site in M. Boutan's Memoir on Mytilene. See also Prokesch von Osten, Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Orient, iii. p. 350.

[39] On the return of exiles to Lesbos in the time of Alexander the Great, *see* Böckh, C. I. No. 2166; Plehn, pp. 77, 78.

[40] Hence in the ancient Diræ the formula ἐμοὶ δὲ ὅσια. See my History of Discoveries, p. 723.

[41] Archestrat. ap. Athenæum, iii. p. 111, F.

[42] This wall is described by M. Boutan in his memoir already cited, p. 318.

[43] Hist. Anim. v. 10, 2, and 13, 10.

[44] On this law of custom, see a memoir by Mr. Hawkins, in Walpole's Travels in Turkey, London, 1820, p. 392.

[45] Homer, Hymn. in Bacchum, 44. Ovid, Met. iii. 582. Apollod. iii. 5, § 3.

[46] Deiotarus is the name of two rulers of Galatia in the 1st century B.C. With the name Allobogiona may be compared Bogodiataros, the name of a Galatian chief (Strabo, xii. p. 567); Tolistobogii, one of the three principal tribes of Galatia; and Phuibagina, the name of a town among the Trocmi in the same province, according to Ptolemy.

[47] Strabo, xiii. p. 617. See the map in Plehn's work. M. Boutan places Ægiros at Xero Castro, near Parakoila, on the western side of the Gulf of Kalloni, where he found a Greek Acropolis,

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with polygonal masonry. He states that this place is still called Ægiros; but the situation does not the least correspond with the statement of Strabo that Ægiros was between Methymna and Mytilene.

[48] In another of these inscriptions a crown is decreed by the tribe Æolis to Aristophanes, son of Aristophon, on account of his public services. There is also mention of a temple of Athene.

[49] Froissart, ed. Buchon, xiv. p. 52, et seq. Finlay, History of Byzantine and Greek Empires, 1854, p. 573.

[50] For the coins of this family see B. Köhne, Mémoires de la Société d'Archéologie et de Numismatique de St. Pétersbourg, iii. p. 475, and iv. p. 110; Pindar und Friedländer, Beiträge zur Munzkunde, p. 29.

[51] In addition to these arms, there is sculptured on a wall, a shield bearing the arms of Gatelusio, impaling the eagle of the Empire, with an augmentation in chief too defaced for identification: two crowned lions are supporters. On another part of the wall are sculptured the arms of Bembo of Venice.

[52] Engraved Stuart's Athens, iii. pl. 45.

[53] This subject is repeated in the curious relief at Paros, engraved K. O. Müller, Denkmäler d. a. Kunst, ed. Wieseler, Tav. 63, No. 814.

[54] Archäologische Zeitung, 1848, p. 109*.

[55] This inscription commences *ὁ δᾶμος κατὰ χρησμόν*. The metrical lines which follow may therefore be the oracle itself.

[56] Transactions of Royal Society of Literature, 2nd series, London, 1847, ii. p. 258.

[57] Since these remarks have been written, the site of the hill above Bournarbashi has been carefully examined by Mr. Calvert, who places here the ancient Gergithos (see his Memoir on the site of Gergithos, Archæological Journal, 1864, p. 48), and also by Dr. Von Hahn, who has made excavations here, and has discovered remains of an ancient acropolis, which he believes to be that of Troy. See his memoir, Die Ausgrabungen auf d. Homer. Pergamos. Leipzig, 1865.

[58] In the former of these inscriptions, Claudius is styled Sodalis Titius, as well as Augustalis. His titles are identical with those in an inscription from Pola. Henzen, Inscript. Latin. Collectio. Turic. 1856, No. 5399.

[59] Pococke, Travels, ii. pt. 2, p. 110.

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[60] See Mr. Calvert's Memoir on Ophrynium, Archæological Journal, 1860, p. 291.

[61] See Antiquités du Bosphore cimmérien, St. Petersburg, 1854, Introduction, p. 37.

[62] The vases found in the *pithoi* consisted of the following kinds:—

Two-handled drinking-cups, of the shapes called *kylikes* and *kothones*. Flasks for oils and unguents (*lekythi* and *aryballi*).

Figures occurred on several vases; the subjects were, in several cases, Dionysiac. On one of the *lekythi* was represented a figure driving a *biga*. In subject and drawing, this vase-picture resembled those of a late period found at Athens. All the cups were turned downwards, their mouths resting on the lower side of the *pithos*. The shallow cups contained bones and earth compacted together by pressure. With these vases were found two small bottles of blue glass inlaid with yellow, and a terra-cotta relief, 6½ inches high, representing the upper half of a female figure, perhaps Aphrodite. On her head is a kind of crown, or *tiara*, from which a veil hangs down behind, over her shoulders. Round her neck is a necklace; her hands are placed one on each breast. This terra-cotta is in a good style, but rather carelessly executed. A fragment from a thin marble slab inscribed—

ΓΥΘΑ:ΑΓΕ
ΨΕΔΙΟ:ΓΥ.

[63] In the Villa Albani at Rome is a marble relief, representing the interview between Alexander and Diogenes. It is curious that the *pithos* in this relief is represented mended with rivets.

[64] It appears from Birch, Hist. of Pottery, i. 188, that similar *pithoi* were discovered in excavations on the site of old Dardanus, by Mr. J. Brunton. Many small *lekythi*, resembling those at Athens, and some early vases, have likewise been found there (ibid. ii. p. 115). Mr. Birch states (ibid.) that *lekythi* resembling those from Athens have been found at the supposed tomb of Achilles in the Troad.

[65] N. H. 34, c. 6, § 36, and ibid. c. 7, § 42, where the number of colossal statues at Rhodes is stated to be 100, not 300, as I have inadvertently cited it in the text.

[66] My information respecting this head is derived from Mme. Biliotti, the wife of M. C. Biliotti, British Vice-Consul at Scio, who remembers the head on her first arrival at Rhodes.

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[67] Thevenot, Voyages dans le Levant, Eng. Transl. 1687, p. 117, states that he saw this head over the St. Catherine gate, but that, some years before his visit, it had been removed from the gate looking towards the den of the dragon, by which it is to be presumed that he means the Amboise gate. Other travellers state they saw the head over St. John's gate (*see* A. Berg, Die Insel Rhodus, Braunschweig, 1862, pt. i. p. 90). It is possible, therefore, that the head may have been shifted from gate to gate.

[68] L. Ross, Inscriptiones Græcæ Ineditæ, iii. No. 274. See his Reisen auf den Griechischen Inseln, iii. p. 84. After the destruction of the church of St. John by an explosion in 1856, this inscription was presented by the Pasha of Rhodes to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales on his visit to Rhodes.

[69] L. Ross, Reisen, iv. p. 56.

[70] A. Berg, Die Insel Rhodus, pt. ii. p. 44.

[71] Ibid. pt. ii. pp. 60, 72.

[72] Ibid. pt. ii. p. 38.

[73] From this inscription it appears that there were two knights of this name about the same period. The one was Turcopolier in 1500, and died in 1502, as we see by this inscription. The other was Bailiff of Caspe and Cantaniera, and also Bailiff of Eagle (in co. Linc.) in 1513. He was sent at the close of the year 1517 into England to entreat aid against the Turks. Having obtained some assistance, he was returning to Rhodes, when he was driven by a tempest back to the coast of England, where he and his followers perished in August, 1552. Three original letters from him to Cardinal Wolsey, in 1517, are preserved in Cotton MSS., Otho, C. ix.

[74] The form Λινδοπολίται in this inscription may be compared with kindred forms, Ross, Inscript. Ined. iii. No. 265.

[75] The name of this sculptor is not given in the list of Greek artists in H. Brunn's Geschichte.

[76] Guérin, Voyage dans l'île de Rhodes, Paris, 1856, p. 169.

[77] Guillelmi Caoursin, Rhodiorum Vice-Cancellarii, Obsidionis Rhodie Urbis Descriptio, Ulm, 1496, p. 8. Cf. Berg, pt. i. p. 56.

[78] Ross, Reisen, iii. p. 86.

[79] Ross, Archäologische Aufsätze, Leipsig, 1861, pt. ii. pp. 384-89.

[80] With these ornaments may be compared an ear-ring, found

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with Byzantine gold coins in the island of Calymnos, which is now in the British Museum.

[81] Lucian. Philopseud. ed. Lehmann, c. 20.

[82] Ross, Archäologische Aufsätze, pt. ii. p. 393.

[83] Herod. ii. 182. Pliny, N.H. xix. 1, § 12. Diodorus, v. 58. Strabo, xiv. p. 655. Schol. ad Pindar. Olymp. vii. ed. Böckh, ii. p. 159.

[84] Ross, Inscriptiones Ineditæ, iii. No. 272.

[85] Ross, Reisen, iii. p. 73. Hamilton, Travels in Asia Minor, ii. p. 55. Leake, Asia Minor, p. 225, note.

[86] Ross, Reisen, iv. p. 67, calls this place Giannari; and in his map it is erroneously placed near Apolakkia. The name is pronounced Yannathi.

[87] The name Mesanagros is evidently *μεσοναγρός*, a place halfway between the two coasts. Compare Mesótopo, the name of a village in Mytilene.

[88] Compare *ἀκρόλιθος*.

[89] See the view of this wall, Berg, Rhodus, pt. ii. p. 151, where the ornaments are very inaccurately rendered.

[90] Birch, History of Ancient Pottery, i. p. 252.

[91] The ruins on the shore are described, Ross, Reisen, iv. p. 62; Guérin, pp. 248-50.

[92] W. J. Hamilton, Travels, ii. p. 61. Ross, Reisen, iii. p. 107. Guérin, pp. 261-65.

[93] Meursius, Rhodus, p. 85. Hesychius, *s. v. ἄμβωνες*.

[94] See *ante*, note 44.

[95] For the *Anerades* see Ross, Reisen, iii. p. 45; Meursius, Glossarium Græco-barbarum, *s. v.* Νεράδες; Nymphæ, Glossæ Græco-barbaræ, *ἀγρωστίναι, νύμφαι ὄρειοι, νεράδες ὀρεινοί*. It appears from G. von Hahn, Albanesische Studien, Jena, 1854, p. 163, that in Albania it is believed that men are sometimes born with tails resembling those of goats or horses. See ibid. on the belief in the *βροκόλακο*. Compare Tournefort, Voyage du Levant, Lyon, 1727, i. p. 158.

[96] In antiquity, one month, three months, and a year, were in like manner periods of mourning. See K. F. Hermann, Lehrbuch d. Griech. Privatalterthümer, § 39.

[97] Cotton MS. Otho, c. ix.

[98] For an account of these MSS., see Ross, Reisen, ii. pp. 187, 191; Guérin, Description de l'île de Patmos, Paris, 1856,

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pp. 101-20; Rev. H. O. Coxe, Report to H.M.'s Government on Greek MSS. in Levant, London, 1588.

[99] Ross, ii. p. 179.

[100] Sandys, Travels, London, 1615, p. 89.

[101] Ross, ii. pp. 136, 137.

[102] On these coins, see Waddington, Revue Numismatique, Paris, 1856, p. 61. They were probably struck at Miletus.

[103] The connection of Calymna with Iassos is shown by an inscription, Böckh, C. I. No. 2671.

[104] On this title see the authorities cited, K. F. Hermann, Lehrbuch d. Gottesdienstl. Alterthümer, § 35, n. 17.

[105] See the remarks on this type of Venus, Smith & Porcher, Discoveries at Cyrene, London, 1864, p. 96.

[106] See my History of the Budrum Expedition, pp. 590-1; Waddington, in Revue Numismatique, 1856, pp. 53-60.

[107] For a description and engravings of this *tholos*, see Ross, Archäologische Aufsätze, pt. ii. pp. 389-93, pl. v.; Archäologische Zeitung, 1850, pp. 241-44; Reisen, iii. 131, iv. p. 17.

[108] Theocr. Id. vii. 6. See Scholiast on this passage.

[109] Abeken, Mittelitalien, pp. 190-97. Bunsen, Beschreibung Roms, iii. 1, p. 259, *et seq.* E. Braun, Ruinen und Mus. Roms, p. 26. Cf. Canina, Descr. di Tusc. pl. xiv. for a similar building at Tusculum.

[110] See the reference cited *ante*, note 56. The subsequent exploration of the Necropolis near Kalavarda by Messrs. Biliotti and Salzmann, and the identification of this site with Kamiros, will be noticed in the 2nd volume of this work.

[111] Ross, Inscript. Ined. iii. No. 277.

[112] Transact. Royal Soc. Lit. 2nd series, iii. p. 1.

[113] Engraved, Berg, Rhodus, ii. p. 109. This relief has been since removed to the Pasha's konak at Rhodes, where I saw it in 1863.

[114] Ross, Inscript. Ined. iii. No. 309.

[115] Ibid. ii. No. 175.

[116] Ibid. No. 311. Plutarch, Quæst. Gr. 58.

[117] Now in the British Museum.

[118] Millingen, Ancient Unedited Monuments, pl. vii.

[119] Ross, Inscript. Ined. iii. No. 303.

[120] Walpole, Memoirs relating to Turkey, p. 565.

[121] Rhodes was celebrated in antiquity as the island of serpents, and it is certain that very large snakes have been seen there by

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credible witnesses at the present day; hence, perhaps, the origin of the legend of the dragon. Ross, Reisen, iii. pp. 93-95, supposes this monster to have been a crocodile brought from Egypt in some ship—an improbable conjecture.

[122] For views of this chapel and of the frescoes in the crypt, see Rottier, Monumens de Rhodes, pll. 58-67, c.

[123] Now in the British Museum.

[124] Now in the British Museum.

[125] See T. Wright, Narratives of Sorcery and Magic, i. p. 170, ii. pp. 90, 100, 161, 211, 283, for instances of this superstition.

[126] At the rate of 118 piastres to the pound sterling.

[127] I am glad to state that since these remarks have been written, the Smyrna hospital has been set in order.

[128] Ross, Reisen, iii. *init.*

[129] Ross, Reisen, iv. p. 10.

[130] Von Hahn, Alban. Studien, p. 150, note, mentions this as an Albanian custom.

[131] I am assured by Mr. Alfred Biliotti, British Vice-Consul at Rhodes, and by other credible persons resident in the Archipelago, that they have seen divers descend thirty fathoms. I cannot, however, hear of any well-authenticated instance of a diver remaining under water more than two minutes, if as much. See Spratt and Forbes, Lycia, ii. p. 125.

[132] Spratt and Forbes, Lycia, ii. p. 127.

[133] See K. F. Hermann, Lehrbuch d. Gottesd. Alterth. § 19, 18.

[134] See the remarks on this type of Venus, Smith and Porcher, Cyrene, p. 96.

[135] K. F. Hermann, Lehrbuch d. Griech. Staats Alterth. § 142.

[136] This inscription is now in the British Museum, having been obtained for me by the kind intervention of a friend at Calymnos in 1858.

[137] Engraved with two other coats, one of which is Quirini of Venice, Ross, Reisen, ii. p. 92.

[138] Ross, Inscript. Ined. ii. No. 179.

[139] Birch, History of Ancient Pottery, i. p. 233.

[140] Ross, Inscript. Ined. ii. No. 180.

[141] These are probably the coins noticed by Borrell, Numismatic Chronicle, ix. p. 165.

[142] For this word, see Leake's Travels in the Morea, i. p. 366, note; Meursius, Glossarium Græco-Barbarum, *s. v.* μετόχιον.

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[143] Ross, Inscript. Ined. ii. No. 187.

[144] Pliny, N.H. v. § 36.

[145] On a visit to Rhodes in 1863, I was glad to hear that Manoli the Cassiote had ceased to reign in Calymnos, and that he had migrated to Budrum. Whether his exile was voluntary or decreed by ostracism, I could not learn.

[146] Classical Museum, v. pp. 170—201.

[147] Views on the Shores of the Mediterranean, by the Hon. Captain W. B. Devereux, R.N., 1847.

END OF VOL. I.

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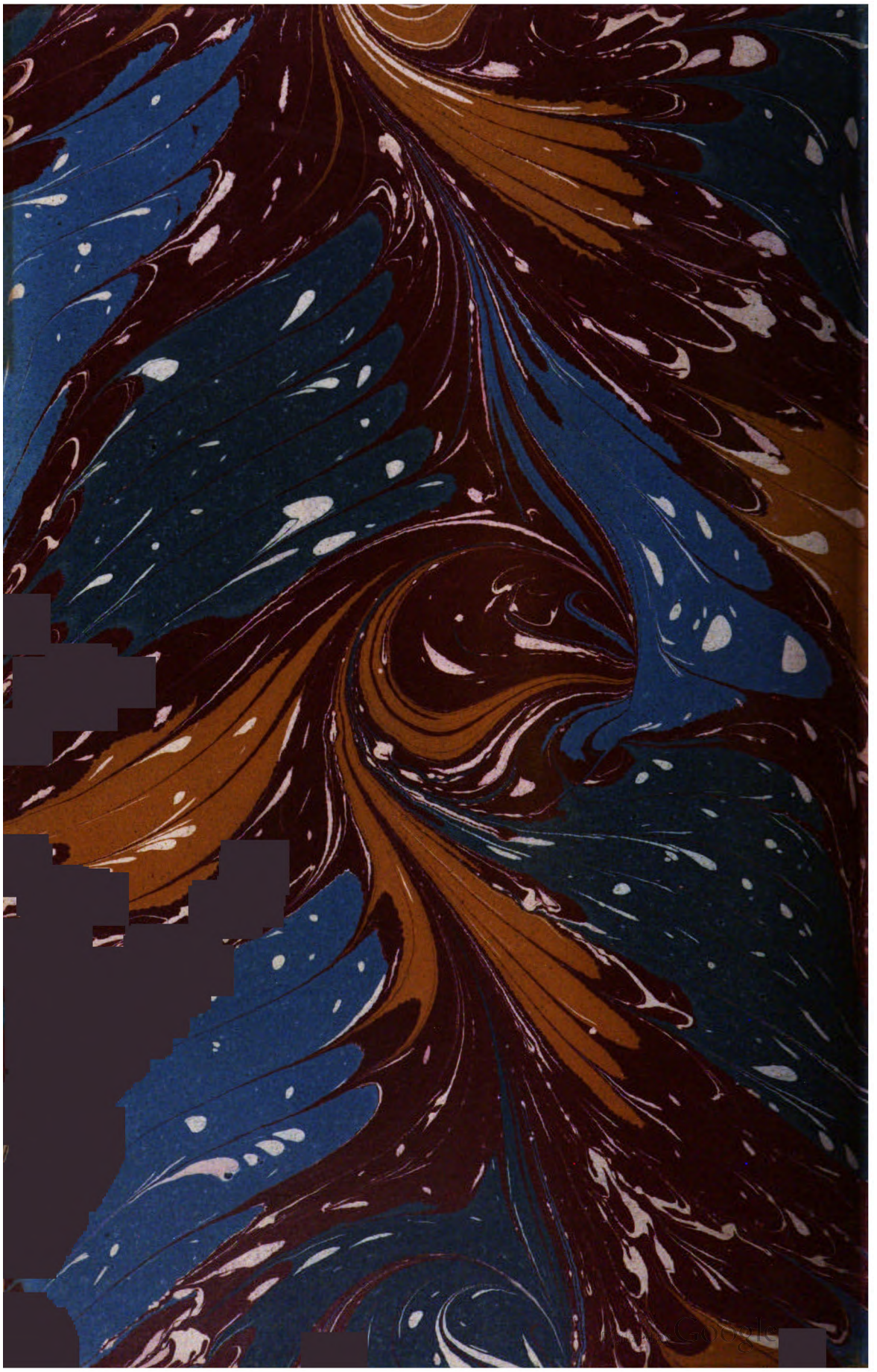

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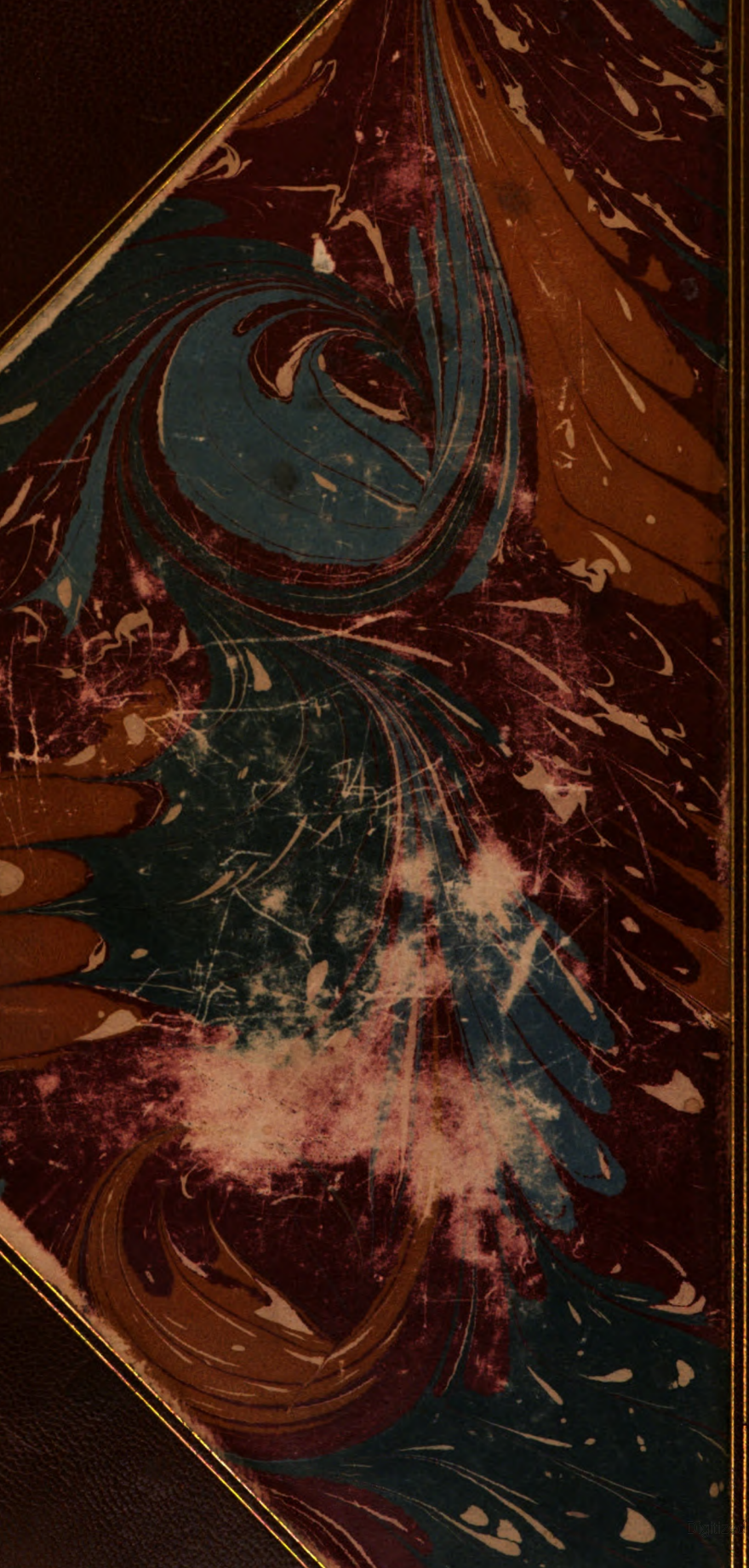
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